

GOSPEL SONNETS,  
OR *C. Sneath*  
SPIRITUAL SONGS.  
IN SIX PARTS.

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|---------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| I. The BELIEVER'S<br>ESPOUSALS. | IV. The BELIEVER'S<br>L'ODGING.   |
| II. The BELIEVER'S<br>JOINTURE. | V. The BELIEVER'S<br>SOLILOQUY.   |
| III. The BELIEVER'S<br>RIDDLE.  | VI. The BELIEVER'S<br>PRINCIPLES. |

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CREATION and REDEMPTION,  
LAW and GOSPEL,  
JUSTIFICATION and SANCTIFICATION,  
FAITH and SENSE,  
HEAVEN and EARTH.

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With large ADDITIONS and great IMPROVEMENTS.

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By *RALPH ERSKINE*, M. A.

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# GOSPEL SONGS OR SPIRITUAL SONGS IN SIX PARTS

I. The Believer's Song  
II. The Believer's Song  
III. The Believer's Song  
IV. The Believer's Song  
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CREATION AND THE  
LAW AND THE  
JUSTIFICATION  
BY FAITH  
HEAVEN AND EARTH



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LONDON

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THE  
P R E F A C E  
TO THE  
R E A D E R.

R E A D E R,

**T**HERE having been several Impressions of this Book at Edinburgh, and some of them without my Knowledge, and very incorrect; I was the more easily induced to yield, to the earnest Desire of such as urged me, to allow its being reprinted at London. Yet being unwilling it should be published there, under all the Disadvantages of a homely Scottish Rhime, which I never expected was to spread so far, and make such a public Appearance in the World; therefore as I reckon'd myself very much obliged to the Gentleman, who inclined to be the Publisher, that he did not adventure to reprint any of the former Copies, without acquainting me of his Design, and desiring to know if I had any Corrections or Amendments to make upon it: so if it now come abroad, (as I hope it does) to more Advantage than formerly, it is much owing to his Kindness and Civility in craving my Consent, and giving me an Opportunity (which I have taken for some Months) of putting it into such order, as any spare Hour, amidst my other weighty Work, would allow.

*I do not intend, by any Corrections I have made upon this Book, to act the part of the lofty Poet, nor to affect what is called the Sublime; I know such is the Deficiency of my poetical Genius, tho' it had been cultivated by Art and Application, which I never had Time for; that I never thought myself capable of any Production of this sort, fitted for pleasing the critical Palate of a learned Age, or gratifying those of a polite Education. And therefore these Lines were never framed with that Design, but merely for the Benefit of vulgar Capacities, and of the common sort of People, that make up the Generality of Christian Congregations; hoping they might tend, either to the Instruction of the Ignorant and Illiterate, to whom the Gospel is much hid; or to the Edification of the Serious and Exercised, to whom the Gospel, even in its most simple Dress, is a joyful Sound.*

*Yet judging it possible also, these Lines may contribute to rectify some Mistakes about the Gospel, that may take place, even among those that are superior to others in many Parts of Literature: And not knowing into whose Hands these Sonnets might fall, I have endeavoured in this Edition to make such Corrections and Amendments, which I hope will render them still obvious to the Vulgar, and not altogether nauseous to the Learned. And therefore as I have attempted to purge them from a great many Expressions, which I thought were more mean and flat, than could well agree with the Taste of the Intelligent; so I have made many of the Lines to run more smoothly than formerly, and intermixed many Phrases, that are more poetical, for which end, ere I wrote out this Edition, I have glanced here and there at the Writings of some that know are at present famous for Poesy: But I own the Life and Spirit of that Art in them is more amiable to me, than imitable by me; and that neither my Time nor Talent can allow me to follow them. Tho' I hope the following Lines are not the worse that I have observed how far these lofty Performances of theirs do ex-*

# P R E F A C E.

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ceed the Efforts of an uncultivated Genius, and how much their Vigour and Vivacity may be wanting, even where some of their Phrases or Metaphors are adopted.

However, if the Subject Matter of the following Lines shall commend itself to the Hearts of the Serious, and the Book, through the Blessing of God, tend to spread the Light and Knowledge of the Gospel of Christ, and to draw immortal Souls to him, my principal Design therein is gain'd. Tho' I have made many Additions, yet I have impaired nothing of the matter contain'd in the former Editions: Many, yea most, of the Lines stand as they were before; and though they should not be capable to satisfy those of a refined Taste, yet I shall be easy, if they be clearly intelligible to all, and justly offensive to none. Mean time I heartily wish, that those Readers, who chiefly affect Politeness of Language and lofty Strains, would endeavour, if these Lines cannot gratify their Fancy, to improve them to the Benefit of their Souls; for if the latter can be reached, they will the more easily dispense with the former.

The former Editions had a great many Sections without any Title, except what was general in the beginning of the Chapter. This Defect I have here supply'd by such Titles to every Section, as give a View of the main Subject-Matter thereof; on the account of which, together with the Amendments, Enlargements, and Additions here made, I hope the Book, may be more acceptable and adapted for Edification than formerly: tho' I own the former Editions have met with a more kind Reception among serious Christians than ever I expected; which also has prompted me to put it now into the best Order, that my Time and other Affairs would allow; in the Throng whereof I was urged exceedingly, again and again, to hasten it forward. And perhaps it is better, that I have not had occasion to bestow upon it all the Time and Pains I could have wished, since it is probable, in attempting to make it more un-

exceptionable and agreeable to those of a critical Eye, I might readily have made it less intelligible and serviceable to others, for whom it was principally designed.

The first Part of this Book is chiefly, and in the first place to be attended to, as the Foundation and Ground-work of the rest, and containing the great End and Design of the Gospel, with reference unto Sinners, which is to divorce them from the Law, and betroth them unto Christ, that being dead to the Law by the Body of Christ, they may be married to another, even to him who is rais'd from the Dead, that they may bring forth Fruit unto God, Rom. vii. 4. Then has a Gospel-Minister gained his great Point among his People, when he can say with the Apostle, 2 Cor. xi. 2. I have espoused you to one Husband, that I may present you as a chaste Virgin to Christ. Here then is the Ground-work of all true practical Religion and Holiness, for 'till Men be dead to the Law, they cannot live unto God, Gal. ii. 19. And 'till they be married to Christ, they cannot bring forth Fruit unto God, as we see in the above-cited Rom. vii. 4. And except they be in Christ by the Truth of Faith, and abide in him by a Life of Faith, they cannot bring forth Fruit acceptable unto God, John xv. 4, 5. Let the Reader then, that would be wise unto Salvation, and would wish to be happy in a Match to all Eternity, or jointured for another World, that would live godly in Christ Jesus here, die in him, and live for ever with him hereafter, make it his chief care to have saving Acquaintance with the great Gospel-Match set before him in the first Part of this Book. I do not expect any other part of the Book will be read profitably, or comfortably, by those that have no due Concern about this leading Point.

The Gospel-Comforts treated of in the second Part will have no true Relish, but with those that are espoused unto Christ, and to whom only God's strong Consolations belong, Heb. vi. 18.



*The Gospel-Mysteries treated in the third Part will have no Beauty but in the Eyes of Christ's Bride, or Believers, to whom it is given to know the Mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven, while to others it is not given, Matth. xiii. 11. And to whose enlightened Minds, Great is the Mystery of Godliness, 1 Tim. iii. 16. God manifested in the Flesh, &c. Those that laugh at the Mysteries of the Gospel, under the Notion of mystical Divinity, and make them Matter of Sport and Ridicule, have reason to fear, lest they be joining Hands with profane Mockers, whose Bands shall be made strong. We may know, that as divine Mysteries are treated, so is the Gospel, unless we have forgot that to preach the Gospel is to speak the Wisdom of God in a Mystery, 1 Cor. ii. 6.*

*Again, Gospel-Ordinances that are commended in the fourth Part of this Book under the Title of the Believer's Lodging, will not be amiable, but to those, who being acquainted with Christ, and espoused to him, do love the Habitation of his House, and the Place where his Honour dwells, Psal. xxvi. 8. and where they see his Power and Glory, Psal. lxxiii. 2.*

*Gospel-Exercise and Heart-Work, whereof some Pieces are touched in the fifth Part, and in the Close of the fourth, will have little place but among those Souls, that are betrothed unto Christ, whose Heart-sanctifying, Sin-conquering, and Soul-comforting Presence, is their Life, and whose great Concern in his Absence is, O that I knew where I might find him! Job xxiii. 3.*

*Finally, Gospel-Truths and Principles spoke of in the sixth and last Part of the Book, will be truly received and entertained by none, but those that are the Bride, the Lamb's Wife, the Woman clothed with the Sun, having the Moon under her Feet, and upon her Head the Crown of twelve Stars, Rev. xii. 1. Such only know the Truth as it is in Jesus, Eph. iv. 21. and re-*



ceive the Love of the Truth that they may be saved, 2 Thess. ii. 10. Those therefore will read the other Parts of this Book to most Edification and Comfort, who are savingly acquainted with that spiritual Marriage-Relation to Christ, which is the Subject of the first Part.

Some Chapters of the sixth Part of these Sonnets are calculated mainly for pointing out the Difference between Law and Gospel, Justification and Sanctification, Faith and Sense; which I have the more largely insisted upon, because I apprehend, that the more People have their Minds spiritually and evangelically enlighten'd; so as to have just and distinct Apprehensions of these Subjects, the more will the Life of Holiness and Comfort take place in them; and the Life of glorious Liberty and Freedom both from the Power of Corruption, and the Prevalency of mental Confusion, Discouragement, and Despondency, as our Lord Jesus says, John viii. 32. Ye shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make you free. Many Christians are kept in great Bondage partly by legal Doctrine, and partly by their own legal Disposition, both much owing to dark and confused Apprehensions of these weighty Points; and particularly of the Difference between the Covenant of Works, and that of Grace, or between the Law and the Gospel.

I shall only further advertise the Reader, lest he alledge any Inconsistency between the Subject spoke of Part 6. Ch. 4. Sect. 2. concerning Faith, its being the very Opposite of Doubts and Fears; and Sect. 6. of that same Chapter, concerning Faith building upon Sense, that there is no real Odds, if you consider, that in some Verses of the former Section, Faith is spoken of in the abstract, and in its own Nature, and thus it is opposite to, and excludes all unbelieving Doubts; but the latter speaks of it in the concrete, and as it is attended with the woful Mixture of contrary Principles. Thus when a Believer is in Scripture defined as such abstractly, and with Reference to his new Nature or regenerate

generate Part, it is said, he sinneth not, yea cannot sin, 1 John iii. 6, 9. but when he is viewed in a compounded Sense, to assert he has no Sin, is to contradict God and his Truth, 1 John i. 8, 10.

I have directed the Reader only to a very few of the Scriptures referred to in this Book, otherwise every Page might have been full of sacred Texts; some of them are pointed out by a different Character, and serious Readers will know Scripture-Language without any such Direction.

I am far from thinking these Lines will be pleasing to every one that shall read them, since the Mould and Frame of many of them is far from pleasing myself, only I'm not ashamed of the Subject. The Title I have given to the Book is a short Indication of my own Judgment about it: for on the one hand, when I considered the Manner, wherein much of it is written, and how far true Poesy is in my Opinion superior thereto, I thought it Presumption in me to give it any lofty Title, and that it was enough if it pass under the Name of Sonnets: yet on the other hand, the Matter contain'd therein being generally so great Evangelical Mysteries, as are not below the Study of elect Angels in Heaven, 1 Pet. i. 12. far less below the Consideration of the most intelligent Minds and elevated Thoughts of Men, under whatever Denomination on Earth; I thought I might presume to distinguish them from all idle and profane Scribbles under that Name, by the high Adjunct and Epithet of Gospel Sonnets.

Reader, it is a Matter of small Moment, either to me or to yourself, what your Thoughts shall be of this Performance, or the Author thereof; but it is a Matter of vast Consequence what shall be your Thought, Estimate, and Valuation of the Truth here presented to your View. If the Applause of the Learned had been the Author's Scope in this Book, perhaps he had never suffer'd it to see the Light; let him therefore decrease,

decrease, as he shall and ought, but let Christ and his Truth increase. The Time is hast'ning, wherein you and I shall stand before his awful Tribunal, and I expect to see or meet with few of you, that are, or shall be, the Readers, 'till that Day which will declare every Man's Work, if it be Wood, Hay, and Stubble, or Gold, Silver, and precious Stones, that he builds upon the Foundation which is the Lord himself; for other Foundation can no Man lay, than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ, 1 Cor. iii. 11, 12, 13. It will therefore be your Wisdom in the View of that great Day of Accounts, and I would beseech you by the Coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and by our gathering together unto him, 2 Thess. ii. 1. that in reading these Lines, you would seriously consider and see, if they can any way contribute, either to your first Building, or further Progress upon that sure Foundation God has laid in Zion; that so you and I both meeting by Faith here, in this true and only Centre of spiritual Rest, we may then meet together joyfully, and adore him for all the Means of Edification, that ever he was pleased to lay in our way.

I hope the main Design of this Book is what I take to be the main Scope of the Gospel itself, namely to exclude all Self-Confidence, and stain the Pride of Man, to bring in Self-Denial, and exalt the Glory of Christ, to extol his Righteousness, by which he has magnify'd the Law, and made it honourable, to exhibit such a Way of Salvation to Sinners, as shall most advance the Honour of all the divine Perfections, which shine most brightly in the Face and Person of Jesus Christ; and to bring Men to such a true and lively Faith of the Free-Grace and Mercy of God in Christ, as will be the only solid Root and Spring of true Peace, Heart-Holiness, and practical Godliness, according to these and the like Scriptures, Rom. v. 1. Acts xv. 9. Tit. ii. 11, 12, and iii. 5, 6, 7, 8. With Reference to these Subjects

jects of everlasting Moment and eternal Consequence, it is certainly safest for you to choose that side, that favours Salvation, not of the Free-Will of Man nor of Works, but of the Free-Will of God, and of Grace; and that Part, that depresses Self and Self-Righteousness to the lowest, and exalts Christ and his Righteousness to the highest; that so you may not have your Mind and Opinion to change, perhaps too late, when you come to die, or appear before the awful Tribunal of an infinitely just and holy God, whose impartial Trial nothing will stand, that wants his own divine Stamp. Hence the immediate Views of Death and Judgment have made many Opposers of the Doctrine of Grace in their Lives, own it as the best Divinity in their last Agonies, and turn with Bellarmine from the Merit of Works in Man, to the Mercy of God in Christ. That the following Lines may be blessed of God for the spiritual Profit and Edification of many, and for advancing a Life of Faith, Holiness, and Comfort in all serious Readers, is the earnest Prayer of him, who desires to account it his Honour to be,

A Servant of Jesus Christ,

And of your Faith in him,

R. E.



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# GOSPEL SONNETS,

O R,

## SPIRITUAL SONGS.

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### PART I.

*The* BELIEVER'S ESPOUSALS:

A POEM upon ISAIAH liv. 5.  
Thy Maker is thy Husband.

### PREFACE.

**H**ARK, dying Mortal, if the Sonnet prove  
A Song of living and immortal Love,  
'Tis then thy grand Concern the Theme to know,  
If Life and Immortality be so.  
Are Eyes to read, or Ears to hear a Trust?  
Shall both in Death be cramm'd anon with Dust?  
Then trifle not to please thine Ear and Eye,  
But read thou, hear thou, for Eternity.  
Pursue not Shadows wing'd, but be thy Chase,  
The God of Glory on the Field of Grace:  
The mighty Hunter's Name is lost and vain,  
That runs not this substantial Prize to gain.  
These humble Lines assume no high Pretence,  
To please thy Fancy, or allure thy Sense;

B

But



But aim, if everlasting Life's thy Chace,  
 To clear thy Mind, and warm thy Heart through Grace,  
 A Marriage so mysterious I proclaim,  
 Betwixt two Parties of such diff'rent Fame,  
 That human Tongues may blush their Names to tell,  
 To wit, the PRINCE of HEAV'N, the Heir of Hell?  
 But, on so vast a Subject, who can find  
 Words suiting the Conceptions of his Mind?  
 Or if our Language with our Thought could vie,  
 What mortal Thought can raise itself so high?  
 When Words and Thoughts both fail, may Faith and Prayer  
 Ascend by climbing up the Scripture-Stair:  
 From Sacred Writ these strange Espousals may  
 Be explicated in the following Way.



## CHAP. I.

A General Account of Man's Fall in ADAM  
 and the Remedy provided in CHRIST  
 And a particular Account of Man's being  
 naturally wedded to the Law, as a Cove-  
 nant of Works.

### SECT. I.

#### *The FALL of ADAM.*

**O**LD Adam once a Heav'n of Pleasure found,  
 While he with perfect Innocence was crown'd  
 His wing'd Affections to his God could move,  
 In Raptures of Desire, and Strains of Love.

PART I. *The Believer's Espousals.*

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Man standing spotless, pure and innocent,  
 Could well the Law of Works with Works content ;  
 Tho' then, (nor since) it could demand no less  
 Than personal and perfect Righteousness :  
 These unto sinless Man were easy Terms,  
 Tho' now beyond the reach of wither'd Arms.  
 The legal Cov'nant then upon the Field,  
 Perfection sought, Man could Perfection yield.  
 Rich had he, and his Progeny remain'd,  
 Had he primeval Innocence maintain'd,  
 His Life had been a Rest without annoy,  
 A Scene of Bliss, a Paradise of Joy.  
 But subtle *Satan*, in the Serpent hid,  
 Proposing fair the Fruit that God forbid,  
 Man soon seduc'd by Hell's alluring Art,  
 Did, disobedient, from the Rule depart,  
 Devour'd the Bait, and by his bold Offence  
 Fell from his blissful State of Innocence,  
 Prostrate, he lost his God, his Life, his Crown,  
 From all his Glory tumbled head-long down,  
 Plung'd in a deep Abyss of Sin and Woe,  
 Where void of Heart to will, or Hand to do ;  
 For's own Relief he can't command a Thought,  
 The total Sum of what he can is nought.  
 He's able only now t'increase his Thrall,  
 He can destroy himself, and this is all.  
 But can the Hellish Brat Heav'n's Law fulfil ?  
 Whose Precepts high surmount his Strength and Skill.  
 Can filthy Drofs produce a golden Beam ?  
 Or poison'd Springs a Salutif'rous Stream ?  
 Can carnal Minds, fierce Enmity's wide Maw,  
 Be duly subject to the divine Law ?  
 Nay, now its direful *Threat'nings* must take place,  
 On all the disobedient Human Race,  
 Who do by Guilt Omnipotence provoke,  
 Obnoxious stand to his uplifted Stroke,

They must ingulf themselves in endless Woes,  
 Who to the living God are deadly Foes;  
 Who natively his holy Will gainsay,  
 Must to his awful Justice fall a Prey.  
 In vain do Mankind now expect, in vain  
 By legal Deeds immortal Life to gain:  
 Nay, Death is threaten'd, Threats must have their  
     Due,  
 Or Souls that sin must die, as God is true.

---

## S E C T. II.

*Redemption through CHRIST.*

**T**HE Second *Adam*, Sov'reign Lord of All,  
 Did by his Father's authorizing Call,  
 From Bosom of Eternal Love descend,  
 To save the guilty Race that him offend;  
 To treat an everlasting Peace with those,  
 Who were, and ever would have been, his Foes.  
 His errand, never-ending Life to give  
 To them, whose Malice would not let him live.  
 To make a Match with Rebels, and espouse  
 The Brat which at his Love her Spite avows.  
 Himself he humbled to depress her Pride,  
 And make his mortal Foe his loving Bride.  
 But ere the Marriage can be solemniz'd,  
 All Lets must be remov'd, all Parties pleas'd.  
 Law-Righteousness *requir'd*, must be procur'd,  
 Law-Vengeance *threaten'd*, must be full endur'd:  
 Stern Justice must have Credit by the Match,  
 Sweet Mercy by the Heart the Bride must catch.  
 Poor *Bankrupt*! all her Debt must first be paid,  
 Her former Husband in the Grave be laid:

PART I. *The Believer's Espousals.*

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Her present Lover must be at the Cost,  
To save and ransom to the uttermost.  
If all these things this Suitor kind can do,  
Then he may win her, and her Blessing too.  
Hard Terms indeed! While Death's the first Demand,  
But Love is strong as Death, and will not stand,  
To carry on the Suit, and make it good,  
Tho' at the dearest Rate of Wounds and Blood.  
The Burden's heavy, but the Back is broad,  
The glorious Lover is the mighty God.  
Kind Bowels yearning in th' eternal Son,  
He left his Father's Court, his heav'nly Throne :  
Aside he threw his most divine Array,  
And wrapt his Godhead in a Veil of Clay.  
Angelick Armies, who in Glory crown'd,  
With joyful Harps his awful Throne surround,  
Down to the chrystal Frontier of the Sky,  
To see the Saviour born did eager fly ;  
And ever since behold with Wonder fresh  
Their Sov'reign and our Saviour wrapt in Flesh.  
Who in this Garb did mighty Love display,  
*Restoring what he never took away.*  
To God his Glory, to the Law its Due,  
To Heav'n its Honour, to the Earth its Hue.  
To Man a Righteousness divine, complete,  
A royal Robe to suit the Nuptial Rite.  
He in her Favours whom he lov'd so well,  
At once did purchase Heav'n, and vanquish Hell.  
Oh unexempl'd Love ! so vast, so strong,  
So great, so high, so deep, so broad, so long !  
Can finite Thought this Ocean huge explore,  
Unconscious of a Bottom or a Shore ?  
His Love admits no Parallel ; for why,  
At one great Draught of Love he drank Hell dry.  
No Drop of wrathful Gall he left behind,  
No Dreg to witness that he was unkind.



The Sword of awful Justice pierc'd his Side,  
 That Mercy thence might gush upon the Bride.  
 The meritorious Labours of his Life,  
 And glorious Conquests of his dying Strife,  
 Her Debt of Doing, Suffering, both cancell'd,  
 And broke the Bars his lawful Captive held.  
 Down to the Ground the Hellish Hosts he threw,  
 Then mounting high, the Trump of Triumph blew,  
 Attended with a bright seraphic Band,  
 Sat down enthron'd sublime on God's Right-Hand;  
 Where glorious Choirs their various Harps employ,  
 To sound his Praises with confed'rate Joy.  
 There he, the Bride's strong Intercessor sits,  
 And thence the Blessings of his Blood transmits,  
 Sprinkling all o'er the flaming Throne of God,  
 Pleads for her Pardon his atoning Blood;  
 Sends down his holy co-eternal Dove,  
 To shew the Wonders of incarnate Love.  
 To woo and win the Bride's reluctant Heart,  
 And pierce it with his kindly killing Dart:  
 By Gospel-Light to manifest that now,  
 She has no farther with the Law to do,  
 That her new Lord has loos'd the fed'ral Tye,  
 That once hard bound her or to *do* or *die*.  
 That Precepts, Threats, no single Mite can crave,  
 Thus for her former Spouse he digg'd a Grave.  
 The Law fast to his Cross did nail and pin,  
 Then bury'd the Defunct his Tomb within,  
 That he the lonely Widow to himself might win.

### S E C T. III.

#### *Man's Legal Disposition.*

**B**UT, after all, the Bride's so malecontent,  
 No Argument, save Power, is prevalent,  
 To bow her Will, and gain her Heart's Consent.

The

The glorious Prince's Suit she disapproves,  
The Law her old primordial Husband loves;  
Hopeful in its Embraces Life to have,  
Tho' dead and bury'd in her Suitor's Grave;  
Unable to give Life, as once before;  
Unfit to be a Husband any more.

Yet proudly she the new Address disdains,  
And all the blest Redeemer's Love and Pains.  
Tho' now his Head, that cruel Thorns did wound,  
Is with immortal Glory circled round;  
Archangels at his awful Footstool bow,  
And drawing Love sits smiling on his Brow.  
Tho' down he sends in Gospel-Tidings good  
Epistles of his Love, sign'd with his Blood:  
Yet lordly she the royal Suit rejects,  
Eternal Life by Legal Works affects;  
In vain the Living seeks among the Dead,  
Sues quick'ning Comforts in a killing Head.  
Her dead and bury'd Husband has her Heart,  
Which can nor Death remove, nor Life impart.

Thus all revolting *Adam's* blinded Race,  
In their first Spouse their Hope and Comfort place.  
They natively expect, if Guilt them press,  
Salvation by a home-bred Righteousness:  
They look for Favour in *Jehovah's* Eyes,  
By careful *doing* all that in them lies.

'Tis still their primary Attempt to draw  
Their Life and Comfort from the veteran Law;  
They fly not to the Hope the Gospel gives,  
To trust a Promise bare, their Minds aggrieves,  
Which judge the Man that *does*, the Man that *lives*.  
As Native as they draw their vital Breath,  
Their fond Recourse is to the legal Path.

Why, says old Nature in law-wedded Man,  
"Won't Heav'n be pleas'd, if I do all I can?"  
"If I conform my Walk to Nature's Light,  
"And strive, intent to practise what is right?"

“ Thus, won’t I by the God of Heav’n be bless’d,

“ And win his Favour, if I *do* my best?

“ Good God! (he cries) when press’d with Debt  
“ and Thrall,

“ *Have Patience with me, and I’ll pay thee all!*”\*

Upon their *All*, their *Best*, they’re fondly mad,

Tho’ yet their *All* is naught, their *Best* is bad.

Proud Man *his Can-does* mightily exalts,

Yet are his brightest Works but splendid Faults.

A Sinner may have Shews of Good, but still

The best he can, even at his best, is Ill.

Can Heav’n or Divine Favour e’er be win,

By those that are a Mass of Hell and Sin?

The righteous Law does numerous Woes denounce,

Against the wretched Soul that fails but once:

What heaps of Curses on their Head it rears,

That have amass’d the Guilt of numerous Years!

\* Matth. xviii. 26.

## S E C T. IV.

*Man’s strict Attachment to Legal Terms, or to the Law  
as a Condition of Life.*

SAY, on what Terms then Heav’n appears’d will be?  
Why, sure, *Perfection* is the least Degree.

Yea more, full *Satisfaction* must be given

For Trespas done against the Laws of Heaven.

These are the Terms, what Mortal Back so broad,

But must for ever sink beneath the Load.

A Ransom must be found, or die they must,

Sure, even as Justice infinite is just.

But, says the legal, proud, self-righteous Heart,

Which cannot with her ancient Consort part,

“ What! won’t the Goodness of the God of Heaven

“ Admit of Smalls when greater can’t be given?

“ He

PART I. *The Believer's Espousals.*

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“ He knows our Fall diminish’d all our Funds,  
“ Won’t he accept of Pennies now for Pounds?  
“ Sincere Endeavours for Perfection take,  
“ Or Terms more possible for Mankind make?  
Ah! poor Divinity, and Jargon loose,  
Such Hay and Straw will never build the House.  
Mistake not here, proud Mortal, don’t mistake,  
God changes not, nor other Terms will make.  
Will Divine Faithfulness itself deny,  
Which swore solemnly Man shall *do* or *die*?  
Will God most True extend to us forsooth,  
His Goodness to the damage of his Truth?  
Will spotless Holiness be baffled thus?  
Or awful Justice be unjust for us?  
Shall Faithfulness be faithless for our sake,  
And he his Threats, as we his Precepts break?  
Will our great Creditor deny himself?  
And for full Payment take our filthy Pelf?  
Dispense with Justice, to let Mercy vent?  
And stain his Royal Crown with ’minish’d Rent?  
Unworthy Thought! O let no mortal Clod  
Hold such base Notions of a glorious God.  
Heaven’s holy Cov’nant made for human Race,  
Consists, or whole of Works, or whole of Grace.  
If Works will take the Field, then Works must be  
For ever perfect to the last Degree:  
Will God dispense with less? Nay sure, he won’t  
With ragged Toll his royal Law affront.  
Can Rags that *Sinai* Flames will soon dispatch,  
E’er prove the fiery Law’s adequate Match?  
Vain Man must be divorc’d, and choose to take  
Another Husband, or a burning Lake.

We find the Divine Volume no where teach,  
New legal Terms within our mortal Reach.  
Some make, tho’ in the sacred Page unknown,  
Sincerity assume Perfection’s Throne:.



But who will boast this base Usurper's Sway,  
 Save Ministers of Darkneſs that diſplay  
 Invented Night to ſtiſſe Scripture-Day?  
 The Naturaliſt's Sincerity is naught,  
 That of the Gracious is divinely taught,  
 Which teaching keeps their Graces, if ſincere,  
 Within the Limits of the Goſpel Sphere,  
 Where vaunting, none created Graces ſing,  
 Nor boaſt of Streams, but of the Lord, the Spring,  
 Sincerity's the Soul of every Grace,  
 The Quality of all the ranſom'd Race.  
 Of promis'd Favour 'tis a Fruit, a Clause,  
 But no procuring Term; no moving Cauſe.

How unadvis'd the legal Mind confounds  
 The Marks of divine Favour with the Grounds,  
 And Qualities of covenanted Friends  
 With the Condition of the Cov'nant blends?  
 Thus holding Goſpel-Truths with legal Arms,  
 Miſtakes new Cov'nant Fruits for Fed'ral Terms.  
 The joyful Sound no Change of Terms allows,  
 But Change of Perſons, or another Spouſe.  
 The Nature ſame that ſinn'd muſt *do* and *die*;  
 No milder Terms in Goſpel-Offerſ lie.  
 For Grace no other Law-Abatement ſhews,  
 But how Law-Debtors may reſtore its Dues;  
 Reſtore, yea, through a Surety in their place,  
 With double Inter'eſt and a better Grace.  
 Here we of no new Terms of Life are told,  
 But of a Huſband to fulfil the old;  
 With him alone by Faith we're call'd to wed,  
 And let no Rival *\*bruik* the Marriage-Bed.

*\* Enjoy.*

SECT,

## S E C T. V.

*Mens vain Attempt to seek Life by CHRIST's Righteousness, join'd with their own: And legal Hopes natural to all.*

**B**UT still the Bride reluctant disallows,  
The junior Suit, and hugs the senior Spouse.  
Such the old selfish Folly of her Mind,  
So bent to lick the Dust, and grasp the Wind,  
Alledging Works and Duties of her own  
May for her criminal Offence atone;  
She will her antic dirty Robe provide,  
Which vain she hopes will all Pollutions hide.  
The filthy Rags that Saints away have flung,  
She holding, wraps and rolls herself in Dung.  
Thus, maugre all the Light the Gospel gives,  
Unto her natural Consort fondly cleaves.  
Tho' Mercy set the Royal Match in view,  
She's loth to bid her antient Mate adieu.  
When Light of Scripture, Reason, common Sense,  
Can hardly mortify her vain Pretence  
To legal Righteousness; yet if at last  
Her Conscience rous'd begins to stand aghast,  
Press'd with the Dread of Hell, she'll rashly patch,  
And halve a Bargain with the proffer'd Match.  
In hopes his Help, together with her own,  
Will turn to peaceful Smiles the wrathful Frown.  
Tho' Grace the Rising Sun delightful sings,  
With full Salvation in his golden Wings,  
And Righteousness complete, the faithless Soul,  
Receiving half the Light, rejects the whole;  
Revolves the sacred Page, but reads purblind  
The Gospel-Message with a legal Mind.

Men dream their State, ah ! too too slightly view'd,  
 Needs only be amended, not renew'd,  
 Scorn to be wholly Debtors unto Grace,  
 Hopeful their Works may meliorate their Case.  
 They fancy present Pray'rs and future Pains,  
 Will for their former Failings make amends :  
 To legal Yokes they bow their servile Necks,  
 And least foul Slips their false Repose perplex,  
 Think Jesus' Merits make up all Defects.  
 They patch his glorious Robe with filthy Rags,  
 And burn but *Incense to their proper Drags*,  
 Disdain to use his Righteousness alone,  
 But as an aiding Stirr'p to mount their own ;  
 Thus in Christ's room his Rival Self enthrone,  
 And vainly would, dress'd up in legal Trim,  
 Divide Salvation 'tween themselves and him.  
 But know, vain Man, that to his share must fall  
 The Glory of the whole, or none at all.  
 In him all Wisdom's hidden Treasure lie,  
 And all the Fulness of the Deity.  
 This Store alone, immense, and never spent,  
 Might poor insolvent Debtors well content ;  
 But to Hell-Prison justly Heaven will doom  
 Proud Fools that on their petty Stock presume.  
 The softest Couch that gilded Nature knows,  
 Can give the waken'd Conscience no Repose.  
 When God arraigns, what mortal Power can stand  
 Beneath the Terror of his lifted Hand ?  
 Our Safety lies beyond the natural Line,  
 Beneath a purple Covert all divine.  
 Yet how is precious Christ, the Way, despis'd,  
 And high the way of Life by *doing* priz'd ?  
 But can its Votaries all its Levy show ?  
 They prize it most, who least its Burden know :  
 Who by the Law in part would save his Soul,  
 Becomes a \* *Debtor to fulfil the whole*.

Its

PART I. *The Believer's Espousals.*

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Its Prisoner he remains, and without Bail,  
Till every Mite be paid; and if he fail,  
(As sure he must, since by our sinful Breach,  
Perfection far surmounts all mortal Reach)  
Then curst for ever must his Soul remain;  
And *all the Folk of God must say Amen*.\*  
Why, seeking that the Law should Help afford,  
In honouring the Law, he slights its Lord,  
Who gives his Law-fulfilling Righteousness,  
To be the naked Sinner's perfect Dress;  
In which he might with spotless Beauty shine,  
Before the Face of Majesty divine:  
Yet lo! the Sinner works with mighty Pains,  
A Garment of his own, to hide his Stains,  
Ungrateful overlooks the Gift of God,  
The Robe wrought by his Hand, dy'd in his Blood.

In vain the Son of God this Web did weave,  
Could our vile Rags sufficient Shelter give.  
In vain he every Thread of it did draw,  
Could Sinners be o'ermantled by the Law.  
Can Mens Salvation on their Works be built,  
Whose fairest Actions nothing are but Guilt?  
Or can the Law suppress th'avenging Flame,  
When now its only Office is to damn?  
Did Life come by the Law in part or whole,  
Blest *Jesus* died in vain to save a Soul.  
Those then who Life by legal means expect,  
To them is *Christ* become of no effect;  
Because their legal Mixtures do in fact  
Wisdom's grand Project plainly counteract.  
How close proud carnal Reasonings combine,  
To frustrate Sovereign Grace's great Design?  
Man's Heart by Nature weds the Law alone,  
Nor will another Paramour enthrone.

True, many seem by Course of Life profane,  
No Favour for the Law to entertain;

But

\* *Deut. xxvii. 26.*



But break the Bands, and cast the Cords away,  
 That would their raging Lusts and Passion stay :  
 Yet even this reigning Madness may declare,  
 How strictly wedded to the Law they are ;  
 For now (however rich they seem'd before)  
 Hopeless to pay Law-Debt, they give it o'er,  
 Like desp'rate Debtors mad, still run themselves in }  
 more.

Despair of Success shews their strong Desires,  
 'Till legal Hopes are parch'd in lustful Fires.  
 " Let's give (say they) our lawless Will free Scope,  
 " And live at random, for there is no Hope \*."  
 The Law that cant 'em help, they stab with Hate,  
 Yet scorn to beg, or court another Mate.  
 Here, Lusts most opposite their Hearts divide,  
 Their beastly Passion, and their bankrupt Pride.  
 In Passion they their native Mate deface,  
 In Pride disdain to be oblig'd to Grace.  
 Hence plainly, as a Rule 'gainst Law they live;  
 Yet closely to it as a Cov'nant cleave.  
 Thus legal Pride lies hid beneath the Patch,  
 And strong Aversion to the Gospel-Match.

\* Jer. xviii. 12.

## C H A P. II.

The Manner of a Sinner's Divorce from the Law in a Work of Humiliation, and of his Marriage to the Lord JESUS CHRIST; Or the Way how a Sinner comes to be a Believer.

## S E C T. I.

*Of a Law-Work, and the Workings of legal Pride under it.*

**S**O proud's the Bride, so backwardly dispos'd;  
How then shall e'er the happy Match be clos'd?  
Kind Grace the Tumults of her Heart must quell,  
And draw her Heav'nward by the Gates of Hell.  
The Bridegroom's Father makes by's holy Sp'rit  
His stern Command with her stiff Conscience meet;  
To dash her Pride, and shew her utmost need,  
Pursues for double Debt with awful Dread.  
He makes her former Husband's frightful Ghost  
Appear and damn her, as a *Bankrupt* lost,  
With Curses, Threats, and *Sinai* Thunder-claps,  
Her lofty Tower of legal Boasting saps.  
These humbling Storms in high or low Degrees,  
Heaven's Majesty will measure as he please;  
But still he makes the fiery Law at least  
Pronounce its awful Sentence in her Breast,  
Till *through the Law* \* convict of being lost,  
She hopeless to the Law gives up the Ghost:

Which

\* Gal. ii. 19.

Which now in Rigour comes full Debt to crave,  
 And in close Prison cast; but not to save.  
 For now 'tis weak, and can't (through our Default)  
 Its greatest Votaries to Life exalt.  
 But well it can command with Fire and Flame,  
 And to the lowest Pit of Ruin damn.  
 Thus, doth it, by Commission from above,  
 Deal with the Bride, when Heav'n wou'd court her  
 Love.

Lo! now she startles at the *Sinai* Trump,  
 Which throws her Soul into a dismal Dump.  
 Conscious another Husband she must have,  
 Else die for ever in Destruction's Grave.

While in Conviction's Jail she's thus inclos'd,  
 Glad News is heard, the Royal Mate's propos'd.  
 And now the scornful Bride's inverted stir,  
 Is racking Fear, he scorn to match with her.  
 She dreads his Fury, and despairs that he  
 Will ever wed so vile a Wretch as she.  
 And here, the legal Humour stirs again  
 To her prodigious Loss and grievous Pain:  
 For when the Prince presents himself to be  
 Her Husband, then she deems; Ah! is not he  
 Too fair a Match for such a filthy Bride?  
 Unconscious that the Thought bewrays her Pride,  
 Even Pride of Merit, Pride of Righteousness,  
 Expecting Heav'n should love her for her Dress,  
 Unmindful how the Fall her Face did stain,  
 And made her but a black unlovely Swain,  
 Her whole primeval Beauty quite defac'd,  
 And to the Rank of Fiends her Form debas'd;  
 Without disfigur'd, and defil'd within,  
 Incapable of any thing but Sin.  
 Heav'n courts not any for their comely Face,  
 But for the glorious Praise of Sovereign Grace,  
 Else ne'er had courted one of *Adam's* Race,

Which

Which all as Children of Corruption be,  
Heirs rightful of immortal Misery.  
Yet here the Bride employs her foolish Wit,  
For this bright Match her ugly Form to fit;  
To daub her Features o'er with legal Paint,  
That with a Grace she may herself present.  
Hopeful the Prince with Credit might her wed,  
If once some comely Qualities she had.  
In humble Pride, her haughty Spirit flags,  
She cannot think of coming all in Rags.  
Were she a humble, faithful Penitent,  
She dreams he'd then contract with full Content.  
Base Varlet! thinks she'd be a Match for him,  
Did she but deck herself in handsome Trim.  
Ah foolish Thoughts! in legal Deeps that plod,  
Ah sorry Notion of a Sovereign God!  
Will God expose his great, his glorious Son,  
For our vile Baggage to be sold and won?  
Should sinful Modesty the Match decline,  
Until its Garb be brisk and superfine;  
Alas! when should we see the Marriage-Day,  
The happy Bargain must flee up for ay.  
Presumptuous Souls in surly Modesty,  
Half Saviours of themselves would fondly be,  
Then hopeful th'other half, their Due will fall,  
Disdain to be in *Jesus*' Debt for all.  
Vainly they first would wash themselves, and then  
Address the Fountain to be wash'd more clean;  
First heal themselves, and then expect the Balm;  
Ah! many slightly cure their sudden Qualm.  
They heal their Conscience with a Tear or Pray'r;  
And seek no other *Christ*, but perish there.  
O Sinner, search the House, and see the Thief  
That spoils thy Saviour's Crown, thy Soul's relief,  
The hid, but heinous Sin of Unbelief.  
Who can possess a Quality that's good,  
Till first he come to *Jesus*' cleansing Blood?

The



The Power that draws the Bride, will also shew  
 Unto her by the way her hellish Hue,  
 As void of every Virtue to commend,  
 And full of every Vice that will offend.  
 'Till Sovereign Grace the sullen Bride shall catch,  
 She'll never fit herself for such a Match.  
 Most qualify'd they are in Heaven to dwell,  
 Who see themselves most qualify'd for Hell;  
 And ere the Bride can drink Salvation's Cup,  
 Kind Heaven must reach to Hell, and lift her up;  
 For no Decorum e'er about her found:  
 Is she belov'd? but on a nobler Ground.  
 Jehovah's Love is like his Nature free,  
 Nor must his Creature challenge his Decree.  
 But low at Sovereign Grace's Footstool creep,  
 Whose Ways are searchless, and his Judgments deep.  
 Yet Grace's Suit meets with Resistance rude  
 From haughty Souls; for lack of innate Good  
 To recommend them. Thus the backward Bride  
 Affronts her Suitor with her modest Pride,  
 Black Hatred for his offer'd Love repays,  
 Pride under Mask of Modesty displays;  
 In part would save herself, hence saucy Soul!  
 Rejects the matchless Mate would save in whole.

---

## S E C T. II.

*Conviction of Sin and Wrath, carried on more deeply and effectually on the Heart.*

**S**O proudly froward is the Bride, and now  
 Stern Heaven begins to stare with cloudier Brow;  
 Law-Curses come with more condemning Power,  
 To scorch her Conscience with a fiery Shower,  
 And more refulgent Flashes darted in;  
 For by the Law the Knowledge is of Sin\*.

Black

\* Rom. iii. 20.

Black *Sinai* thundering louder than before,  
Does awful in her lofty Bosom roar.

Heav'n's furious Storms now rise from every \* *Air*,  
In ways more terrible to shake the Earth †

'Till Haughtiness of Men be sunk thereby,  
That Christ alone may be exalted high.

Now stable Earth seems from her Centre tost,  
And lofty Mountains in the Ocean lost.

Hard Rocks of Flint, and haughty Hills of Pride,  
Are torn in Pieces by the roaring Tide.

Each Flash of new Conviction's lucid Rays

Heart-Errors undiscern'd till now displays,

Wrath's massy Cloud upon the Conscience breaks,  
And thus menacing Heaven, in Thunder speaks;

"Black Wretch, thou madly under-foot hast trod

"Th' Authority of a commanding God:

"Thou, like thy Kindred that in *Adam* fell,

"Art but a Law-reversing Lump of Hell,

"And there by Law and Justice doom'd to dwell."

Now, now, the daunted Bride her State bewails,

And downward furls her self-exalting Sails;

With pungent Fear, and piercing Terror brought,

To mortify her lofty legal Thought.

Why, the Commandment comes, *Sin* is reviv'd,

That lay so hid, while to the Law she liv'd;

Infinite Majesty in God is seen,

And infinite Malignity in Sin:

That to its Expiation must amount,

A Sacrifice of infinite Account.

Justice its dire Severity displays,

The Law its vast Dimensions open lays.

She sees for this broad Standard nothing meet,

Save an Obedience sinless and complete.

Her Cob-web Righteousness once in Renown,

Is with a happy Vengeance now swept down.

She

\* Corner.

† *Isa.* ii. 17, 19.

She who of daily Faults could once but prate,  
Sees now her sinful, miserable State.

Her Heart, where once she thought some Good to  
dwell,

The Devil's Cab'net fill'd with Trash of Hell.

Her boasted Features now unmasked bare,

Her vaunted Hopes are plung'd in deep Despair.

Her haunted Shelter-house in by-past Years,

Comes tumbling down about her frightened Ears,

Her former rotten Faith, Love, Penitence,

She sees a *bowing Wall, a tottering Fence.*

Excellencies of Thought, and Word, and Deed,

All swimming, drowning in a Sea of Dread :

Her Beauty now Deformity she deems,

Her Heart much blacker than the Devil seems.

With ready Lips she can herself declare,

The vilest ever breath'd in vital Air.

Her former Hopes, as Refugees of Lies,

Are swept away, and all her Boasting dies.

She once imagin'd Heav'n would be unjust,

To damn so many Lumps of human Dust

Form'd by himself; but now she owns it true,

Damnation surely is the Sinner's Due :

Yea, now applauds the Law's just Doom so well,

That justly she condemns herself to Hell ;

Does herein divine Equity acquit,

Herself adjudging to the lowest Pit.

Her Language, " Oh ! If God condemn, I must

" From bottom of my Soul declare him just.

" But if his great Salvation me embrace,

" How loudly will I sing surprising Grace ?

" If from the Pit he to the Throne me raise,

" I'll rival Angels in his endless Praise.

" If Hell-deserving me to Heaven he bring,

" No Heart so glad, no Tongue so loud shall sing,

" If Wisdom has not laid the saving Plan,

" I nothing have to claim, I nothing can.

" My

“ My Works but Sin, my merit Death I see,  
“ Oh ! Mercy, Mercy, Mercy, pity me.”  
Thus all self-justifying Pleas are dropp’d,  
Most guilty she becomes, her Mouth is stopp’d.  
Pungent Remorse does her past Conduct blame,  
And flush her conscious Cheek with spreading Shame.  
Her self-conceited Heart is self-convict,  
With barbed Arrows of Compunction prick’d :  
Wonders, how Justice spares her vital Breath,  
How patient Heav’n adjourns the Day of Wrath.  
How pliant Earth does not with open Jaws  
Devour her *Korah*-like, for equal Cause ;  
How yawning Hell that gapes for such a Prey,  
Is frustrate with a further Hour’s delay.  
She that could once her mighty Works exalt,  
And boast Devotion fram’d without a Fault ;  
Extol her natural Powers, is now brought down,  
Her former Madness, not her Powers, to own.  
Her present beggar’d State, most void of Grace,  
Unable even to wail her woeful Case,  
Quite powerless to believe, repent, or pray,  
Thus Pride of Duties flies and dies away.  
She, like a harden’d Wretch, a stupid Stone,  
Lies in the Dust, and cries, *Undone, Undone,*

---

## S E C T. III.

*The deeply humbled Soul relieved with some saving Discoveries of CHRIST the Redeemer.*

WHEN thus the wounded Bride perceives full well  
Herself the vilest Sinner out of Hell,  
The blackest Monster in the Universe :  
Pensive if Clouds of Woe shall e’er disperse.

When



When in her Breast Heav'n's Wrath so fiercely glow  
Twixt Fear and Guilt her Bones have no Repose.  
When flowing Billows of amazing Dread,  
Swell to a Deluge o'er her sinking Head;  
When nothing in her Heart is found to dwell,  
But horrid Atheism, Enmity and Hell;  
When endless Death and Ruin seem at hand,  
And yet she cannot for her Soul command  
A *Sigh* to ease it, or a gracious *Thought*,  
Tho' Heav'n could at this petty Rate be bought.  
When Darkness and Confusion overcloud,  
And unto black Despair Temptations croud;  
When wholly without Strength to move, or stir,  
And not a star by night appears to her:  
But she, while to the Brim her Troubles flow,  
Stands trembling on the utmost Brink of Woe.  
Ah weary Case! But lo! in this sad Plight  
The Sun arises with surprising Light.  
The darkest Midnight is his usual Time  
Of rising and appearing in his Prime.  
To shew the Hills from whence Salvation springs,  
And chase the gloomy Shades with golden Wings,  
The glorious Husband now unveils his Face,  
And shews his Glory full of Truth and Grace;  
Presents unto the Bride in that dark Hour,  
Himself a Saviour, both by Price and Power:  
A mighty Helper to redeem the Lost,  
Relieve and ransom to the uttermost.  
To seek the vagrant Sheep to Deserts driven,  
And save from lowest Hell to highest Heaven.  
Her doleful Case he sees, his Bowels move,  
And make her Time of Need his Time of Love.  
He shews, to prove himself her mighty Shield,  
His Name is JESUS, by his Father seal'd;  
A Name with Attributes engrav'd within,  
To save from every Attribute of Sin.

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With *Wisdom* Sin's great *Folly* to expose,  
 And *Righteousness* its Chain of Guilt to loose,  
*Sanctification* to subdue its *Sway*,  
*Redemption* all its woful *Brood* to slay.  
 Each golden Letter of his glorious Name,  
 Bears full Deliv'rance both from Sin and Shame.  
 Yea, not Privation bare from Sin and Woe,  
 But thence all positive Salvations flow,  
 To make her *wise, just, holy, happy* too. }  
 He now appears a Match exactly meet,  
 To make her every way in him complete,  
 In whom the Fullness of the Godhead dwells,  
 That she may boast in him, and nothing else.  
 In Gospel-Lines she now perceives the Dawn  
 Of *Jesus' Love* with bloody Pencil drawn;  
 How God in him is infinitely pleas'd,  
 And Heav'n's revenging Fury whole appears'd :  
 Law-Precepts magnify'd by her Belov'd,  
 And every Let to stop the Match remov'd.  
 Now in her View her Prison-gates break ope,  
 Wide to the Walls flies up the Door of Hope,  
 And now she sees with Pleasure unexpress'd  
 For shatter'd Barks a happy Shore of Rest.

### S E C T. IV.

*The Workings of the Spirit of Faith in separating the Heart from all Self-Righteousness, and drawing out its Consent to, and Desire after, CHRIST alone and wholly.*

THE Bride at *Sinai* little understood,  
 How these Law-humblings were design'd for  
 good,  
 T'enhance the Value of her Husband's Blood. }

The

The Tower of tottering Pride thus batter'd down,  
Makes way for Christ alone to wear the Crown.  
Conviction's Arrows pierc'd her Heart that so,  
The Blood from his pierc'd Heart to her's might flow.  
The Law's sharp Plough tears up the fallow Ground,  
Where not a Grain of Grace was to be found,  
Till straight perhaps behind the Plough is sown,  
The hidden Seed of Faith, as yet unknown.  
Hence now the once reluctant Bride's inclin'd  
To give the Gospel an *assenting Mind*,  
Dispos'd to take, would Grace the Pow'r impart,  
Heav'n's Offer with a free *consenting Heart*.  
His Spirit in the Gospel-Chariot rides,  
And shews his loving Heart to draw the Bride's;  
Tho' oft in Clouds his drawing Pow'r he hides,  
His Love in gracious Offers to her bears,  
In kindly Answers to her Doubts and Fears,  
Resolving all Objections more or less  
From former Sins, or present Worthlessness.  
Perswades her Mind of's conjugal Consent,  
And then impowers her Heart to say, *Content*.  
Content to be divorced from the Law,  
No more the Yoke of Legal Terms to draw.  
Content that he dissolve the former Match,  
And to himself alone her Heart attach.  
Content to join with *Christ* at any rate,  
And wed him as her everlasting Mate.  
Content that he should ever wear the Bays,  
And of her whole Salvation have the Praise.  
Content that he should rise, tho' she should fall,  
And to be Nothing, that he may be All.  
Content that he, because she nought can do,  
Do *for her* all her Work, and *in her* too.  
Here she a peremptory Mind displays,  
That he do all the Work, get all the Praise.

And now she is, which ne'er till now took place,  
Content intirely to be sav'd by *Grace*.

She owns that her Damnation just would be,  
And therefore her Salvation must be free :  
That nothing being her's but Sin and Thrall,  
She must be Debtor unto *Grace* for All.

Hence comes she to him in her naked Case,  
To be invest'd with his Righteousness.

She comes as *guilty*, to a Pardon free ;  
As vile and *filthy*, to a cleansing Sea :

As *poor* and empty, to the richest Stock ;

As *weak* and feeble, to the strongest Rock :

As perishing, unto a Shield from Thrall ;

As worse than Nothing to an All in All.

She, as a blinded Mole, an ignorant Fool,  
Comes for Instruction to the *Prophet's* School.

She, with a Hell-deserving conscious Breast,  
Flees for Atonement to the worthy *Priest*.

She, as a Slave to Sin and Satan, wings  
Her Flight for Help unto the *King* of Kings.

She all her Maladies and Plagues brings forth  
To this Physician of eternal Worth.

She spreads before his Throne her filthy Sore,  
And lays her broken Bones down at his Door.

No Mite she has to buy a crumb of Bliss,  
And therefore comes impoverish'd as she is.

By Sin and *Satan* of all Good bereft,  
Comes e'en as bare as they her Soul have left.

To Sense, as free of Holiness within,  
As *Christ*, the spotless Lamb, was free from Sin.

She comes by Faith, true ; but it shews her Want,  
And brings her as a Sinner, not a Saint,

A wretched Sinner flying for her Good  
To Justifying, Sanctifying Blood.

Strong Faith no Strength nor Power of acting vaunts,  
But acts in Sense of Weakness and of Wants.



Drain'd now of every Thing that Men may call  
Terms and Conditions of Relief from Thrall;  
Except this one, that Jesus be her All.

When to the Bride he gives espousing Faith,  
It finds her under Sin and Guilt and Wrath,  
And makes her as a plagued Wretch to fall  
At Jesus' Footstool for the Cure of All.

Her whole Salvation now in him she seeks,  
And musing thus perhaps in secret speaks.

" Lo! all my Burdens may in him be eas'd;

" The Justice I offended he has pleas'd;

" The Bliss that I have forfeit he procur'd;

" The Curse that I deserved he endur'd;

" The Law that I have broken he obey'd;

" The Debt that I contracted he has paid:

" And tho' a Match unfit for him I be,

" I find him every way most fit for me,

" Sweet Lord, I think, wouldst thou thyself im-  
part,

" I'd welcome thee with open Hand and Heart;

" But thou that sav'st by Price, must save by Power.

" O send thy Spirit in a fiery Shower,

" This cold and frozen Heart of mine to thaw,

" That nought, save Cords of burning Love, can draw

" O draw me, Lord, then will I run to thee,

" And glad into thy glowing Bosom flee.

" I own myself a mass of Sin and Hell,

" A Brat that can do nothing but rebel;

" But *didst thou not*, as sacred Pages shew\*,

" (When rising up to spoil the Hellish Crew,

" That had by Thousands, Sinners captive made,

" And hadst in conquering Chains them captive led

" *Get Donatives, not for thy proper Gain,*

" *But Royal Bounties for rebellious Men.*

" *Gifts, Graces, and the Spirit without bounds,*

" *For God's new House with Man on firmer Grounds.*

O then let me a Rebel now come speed,  
Thy holy Spirit is the Gift I need.  
His precious Graces too, the glorious Grant,  
Thou kindly promis'd, and I greatly want.  
Thou art exalted to the highest Place,  
To give Repentance forth and every Grace.  
O Giver of Spiritual Life and Breath,  
The Author and the Finisher of Faith;  
Thou Husband-like must every thing provide,  
If e'er the like of me becomes thy Bride."

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## S E C T. V.

*Faith's View of the Freedom of Grace, cordial Renunciation of all its own Ragged Righteousness, and Formal Acceptance of and closing with the Person of Glorious CHRIST.*

**T**HE Bride with open Eyes that once were dim  
Sees now her whole Salvation lies in him;  
The Prince, who is not in dispensing nice,  
But freely gives without her Pains or Price.  
This magnifies the Wonder in her Eye,  
Who not a Farthing has wherewith to buy;  
For now her humbled Mind can disavow  
Her boasted Beauty and assuming Brow,  
With conscious Eye discern her Emptiness,  
With candid Lips her Poverty confess.  
O Glory to the Lord, that Grace is free,  
Else never would it light on guilty me.  
I nothing have with me to be its Price,  
But hellish Blackness, Enmity and Vice."  
In former times she durst presuming come,  
To Grace's Market with a petty Sum  
Of Duties, Prayers, Tears, a boasted Set,  
Expecting Heaven would thus be in her Debt.

These were the Price, at least she did suppose,  
 She'd be the welcomer because of those :  
 But now she sees the Vileness of her Vogue,  
 The Dung that close doth every Duty clog,  
 The Sin that doth her Holiness reprove,  
 The Enmity that close attends her Love,  
 The great Heart-hardness of her Penitence,  
 The stupid Dulness of her vaunted Sense,  
 The Unbelief of former blazed Faith,  
 The utter Nothingness of all she hath.  
 The Blackness of her Beauty she can see,  
 The pompous Pride of strain'd Humility,  
 The Naughtiness of all her Tears and Prayers ;  
 And now renounces All as worthless Wares ;  
 And finding nothing to commend herself,  
 But what might damn her, her embezzled Pelf ;  
 At Sovereign Grace's Feet does prostrate fall,  
 Content to be in *Jesus*' debt for All.  
 Her noised Virtues vanish out of Sight,  
 As starry Tapers at Meridian Light ;  
 While sweetly, humbly she beholds at length,  
 Christ, as her only Righteousness and Strength.  
 He with the View throws down his loving Dart,  
 Imprest with Power into her tender Heart.  
 The deeper that the Law's fierce Dart was thrown  
 The deeper now the Dart of Love goes down :  
 Hence sweetly pain'd, her Cries to Heaven do flee  
 " O none but *Jesus*, none but *Christ* for me,  
 " O glorious *Christ*, O Beauty, Beauty rare !  
 " Ten Thousand Thousand Heav'ns are not so far  
 " In him at once all Beauties meet and shine,  
 " The White and Ruddy, Human and Divine.  
 " As in his Low, he's in his High Abode,  
 " The brightest Image of the unseen God.  
 " How justly do the Harpers sing above,  
 " His Doing, Dying, Rising, Reigning Love.

 " He  
 She

How justly does he, when his Work is done,  
 Possess the Centre of his Father's Throne?  
 How justly does his awful Throne before,  
 Seraphick Armies prostrate, him adore;  
 That's both by Nature and Donation crown'd,  
 With all the Grandeur of the Godhead round?  
 "But wilt thou, Lord, in very Deed come dwell  
 With me, that was a burning Brand of Hell?  
 With me, so justly reckon'd worse and less  
 Than Insect, Mite, or Atom can express?  
 Wilt thou debase thy high Imperial Form,  
 To match with such a mortal, crawling Worm?  
 Yea, sure thine Errand to our Earthly Coast,  
 Was in deep Love to seek and save the Lost:  
 And since thou deign'st the like of me to wed,  
 O come and make my Heart thy Marriage-Bed.  
 Fair *Jesus*, wilt thou marry filthy me!  
 Amen, Amen, Amen; so let it be.



## CHAP. III.

The Fruits of the Believer's Marriage with  
 CHRIST, particularly Gospel-Holiness and  
 Obedience to the Law as a Rule,

## SECT. I.

*The sweet Solemnity of the Marriage now over, and  
 the sad Effects of the Remains of a legal Spirit.*

THE Match is made, with little Din'tis done,  
 But with great Power, unequal Prizes won.  
 The Lamb has fairly won his worthless Bride;  
 She her great Lord, and all his Store beside.



He made the poorest Bargain, tho' most Wise,  
And she the Fool, has won the worthy Prize.

Deep Floods of everlasting Love and Grace,  
That under Ground ran an Eternal Space,  
Now rise aloft 'bove Banks of Sin and Hell,  
And o'er the Tops of massy Mountains swell.  
In Streams of Blood are Towers of Guilt o'erflown,  
Down with the rapid purple Current thrown.

The Bride now, as her All can Jesus own,  
And prostrate at his Footstool cast her Crown,  
Disclaiming all her former groundless Hope,  
While in the Dark her Soul did weary grope.  
Down tumble all the Hills of Self-conceit,  
In him alone she sees herself complete;  
Does his fair Person with fond Arms embrace,  
And all her Hopes on his full Merit place;  
Discard her former Mate, and henceforth draw  
No Hope, no Expectation from the Law.

Tho' thus her new-created Nature soars,  
And lives aloft on Jesus' heav'nly Stores;  
Yet apt to stray, her old adulterous Heart  
Oft takes her old renounced Husband's part:  
A legal Cov'nant is so deep ingrain'd  
Upon the human Nature laps'd and stain'd,  
That till her Spirit mount the purest Clime,  
She's never totally divorc'd in time.  
Hid in her corrupt part's proud Bosom lurks,  
Some Hope of Life still by the Law of Works.

Hence flow the following Evils more or less;  
Preferring oft her partial holy Dress,  
Before her Husband's perfect Righteousness.

Hence joying more in Grace already given,  
Than in her Head and Stock that's all in Heaven.

Hence grieving more the want of Frames and  
Grace,  
Than of himself the Spring of all Solace.

Hence Guilt her Soul imprisons, Lusts prevail,  
While to the Law her Rents insolvent fail,  
And yet her faithless Heart rejects her Husband's  
Bail.

Hence Soul-Disorders rise, and racking Fears,  
While doubtful of his clearing past Arrears.  
Vain dreaming, since her own Obedience fails,  
His likewise little for her Help avails.

Hence Duties are a Task, while all in View  
Is heavy Yokes of Laws, or old or new :

Whereas, were once her legal Biass broke,  
She'd find her Lord's Commands an easy Yoke.  
No galling Precepts on her Neck he lays,  
Nor any Debt demands, save what he pays  
By promis'd aid : But lo ! the grievous Law  
Demanding Brick, won't aid her with a Straw.

Hence also fretful grudging, Discontent,  
Crav'd by the Law, finding her Treasure spent,  
And doubting if her Lord will pay the Rent.  
Hence Pride of Duties too does often swell,  
Presuming she perform'd so very well.

Hence Pride of Graces and inherent Worth,  
Springs from her corrupt legal Biass forth ;  
And boasting more a present withering Frame,  
Than her Exalted Lord's unfading Name.

Hence many Falls and Plunges in the Mire,  
As many new Conversions do require :

Because her faithless Heart's sad Follies breed

Much lewd Departure from her living Head,

Who to reprove her aggravated Crimes,

Leaves her abandon'd to herself at Times ;

That falling into frightful Deeps, she may

From sad Experience learn more Stress to lay

Not on her native Efforts ; but at length

On Christ alone, her Righteousness and Strength :

Conscious while in her Works she seeks Repose,

Her legal Spirit breeds her many Woes.

## S E C T. II.

*Faith's Victories over Sin and Satan, through new and further Discoveries of CHRIST, making Believers more fruitful in Holiness than all other Pretenders to Works.*

**T**HE Gospel-Path leads Heav'nward, hence the Fray,  
 Hell-Powers still push the Bride the Legal-Way.  
 So hot the War, her Life's a troubled Flood,  
 A Field of Battle, and a Scene of Blood.  
 But he that once commenc'd the Work in her,  
 Whose working Fingers drop the sweetest Myrrh,  
 Will still advance it by alluring Force,  
 And, from her antient Mate, more clean Divorce;  
 Since 'tis her antiquated Spouse the Law,  
 The Strength of Sin and Hell did on her draw.  
 Piece-meal she finds Hell's mighty Force abate,  
 By new Recruits from her almighty Mate.  
 Fresh Armour sent from Grace's Magazine,  
 Makes her proclaim Eternal War with Sin.  
 The Shield of Faith dipt in the Surety's Blood,  
 Drowns fiery Darts, as in a crimson Flood.  
 The Captain's ruddy Banner lifted high,  
 Makes Hell retire and all the Furies fly.  
 Yea, of his Glory every recent Glance,  
 Makes Sin decay, and Holiness advance.  
 In kindness therefore does her heavenly Lord  
 Renew'd Discoveries of his Love afford,  
 That her enamour'd Soul may with the View,  
 Be cast into his holy Mould anew:  
 For when he manifests his glorious Grace,  
 The smitting Favour of his smiling Face,

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Into his Image fair transforms her Soul\*,  
 And wafts her upward to the Heav'nly Pole,  
 From Glory unto Glory by Degrees,  
 Till Vision and Fruition shall suffice.  
 And thus in holy Beauty *Jesus' Bride*  
 Shines far beyond the painted Sons of Pride,  
 Vain Merit Vouchers, and their subtile Apes,  
 In all their most refin'd, delusive shapes.  
 No lawful Child is e'er the Marriage born,  
 Tho' therefore Virtues feign'd their Life adorn,  
 The Fruit they bear is but a spurious Brood,  
 Before this happy Marriage be made good.  
 And 'tis not strange, for from a corrupt Tree  
 No Fruit divinely good produc'd can be.  
 But lo, the Bride graft in the living Root,  
 Brings forth most precious aromatic Fruit.  
 When her new Heart, and her new Husband meet,  
 Her fruitful Womb is like a Heap of Wheat,  
 Beset with fragrant Lilies round about †,  
 All divine Graces, in a comely Rout,  
 Burning within, and shining bright without.  
 And thus the Bride, as sacred Scripture saith,  
 When dead unto the Law through *Jesus' Death* ‡,  
 And match'd with him, bears to her God and Lord  
 Accepted Fruit with Incense pure decor'd.  
 Freed from Law-debt, and blest with Gospel-ease,  
 Her Work is now her dearest Lord to please,  
 By living on him as her ample Stock,  
 And leaning to him as her potent Rock.  
 The Fruit, that each Law-wedded mortal brings,  
 To Self accreases, as from Self it springs.  
 No base a Rise must have a base Recourse,  
 The Stream can mount no higher than its Source.  
 But *Jesus* can his Bride's sweet Fruit commend,  
 As brought from him the Root, to him the End.

C 5

She.

Intro

2 Cor. iii. 18.

† Cant. vii. 2.

‡ Rom. vii. 4.



She does by such an Offspring him avow,  
 To be her ALPHA and OMEGA too.  
 The Work and Warfare he begins, he crowns;  
 Tho', maugre various Conflicts, ups and downs.  
 Thus, through the darksome Vale she makes her Way,  
 Until the Morning Dawn of Glory's Day.

## S E C T. III.

*True saving Faith magnifying the Law, both as a Covenant  
 and a Rule. False Faith unfruitful and ruining.*

**P**ROUD Nature may reject this Gospel Theme,  
 And curse it as an *Antinomian* Scheme.  
 Let Slander bark, let Envy grin and fight,  
 The Curse that is so causeless shall not light.  
 If they that fain would make by holy Force,  
 'Twixt Sinners and the Law a clean Divorce,  
 And court the Lamb a Virgin chaste to Wife,  
 Be charg'd as Foes to Holiness of Life,  
 Well may they suffer gladly on this Score,  
 Apostles great were so malign'd before.  
*Do we make void the Law through Faith?* nay, why,  
 We do it more fulfil and magnify.  
 Than fiery Seraphs can with holiest Flash;  
 Avaunt, vain Legalists, unworthy Trash.

When as a *Cov'nant* stern the Law commands,  
 Faith puts her Lamb's Obedience in its Hands:  
 And when its Threats gush out a fiery Flood,  
 Faith stops the Current with her Victim's Blood.  
 The Law can crave no more, yet craves no less,  
 Than active, passive, perfect Righteousness.  
 Yet here is all, yea more than its Demand,  
 All render'd to it by a Divine Hand.

Mankind

Mankind is bound Law-Service still to pay,  
 Yea Angel-kind is also bound to obey.  
 It may by Human and Angelick Blaze  
 Have Honour, but in finite partial ways.

These Natures have its Lustre once defac'd,  
 'Twill be by part of both for ay disgrac'd.  
 Yet had they all obsequious stood and true,  
 They'd given the Law no more than Homage due.

But Faith gives't Honour yet more great, more odd  
 The high, the humble Service of its God.

Again to view the holy Law's Command,  
 As lodged in a Mediator's Hand;

Faith gives it Honour, as a *Rule of Life*,  
 And makes the Bride the Lamb's obedient Wife.

Due Homage to the Law those never did,  
 To whom th' Obedience pure of Faith is hid.

*Faith works by Love, and purifies the Heart,*  
 And Truth advances in the inward Part;

On carnal Hearts impresses divine Stamps,  
 And sully'd Lives inverts to shining Lamps.

From *Abram's* Seed that are most strong in Faith,  
 The Law most Honour, God most Glory hath.

But due Respect to neither can be found,  
 Where Unbelief ne'er got a mortal Wound,

To still the Virtue-vaunter's empty Sound.  
 Good Works he boasts, a Path he never trod,

Who is not yet *the Workmanship of God*\*;  
*In Jesus thereunto created new,*

Nois'd Works that spring not hence are but a Shew.  
 True Faith that's of a noble divine Race,

Is still a holy, sanctifying Grace;  
 And greater Honour to the Law does share,

Than Boasters all that breathe the vital Air.  
 E'en Heathen Morals vastly may out-shine

The Works that flow not from a Faith divine.

Pretensions high to Faith a Number have;  
 But ah! it is a Faith that cannot save;  
 "We trust, say they, in Christ, we hope in God,"  
 Nor blush to blaze their rotten Faith abroad,  
 Nor try the Trust of which they make a Shew,  
 If of a saving or a damning Hue.  
 They own their Sins are ill; true, but 'tis sad  
 They never thought their Faith and Hope were bad.  
 How evident's their home-bred nat'ral Blaze,  
 Who dream they have believ'd well all their days;  
 Yet never felt their Unbelief; nor knew  
 The need of Power their Natures to renew.  
 Blind Souls that boast of Faith, yet live in Sin,  
 May hence conclude their Faith is to begin:  
 Or know they shall, by such an airy Faith,  
 Believe themselves to everlasting Wrath.  
 Faith that nor leads to good, nor keeps from ill,  
 Will never lead to Heav'n nor keep from Hell.  
 The *Body without Breath is dead* \*; no less  
 Is Faith without the Works of Holiness.  
 How rare is saving Faith, when Earth is cramm'd  
 With such as will believe and yet be damn'd;  
 Believe the Gospel, yet with dread and awe  
 Have never truly first believ'd the Law.  
 That matters shall be well, they hope too soon,  
 Who never yet have seen they were undone.  
 Can of Salvation their Belief be true,  
 Who never yet believ'd Damnation due?  
 Can these of endless Life have solid Faith,  
 Who never fear'd Law-Threats of endless Death?  
 Nay, sail'd they ha'nt yet to the healing Shore,  
 Who never felt their sinful, woful Sore.

Imaginary Faith is but a Blind,  
 That bears no Fruit but of a deadly kind;  
 Nor can from such a wild unwholsome Root,  
 The least Production rise of living Fruit.

## PART I. *The Believer's Espousals.*

37

But saving Faith can such an Offspring breed,  
 Her native Product is a holy Seed.  
 The fairest Issues of the vital Breath,  
 Spring from the fertile Womb of Heav'n-born Faith;  
 Yet boasts she nothing of her own, but brings  
 Auxiliaries from the King of Kings,  
 Who graves his royal Law in rocky Hearts,  
 And gracious Aid in soft'ning Showers imparts.  
 Thus gives prolifick Virtue to the Faith,  
 Inspir'd at first by his almighty Breath.  
 Hence fetching all her Succours from abroad,  
 She still employs this mighty Power of God.  
 Drain'd clean of native Powers and legal Aims,  
 No Strength but in and from *Jehovah* claims,  
 And thus her Service to the Law o'ertops.  
 The tow'ring Zeal of Pharisaick Fops.

### S E C T. IV.

*The Believer only, being marry'd to CHRIST, is justified and sanctified, and the more Gospel Freedom from the Law as a Covenant, the more holy Conformity to it as a Rule.*

**T**HUS doth the Husband by his Father's Will

Both *for* and *in* his Bride the Law fulfil:

*For* her, as 'tis a Covenant, and then

*In* her, as 'tis a Rule of Life to Men,

First all Law-Debt he most completely pays,

Then of Law-Duties all the Charge defrays.

Does first assume her Guilt, and loose her Chains,

And then with living Water wash her Stains;

Her Fund restore, and then her Form repair,

And make his filthy Bride a Beauty fair;

His perfect Righteousness most freely grant,

And then his holy Image deep implant.

Into



Into her Heart his precious Seed in-drop,  
 Which in his Time will yield a glorious Crop;  
 But by alternate Turns his Plants he brings,  
 Through robbing Winters and repairing Springs.  
 Hence pining oft, they suffer sad Decays,  
 By dint of shady Nights and stormy Days.  
 But blest with Sap, and Influence from above,  
 They live and grow anew in Faith and Love;  
 Until transplanted to the higher Soil,  
 Where Furies tread no more, nor Foxes spoil;  
 While Christ, the living Root, remains on high,  
 The noble Plant of Grace can never die;  
 Nature decays, and so will all the Fruits,  
 That merely rises on a mortal Root.  
 Their Works, however splendid, are but dead,  
 That from a living Fountain don't proceed;  
 Their fairest Fruit is but a garnish'd Shrine,  
 That are not grafted in the glorious Vine.

Devoutest Hypocrites are rank'd in Rolls  
 Of painted Puppets, not of living Souls.

No Offspring but of Christ's fait Bride is good,  
 This happy Marriage has a holy Brood,  
 Let Sinners learn this Mystery to read,  
 We bear to glorious Christ no precious Seed,  
 'Till *through the Law, we to the Law be dead*\*.

No true Obedience to the Law but forc'd,  
 Can any yield 'till from the Law divorc'd.

Nor to it, as a Rule, is Homage given,  
 'Till from it, as a Cov'nant, Men be driven.

Yea more, till once they this Divorce attain,  
 Divorce from Sin they but attempt in vain;

The cursed Yoke of Sin they basely draw,  
 'Till once unyoked from the cursing Law.

Sin's full Dominion keeps its native Place,  
 While Men are *under Law, not under Grace*†.

\* Gal. ii. 19.

† Rom. vi. 14.

For mighty Hills of Enmity won't move,  
Till touch'd by conquering Grace and mighty Love.

Were but the Gospel-secret understood,  
How God can pardon where he sees no good;  
How Grace and Mercy free, that can't be bought,  
Reign through a Righteousness already wrought;  
Were woful reigning Unbelief depos'd,  
Mysterious Grace to blinded Minds disclos'd;  
Did Heav'n with Gospel-news its Power convey,  
And Sinners hear a faithful God but say,  
"No more Law-Debt remains for you to pay;  
Lo, by the loving Surety all's discharg'd,"

Their Hearts behoov'd with Love to be enlarg'd:  
Love, the succinct fulfilling of the Law,  
Were then the easy Yoke they'd sweetly draw.  
Love would constrain and to his Service move  
Who left them nothing else to do but Love.

Slight now his loving Precepts if they can,  
No, no, his conquering Kindness leads the Van.

When everlasting Love exerts the Sway,  
They judge themselves more kindly bound to obey,  
Bound by Redeeming Grace in stricter Sense;  
Than ever *Adam* was in Innocence.  
Why now they are not bound as formerly,  
To *Do* and *Live*, nor yet to *Do* or *Die*;  
Both Life and Death are put in *Jesus'* hands,  
Who urges neither in his kind Commands,  
Not servile Work their Life and Heaven to win,  
Nor slavish Labour Death and Hell to shun.  
Their Aims are purer, since they understood  
Their Heaven was bought, their Hell was quench'd  
with Blood.

The Oars of Gospel-Service now they steer,  
Without or legal Hope or slavish Fear.

The Bride in sweet Security can dwell,  
Nor bound to purchase Heav'n nor vanquish Hell;

But

But bound for him the Race of Love to run,  
 Whose Love to her left none of these undone:  
 She's bound to be the Lamb's obedient Wife,  
 And in his Strength to serve him, during Life;  
 To glorify his loving Name for ay,  
 Who left her not a single Mite to pay  
 Of legal Debt; but wrote for her at large  
 In Characters of Blood a full Discharge.  
 Henceforth no servile Task her Labours prove,  
 But grateful Fruits of reverential Love.

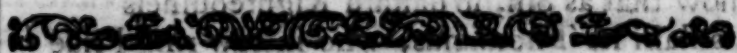
## S E C T. V.

*Gospel-Grace giving no Liberty nor Freedom to Sin, but  
 to holy Service and pure Obedience.*

**T**HE glorious Husband's Love can't lead the Wife  
 To Whoredom or Licentiousness of Life:  
 Nay, nay, she finds his warmest Love within,  
 The hottest Fire to melt her Heart for Sin.  
 His kind Embrace is still the strongest Cord,  
 To bind her to the Service of her Lord.  
 The more her Faith insures this Love of his,  
 The more his Law her Delectation is.  
 Some dream, they might, who this Assurance win,  
 Take Latitude and Liberty to sin,  
 Ah! such bewray their Ignorance, and prove,  
 They want the lively Sense of drawing Love,  
 And how its sweet constraining Force can move.  
 The Ark of Grace came never in to dwell,  
 But *Dagon*-Lusts before it headlong fell.  
 Men basely can unto Lasciviousness  
 Abuse the Doctrine, not the Work of Grace:  
 Huggers of Divine Love in Vice's Path,  
 Have but the Fancy of it, not the Faith.

They

They never soar'd aloft on Grace's Wing,  
 That knew not Grace to be a holy Thing:  
 When regnant she the Powers of Hell appales,  
 And Sin's Dominion in the Ruin falls.  
 Curs'd is the Crew, whose *Antinomian* Dress  
 Makes Grace a cover to their Idleness.  
 The Bride of Christ will sure be very loth,  
 To make his Love a Pillow for her Sloth.  
 Why mayn't she sin the more that Grace abounds,  
 Oh, God forbid! the very Thought confounds.  
 When dead unto the Law, she's dead to Sin,  
 How can she any longer live therein?  
 To neither of them is she now a Slave,  
 But shares the Conquest of the Great, the Brave.  
 The mighty General, her victorious Head,  
 Who broke the double Chain to free the Bride.  
 Hence prompted now with Gratitude and Love,  
 Her chearful Feet in swift Obedience move.  
 More strong the Cords of Love to Duty draw,  
 Than Hell and all the Curses of the Law.  
 When with Seraphick Love the Breast's inspir'd,  
 By that are all the other Graces fir'd;  
 These kindling round, the burning Heart and Frame  
 In Life and Walk send forth a holy Flame.



#### CH A P. IV.

A Caution to all against a legal Spirit; especially to those that have a Profession without Power, and Learning without Grace.

**W**HY, says the haughty Heart of Legalists,  
 Bound to the Law of Works by natural Twists,  
 "Why



" Why such ado about a Law-Divorce ?  
 " Men's Lives are bad, and would you have 'em worse  
 " Such *Antinomian* Stuff with labour'd Toil,  
 " Would human Beauty's native Lustre spoil.  
 " What Wickedness beneath the Covering lurks,  
 " That leudly would divorce us all from Works ?  
 " Why such a Stir about the Law and Grace ?  
 " We know that Merit cannot now take place,  
 " And what needs more ?" Well, to let Slander drop  
 Be Merit for a little here the Scope.

Ah ! many learn to lisp in Gospel-Terms,  
 Who yet embrace the Law with legal Arms,  
 By wholsome Education some are taught,  
 To own that human Merit now is naught;  
 Who faintly but renounce proud Merit's Name,  
 And cleave refin'dly to the Popish Scheme.  
 For graceful Works expecting divine Bliss,  
 And when they fail, trust Christ, for what's amiss.  
 Thus to his Righteousness profess to fly,  
 Yet by it still would their own Saviours be.  
 They seem to Works of Merit bloody Foes,  
 Yet seek Salvation *as it were* \* by those,  
 Blind *Gentiles* found, who did not seek nor know,  
 But *Isra'l* lost it whole who fought it so.

Let ail that love to wear the legal Dress,  
 Know that as Sin, so dastard Righteousness  
 Has slain its Thousands, who in tow'ring Pride  
 The Righteousness of *Jesus* Christ deride.  
 A Robe divinely wrought, divinely won,  
 Yet cast by Men for Rags that are their own.

But some to legal Works seem whole deny'd,  
 Yet would by Gospel-Works be justify'd,  
 By Faith, Repentance, Love, and other such  
 These Dreamers being Righteous overmuch  
 Like *Uzza* give the Ark a wrongful Touch.

\* *Rom. ix. 32.*

By legal Deeds however gospeliz'd,  
Can e'er tremendous Justice be appeas'd?  
Or Sinners justify'd before that God,  
Whose Law is perfect, and exceeding broad?  
Nay, Faith itself that leading Gospel-Grace,  
Holds as a Work no justifying Place.  
Just Heav'n to Man for Righteousness impute,  
Not Faith itself, or in its Acts or Fruits.  
But *Jesus'* meritorious Life and Death,  
Faith's proper Object, all the Honour hath.  
From this does Faith derive its glorious Fame,  
Its great Renown and justifying Name;  
Receiving all things, but deserving nought;  
By Faith all's begg'd and taken, nothing bought;  
Its highest Name is from the Wedding-Vote,  
So instrumental in the Marriage-Knot.  
*Behovah* lends the Bride in that blest Hour,  
His exceeding Greatness of his mighty Power.  
Which sweetly does her Heart-consent command,  
To reach the wealthy Prince her naked Hand,  
For close to his Embrace she'd never stir,  
If first his loving Arms embrac'd not her;  
But this he does by kindly gradual Chase,  
Of rousing, raising, teaching, drawing Grace.  
He shews her in his sweetest Love-Address,  
His Glory as the Sun of Righteousness.  
At which all dying Glories Earth adorn,  
Shrink like the sick Moon at the wholesome Morn.  
This glorious Sun arising with a Grace,  
Dark Shades of Creature-Righteousness to chase,  
Faith now disclaims itself, and all the Train  
Of Virtues formerly accounted Gain;  
And counts them Dung, with holy, meek Disdain,  
For now appears the Height, the Depth immense  
Of divine Bounty and Benevolence;  
Amazing Mercy! ignorant of Bounds!  
Which most enlarged Faculties confounds.

How

How vain, how void now seem the vulgar Charms,  
 The Monarch's Pomp of Courts, and Pride of Arms?  
 The boasted Beauties of the Human Kind,  
 The Powers of Body, and the Gifts of Mind?  
 Lo! in the Grandeur of *Immanuel's* Train,  
 All's swallowed up as Rivers in the Main.  
 He's seen when Gospel-Light and Sight is given,  
 Encompass'd round with all the Pomp of Heav'n.

The Soul now taught of God, sees human Schools  
 Make Christless Rabbi's only literate Fools;  
 And that 'till divine Teaching powerful draw,  
 No Learning will divorce them from the Law.  
 Mere Argument may clear the Head, and force  
 A verbal, not a cordial clean Divorce.  
 Hence many taught the wholesome Terms of Art,  
 Have Gospel-Heads, but still a legal Heart.  
 'Till Sovereign Grace and Power the Sinner catch,  
 He takes not *Jesus* for his only Match.  
 Nay, Works compete, ah! true, however odd,  
 Dead Works are Rivals with the living God.  
 'Till Heav'n's preventing Mercy clear the Sight,  
 Confound the Pride with supernatural Light;  
 No haughty Soul of human kind is brought  
 To mortify her self-exalting Thought.

Yet holiest Creatures in Clay-Tents that lodge,  
 Be but their Lives scann'd by the dreadful Judge;  
 How shall they e'er his awful Search endure,  
 Before whose purest Eyes Heav'n is not pure?  
 How must their black Indictment be enlarg'd,  
 When by him Angels are with Folly charg'd?  
 What human Worth shall stand, when he shall scan  
 O may his Glory stain the Pride of Man.

How wondrous are the Tracks of Divine Grace  
 How searchless are his Ways, how vast th' Abyss?  
 Let haughty Reason stop, and fear to leap;  
 Angelick Plummet cannot sound the Deep.

With Scorn he turns his Eyes from haughty Kings,  
 With Pleasure looks on low and worthless Things;  
 Deep are his Judgments, sovereign is his Will,  
 Let every mortal Worm be dumb, be still.  
 In vain proud Reason swells beyond its Bound,  
 God and his Counsels are a Gulf profound,  
 An Ocean wherein all our Thoughts are drown'd. }



## C H A P. V.

Arguments and Encouragements to Gospel-  
 Ministers to avoid a legal Strain of Doc-  
 trine, and endeavour the Sinner's Match  
 with CHRIST, by Gospel-means.

## S E C T. I.

*A legal Spirit the Root of damnable Errors.*

**Y**E Heralds great, that blow in Name of God,  
 The silver Trump of Gospel-Grace abroad;  
 And sound by Warrant from the great I AM,  
 The Nuptial Treaty with the worthy Lamb:  
 Might ye but stoop th'unpolish'd Muse to brook,  
 And from a Shrub an wholesome Berry pluck;  
 Ye'd take Encouragement from what is said,  
 By Gospel-means to make the Marriage-Bed,  
 And to your glorious Lord a Virgin chaste to wed. }

The more proud Nature bears a legal Sway,  
 The more should Preachers bend the Gospel-way:  
 Oft in the Church arise destructive Schisms  
 From anti-evangelick Aphorisms;

A legal



A legal Spirit may be justly nam'd  
The fertile Womb of every Error damn'd.

Hence *Popery* so connat'ral since the Fall,  
Makes legal Works like Saviours merit all;  
Yea, more than Merit on their Shoulder loads,  
To supererogate like Demi-gods.

Hence proud *Socinians* seat their Reason high,  
'Bove every precious Gospel Mystery,  
Its divine Author stab, and without Fear  
The purple Covert of his Chariot tear.

With these run *Arian* Monsters in a Line,  
All Gospel-Truth at once to undermine;  
To darken and delete like hellish Foes,  
The brightest Colour of the *Sharon* Rose.  
At best its human *Red* they but decry  
That blot the divine White, the native Dye.

Hence dare *Arminians* too with brasen Face,  
Give Man's Free-will the Throne of God's Free-grace;  
Whose self-exalting Tenets clearly shew  
Great Ignorance of Law and Gospel too.  
Hence *Neonomians* spring, as sundry call  
The new Law-makers to redress our Fall.  
The Law of Works into Repentance, Faith  
Is chang'd, as their *Baxterian* Bible saith.  
Shaping the Gospel to an easy Law,  
They build their tott'ring House with Hay and Straw;  
Yet hide like *Rachel's* Idols in the Stuff  
Their legal Hands within a Gospel-Muff.

Yea, hence springs *Antinomian* vile Refuse,  
Whose gross Abettors Gospel-Grace abuse;  
Unskill'd how Grace's filken Latchet binds  
Her Captives to the Law, with willing Minds.

## S E C T. II.

*A legal Strain of Doctrine discovered, and discarded.*

**N**O wonder *Paul* the legal Spirit curse,  
Of fatal Errors such a feeding Nurse.  
He in *Jehovah's* great tremendous Name,  
Condemns Perverters of the Gospel-Scheme.  
He damn'd the Sophist rude, the babbling Priest  
Would venture to corrupt it in the least ;  
Yea, curst the heav'nly Angel down to Hell,  
That daring would another Gospel tell \*.  
Which Crime is charg'd on these that dare dispense  
The self-same Gospel in another Sense.

*Christ* is not preach'd in Truth, but in Disguise,  
If his bright Glory half-absconded lies.  
When Gospel-Soldiers, that divide the Word,  
Scarce brandish any but the legal Sword.  
While *Christ* the *Author* of the Law they press,  
More than the *End* of it for Righteousness ;  
*Christ* as a *Seeker* of our Service trace,  
More than a *Giver* of enabling Grace.  
The King commanding Holiness they show,  
More than the Prince exalted to bestow ;  
Yea, more on *Christ* the Sin-Revenger dwell,  
Than *Christ* Redeemer both from Sin and Hell.  
With legal Spade the Gospel-Field he delves,  
Who thus drives Sinners in unto themselves ;  
Halving the Truth that should be all reveal'd.  
The sweetest Part of *Christ* is oft conceal'd.  
We bid Men turn from Sin, but seldom say,  
*Behold the Lamb that takes all Sin away !*  
*Christ* by the Gospel rightly understood,  
Not only treats a Peace, but makes it good.

Those

\* *Gal. i. 7, 8.*

Those Suitors therefore of the Bride, who hope  
 By force to drag her with the legal Rope,  
 Nor use the drawing Cord of conqu'ring Grace,  
 Pursue with flaming Zeal a fruitless Chase;  
 In vain lame Doings urge, with solemn Awe,  
 To bribe the Fury of the fiery Law:  
 With equal Success to the Fool that aims  
 By paper Walls to bound devouring Flames.  
 The Law's but mock'd by their most graceful Deeds  
 That wed not first the Law-fulfilling Head;  
 It values neither how they wrought nor wept,  
 That slight the Ark wherein alone 'tis kept.  
 Yet Legalists, DO, DO, with Ardour press,  
 And with prepost'rous Zeal and warm Address,  
 Would seem the greatest Friends to Holiness:  
 But vainly (could such Opposites accord)  
 Respect the Law, and yet reject the Lord.  
 They shew not *Jesus* as the Way to Bliss,  
 But *Judas*-like betray him with a Kiss  
 Of boasted Works, or meer Profession puff,  
 Law-Boasters proving but Law-Breakers oft.

## S E C T. III.

*The Hurtfulness of not preaching CHRIST, and distinguish-  
 ing duly between Law and Gospel.*

**H**ELL cares not how crude Holiness be preach'd  
 If Sinners Match with *Christ* be never reach'd  
 Knowing their Holiness is but a Sham,  
 Who ne'er are marry'd to the *Holy Lamb*.  
 Let Words have never such a pious Shew,  
 And blaze aloft in rude Professor's View.  
 With sacred Aromaticks richly spic'd,  
 If they but drown in Silence glorious *Christ*;

Or, if he may some vacant Room supply,  
Make him a Subject only by the by.  
They marr true Holiness with tickling Chat,  
To breed a Bastard Pharisaick Brat.  
They wofully the Gospel-Message broke,  
Make fearful Havock of the Master's Flock;  
Yet please themselves and the blind Multitude,  
By whom the Gospel's little understood.

Rude Souls perhaps imagine little Odds  
Between the Legal and the Gospel-Roads,  
But vainly Men attempt to blend the two;  
They differ more than *Christ* and *Moses* do.  
*Moses* evangelizing in a Shade,  
By Types the News of Light approaching spread;  
But from the Law of Works by him proclaim'd,  
No Ray of Gospel-Grace or Mercy gleam'd.  
By Nature's Light the Law to all is known,  
But lightsome News of Gospel-Grace to none.  
The Doing Cov'nant now in part or whole,  
Is strong to damn, but weak to save a Soul.  
It hurts and cannot help, but as it tends  
Through Mercy to subserve some Gospel-Ends.  
Law-Thunder roughly to the Gospel tames,  
The Gospel mildly to the Law reclaims.  
The fiery Law as 'tis a Covenant,  
Schools Men to see the Gospel-Aid they want;  
Then Gospel-Aid does sweetly them incline  
Back to the Law as 'tis a Rule divine.  
Heav'n's healing work is oft commenc'd with wounds,  
Terror begins what Loving-kindness crowns.  
Preachers may therefore press the fiery Law,  
To strike the Christless Man with dreadful Awe.  
Law-Threats which for his Sins to Hell depress,  
Yea damn him for his rotten Righteousness;  
That while he views the Law exceeding broad,  
He fain may wed the Righteousness of God.

D

But



But ah! to press Law-works as Terms of Life,  
 Was ne'er the Way to court the Lamb a Wife.  
 To urge Conditions in the legal Frame,  
 Is to renew the vain old Cov'nant Game.  
 The *Law is good when lawfully 'tis us'd,*  
 But most destructive when it is abus'd.  
 They set not Duties in the proper Sphere,  
 Who duly Law and Gospel don't severe,  
 But under massy Chains let Sinners lie,  
 As Tributaries, or to DO, or DIE.  
 Nor make the Law a squaring Rule of Life,  
 But in the Gospel-Throat a Bloody Knife.

## S E C T. IV.

*Damnable Pride and Self-Righteousness, so natural to all Men, has little need to be encouraged by Legal Preaching.*

**T**HE Legal Path proud Nature loves so well,  
 (Tho' yet 'tis but the cleanest Road to Hell)  
 That lo! e'en these that take the foulest Ways,  
 Whose Lewdness no controlling Bridle stays;  
 If but their drowsy Conscience raise its Voice,  
 'Twill speak the Law of Works their native Choice  
 And echo to the rousing Sound, "Ah true!  
 "I cannot hope to live, unless I DO."  
 No conscious Breast of mortal Kind can trace  
 The Mystery deep of being sav'd by Grace.  
 Of this nor is the natural Conscience skill'd;  
 Nor will admit it, when it is reveal'd;  
 But pushes at the Gospel like a Ram,  
 As Proxy for the Law, against the Lamb.

The proud self-righteous Pharisaick Strain  
 Is; "Blest be God I'm not like other Men;

"I re

" I read and pray, give Alms, I mourn and fast,  
" And therefore hope I'll get to Heav'n at last :  
" For tho' from every Sin I be not free,  
" Great Multitudes of Men are worse than me.  
" I'm none of those that swear, cheat, drink, and  
    whore."

Thus on the Law he builds his *Babel* Tower.

Yea even the vilest cursed Debauchee,  
Will make the Law of Works his very Plea ;  
" Why, (says the Rake) what take you me to be ?  
" A Turk or Infidel (you lye) I can't  
" Be term'd so base, but by a Sycophant ;  
" Only I hate to act the whining Saint.  
" I am a Christian true, and therefore bode,  
" It shall be well with me, I hope in God.  
" An't I an honest Man ? yea, I defy,  
" The Tongue that dare assert black to mine Eye."  
Perhaps when the Reprover turns his Back,  
He'll vend the viler Wares o' 's open'd Pack.  
And with his Fellows in a Strain more big,  
" Bid damn the Base, uncharitable Whig.  
" These scoundrel Hypocrites (he'll proudly say)  
" Think none shall ever merit Heav'n but they.  
" And yet we may compete with them, for see  
" The best have Blemishes as well as we.  
" We have as good a Heart (we trust) as these,  
" Tho' not their vain superfluous Shew and Blaze.  
" Bigotted Zealots, whose foul Crimes are hid,  
" Would damn us all to Hell, but God forbid.  
" Whatever such a whining Sect profess,  
" 'Tis but a nice, morose, affected Dress.  
" And tho' we don't pretend so much as they,  
" We hope to compass Heav'n a shorter Way ;  
" We seek God's Mercy, and are all along  
" Most free of Malice, and do no Man wrong.  
" But whims phantastick sha'n't our Heads annoy,  
" That would our social Liberties destroy.

- " Sure, right Religion never was design'd,  
 " To marr the native Mirth of Human Kind.  
 " How weak are those that would be thought nonfuchl  
 " How mad, that would be righteous overmuch !  
 " We have sufficient, tho' we be not cramm'd :  
 " We'll therefore hope the best, let them be damn'd."

Ah horrid Talk ! yet so the legal Strain  
 Lards even the Language of the most Profane.  
 Thus dev'lish Pride o'erlooks a thousand Faults,  
 And on a legal Ground itself exalts.  
 This DO and LIVE, tho' Doing Power be lost,  
 In every Mortal is proud Nature's Boast.  
 How does a vain Conceit of Goodness swell  
 And feed false Hope, amidst the Shades of Hell ?  
 Shall we who should by Gospel Methods draw,  
 Send Sinners to their natural Spouse the Law ;  
 And harp upon the Doing String to such,  
 Who ignorantly dream they do so much ?  
 Why, thus instead of courting *Christ* a Bride,  
 We harden Rebels in their native Pride.

Much rather ought we in God's Name to place,  
 His great Artillery straight against their Face ;  
 And throw hot *Sinai* Thunder-bolts around,  
 To burn their tow'ring Hopes down to the ground  
 To make the Pillars of their Pride to shake,  
 And damn their Doings to the burning Lake.  
 To curse the Doers, unto endless Thrall,  
 That never did continue to do all \*,  
 To scorch their Conscience with the flaming Air,  
 And sink their haughty Hopes in deep Despair ;  
 Denouncing *Ebal's* black revenging Doom,  
 To blast their Expectation in the Bloom ;  
 'Till once vain Hope of Life by Works give place  
 Unto a solid Hope of Life by Grace.

The vig'rous Use of Means is safely urg'd,  
 When pressing Calls from legal Dregs are purg'd

But most unsafely in a Federal Dress,  
Confounding Terms of Life with Means of Grace.  
Oh dang'rous is th'Attempt proud Flesh to please,  
Or send a Sinner to the Law for Ease;  
Who rather needs to feel its piercing Dart,  
Till dreadful Pangs invade his trembling Heart;  
And thither should be only sent for Flames  
Of Fire to burn his rotten Hopes and Claims;  
That thus disarm'd, he gladly may embrace,  
And grasp with Eagerness the News of Grace.

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## S E C T. V.

*The Gospel of Divine Grace the only Means of converting Sinners, and should be preached therefore most clearly, fully, and freely.*

**T**HEY ought, who royal Grace's Heralds be,  
To trumpet loud Salvation full and free;  
Nor safely can, to humour mortal Pride,  
In Silence evangelick Mysteries hide.  
What Heav'n is pleas'd to give, dare we refuse,  
Or under-ground conceal, lest Men abuse?  
Suppress the Gospel-Flower upon pretence,  
That some vile Spiders may suck Poison thence?  
Christ is a Stumbling-block, shall we neglect  
To preach him, lest the Blind should break their Necks?  
That high, he's for the Fall of many set  
As well as for the Rise, must prove no let.  
No Grain of precious Truth must be suppress,  
Though Reprobates should to their Ruin wrest.  
Shall Heav'n's coruscant Lamp be dimm'd, that pays  
Its daily Tribute down in golden Rays?  
Because some blinded with the blazing Gleams,  
Share not the Pleasure of the light'ning Beams.



Let those be harden'd, petrify'd and harm'd,  
 The rest are mollify'd and kindly warm'd.  
 A various Savour\*, Flowers in Grace's Field,  
 Of Life to some, of Death to others yield.]  
 Must then the Rose be vail'd, the Lily hid,  
 The fragrant Savour stiff'd? God forbid.

The Revelation of the Gospel Flower,  
 Is still the Organ fram'd of saving Power;  
 Most justly then are legal Minds condemn'd,  
 That of the glorious Gospel are ashamed:  
 For this the Divine Arm, and only this,  
*The Power of God unto Salvation is †.*

*For therein is reveal'd, to screen from Wrath,  
 The Righteousness of God from Faith to Faith.*  
 The happy Change in guilty Sinners Case,  
 They owe to free Displays of Sov'reign Grace;  
 Whose joyful Tidings of amazing Love,  
*The Ministration of the Spirit prove.*

The glorious Vent the Gospel News express,  
 Of God's free Grace, thro' Christ's full Righteousness  
 Is Heav'n's gay Chariot where the Spirit bides,  
 And in his conqu'ring Power triumphant rides?  
 The Gospel Field is still the Spirit's Soil;  
 The golden Pipe that bears the holy Oil.

The Orb where he outshines the radiant Sun,  
 The silver Channel where his Graces run.  
 Within the Gospel Banks his flowing Tide  
 Of light'ning, quick'ning Motions sweetly glide.  
*Received ye the Spirit, Scripture saith †,  
 By legal Works, or by the Word of Faith?*

If by the Gospel only, then let none  
 Dare to be wiser than the Wisest one.

We must who freely get, as freely give,  
 The vital Word that makes the Dead to live.

\* 2 Cor. ii. 16.

† Rom. i. 16, 17.

† Gal. iii. 2.

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For ev'n to Sinners dead within our reach,  
We in his living Name may most successful preach.

The Spirit and the Scripture both agree  
Jointly (says *Christ*) to testify of me.

The Preacher then will from his Text decline,  
That scorns to harmonize with this Design;

Prefs moral Duties to the last Degree,

Why not, but mind lest we successless be,

No Light, no Hope, no Strength for Duties spring,  
Where *Jesus* is not Prophet, Priest, and King.

No Light to see the Way, unless he teach,

No joyful Hope save in his *Blood* we reach,

No Strength unless his royal *Arm* he stretch.

Then from our leading Scope how gross we fall?

If, like his Name, in every Gospel call,

We make not him the *First*, the *Last*, the *All*.

Our Office is to bear the radiant Torch  
Of Gospel Light, into the darken'd Porch,

Of human Understandings, and display

The joyful Dawn of everlasting Day;

To draw the golden Chariot of free Grace,<sup>1</sup>

The darken'd Shades with shining Rays to chase,

'Till Heav'n's bright Lamp on circling Wheels be  
hurld,

With sparkling Grandeur round the dusky World;

And thus to bring, in dying Mortals sight,

New Life and Immortality to Light,

We're charg'd to preach the Gospel unconfin'd,

To every Creature of the human Kind,

To call, with Tenders of Salvation free,

All Corners of the Earth to come and see:

And every Sinner most excuseless make,

By urging Rich and Poor to come and take.

No every one that thirsts\*, is Grace's Call

Direct to needy Sinners great and small;

D 4

Not

\* *Isa.* lv. 1, 2.

Not meaning those alone, whose holy Thirst  
 Denominate their Souls already blest.  
 If only those were call'd, then none but Saints;  
 Nor would the Gospel suit the Sinners wants.  
 But here the Call does signally import  
 Sinners and thirsty Souls of every sort;  
 And mainly to their Door the Message brings,  
 Who yet are thirsting after empty Things.  
*Who spend their Means, no living Bread to buy,*  
*And Pains for that which cannot satisfy.*  
 Such thirsty Sinners here invited are,  
 Who vainly spend their Money, Thought, and Care,  
 On passing Shades, vile Lusts and Trash so base,  
 As yield immortal Souls no true Solace.  
 The Call directs them as they would be blest,  
 To choose a purer Object of their Thirst.  
 All are invited by the joyful Sound,  
 To drink who need, as does the parched Ground,  
 Whose wide-mouth'd Clefts speak to the brazen Sky,  
 Its passive Thirst without an active Cry.

The Gospel-Preacher then with holy Skill,  
 Must offer *Christ* to whosoever will,  
 To Sinners of all sorts that can be nam'd;  
 The blind, the lame, the poor, the halt, the maim'd.  
 Not daring to restrict th'extensive Call,  
 But opening wide the Net to catch 'em all.  
 No Soul must be excluded that will come,  
 Nor Right of Access be confin'd to some.  
 Tho' none will come 'till conscious of their Want,  
 Yet Right to come they have by sov'reign Grant,  
 Such Right to *Christ*, his Promise and his Grace,  
 That all are damn'd who hear and don't embrace.  
 So freely is th'unbounded Call dispens'd,  
 We therein find even Sinners unconvinc'd;  
 Who *know not they are naked, blind and poor*\*,  
 Counsell'd to buy, or beg at *Jesus' Door*,  
 And take the glorious Robe, Eye-salve, and golden Store. }

\* Rev. iii. 17, 18.

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This Prize they are oblig'd by Faith to win,  
Else Unbelief would never be their Sin.

Yea, Gospel-Others but a Sham we make,  
If every Sinner has not Right to take.

Be Gospel Heralds fortify'd from this,  
To trumpet Grace howe'er the Serpent hiss:

Did Hell's malicious Mouth in dreadful Shape  
Gainst Innocence itself malignant gape?

Then sacred Truth's devoted Vouchers may,  
For dire Reproach their Measures constant lay,

With cruel Calumny of old commenc'd,

*This Sect will every where be spoke against.*

While to and fro he runs the Earth across,

Whose Name is ἀδελφῶν κατήγορος \*

In spite of Hell be then our constant Strife

To win the glorious Lamb a Virgin Wife.

\* *The Accuser of the Brethren.*



C H A P. VI.

An Exhortation to all that are out of CHRIST;  
in order to their closing the Match with  
him: containing also Motives and Direc-  
tions.

**R**EADER, into thine Hands these Lines are given,  
But not without the Providence of Heaven;  
Or to advance thy Bliss, if thou art wise,  
Or aggravate thy Woe, if thou despise.  
For thee, for thee, perhaps th'Omniscient Ken  
Has form'd the Counsel here, and led the Pen,  
The Writer then does thy Attention plead,  
In his great Name that gave thee Eyes to read.

D 5

S E C T.



## S E C T. I.

*Conviction offer'd to Sinners, especially such as are wedded strictly to the Law, or self-righteous, that they may see their Need of CHRIST's Righteousness.*

**I**F never yet thou didst fair *Jesus* wed,  
Nor yield thy Heart to be his Marriage-Bed :  
But hitherto art wedded to the Law,  
Which never could thy chain'd Affections draw,  
From brutish Lusts and sordid Lovers Charms ;  
Lo ! thou art yet in Satan's folded Arms.  
Hell's Power invisible thy Soul retains,  
His captive Slave, lock'd up in massy Chains :  
O Sinner then, as thou regard'st thy Life,  
Seek, seek with ardent Care and earnest Strife,  
To be the glorious Lamb's betrothed Wife.  
For base Corrivals never let him lose  
Thy Heart, his Bed of conjugal Repose.  
Wed *Christ* alone, and with severe Remorse  
From other Mates pursue a clean Divorce ;  
For they thy Ruin seek, by Fraud or Force.  
As lurking Serpents in the shady Bowers,  
Conceal their Malice under spreading Flowers :  
So thy deceitful Lusts with cruel Spite,  
Hide ghastly Danger under gay Delight.  
Art thou a legal Zealot soft or rude,  
Renounce thy natural and acquired Good.  
As base deceitful Lusts may work thy Smart,  
So may deceitful Frames upon thy Heart.  
Seeming good Motions may in some be found,  
Much Joy in *Hearing*, like the stony Ground :  
Much sorrow too in *Praying*, as appears  
In *Esau's* careful Suit with rueful Tears.

*Touching*

*Touching the Law, they blameless may appear,*  
From spurious Views most specious Virtues bear.  
Nor meerly be devout in Mens Esteem,  
But prove to be sincerely what they seem,  
Friends to the holy Law, in Heart and Life,  
Suers of Heav'n with utmost legal Strife,  
Yet still with innate Pride so rankly spic'd  
Converted but to Duties, not to *Christ*,  
That *Publicans and Harlots Heav'n obtain*,  
Before a Crew so righteous and so vain.  
Sooner will those shake off their vicious Dress,  
Than these blind Zealots will their Righteousness,  
Who judge they have (which fortifies their Pride)  
The Law of God itself upon their side.  
Old Nature new-brush'd-up with legal Pains,  
Such strict Attachment to the Law retains,  
No Means, no Motives can to *Jesus* draw  
Vain Souls, so doubly wedded to the Law.

But would'st the glorious Prince in Marriage have,  
Know that thy natural Husband cannot save,  
Thy best Essays to pay the legal Rent,  
Can never in the least the Law content:  
Didst thou in Prayers employ the Morning Light,  
In Tears and Groans the Watches of the Night,  
Pass thy whole Life in close Devotion o'er;  
'Tis nothing to the Law still craving more.  
There's no Proportion 'twixt its high Commands  
And puny Works from thy polluted Hands;  
Perfection is the least that it demands.

*Would'st enter into Life, then keep the Law,*

But keep it perfectly without a Flaw.

It won't have less, nor will abate at last

A Drop of Vengeance for the Sin that's past.

Tell, sinful Mortal, is thy Stock so large

As duly can defray this double Charge?

"Why, these are meer Impossible" (say'st thou)

Yea, truly so they are; and therefore now,

That down thy legal Confidence may fall,  
 The Law's black Doom home to thy Bosom call.  
 " Lo! I (the Divine Law) demand no less,  
 " Than perfect, everlasting Righteousness;  
 " But thou hast fail'd, and lost thy Strength to DO;  
 " Therefore I doom thee to eternal Woe;  
 " In Prison close to be shut up for ay,  
 " Ere I be baffled with thy partial Pay.  
 " Thou always didst and dost my Precepts break,  
 " I therefore curse thee to the burning Lake.  
 " In God the great Lawgiver's glorious Name,  
 " I judge thy Soul to everlasting Shame.  
*No Flesh can by the Law be justified,*  
 Yet darcest thou thy legal Duties plead.  
 As *Paul* appeal'd to *Cæsar*, wilt thou so  
 Unto the Law, then to it shalt thou go,  
 And find it doom thee to eternal Woe.

What, would you have us plung'd in deep Despair  
 Amen, yea God himself would have you there.  
 His Will it is that you despair of Life,  
 And Safety by the Law or legal Strife;  
 That cleanly thence divorc'd at any Rate  
 His fairest Son may have a faithful Mate.  
 'Till this Law-Sentence pass within your Breast,  
 You'll never wed the Law-discharging Priest.  
 You prize not Heav'n till he through Hell you draw  
 Nor love the Gospel 'till you know the Law.

Know then, the divine Law most perfect cares  
 For none of thy imperfect legal Wares;  
 Dooms thee to Vengeance for thy sinful State,  
 As well as sinful Actions small or great.  
 If any Sin can be accounted small,  
 To Hell it dooms thy Soul for one and all.  
 For Sins of Nature, Practice, Heart and Way,  
 Damnation-Rent it summons thee to pay.  
 Yea not for Sin alone which is thy Shame,  
 But for thy boasted Service too, so lame.

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The Law adjudges Hell and thee to meet,  
Because thy Righteousness is uncomplete.  
As tow'ring Flames burn up the wither'd Flags,  
So will the fiery Law thy filthy Rags.

S E C T. II.

*Direction given with reference to the right Use of the Means, that we rest not on those instead of CHRIST the glorious Husband, in whom our Help lies.*

**A**DAM, where art thou? Soul, where art thou now?

Oh, art thou saying, Sir, *what shall I do?*

I dare not use that proud self-raising Strain,

Go help yourself, and God will help you then.

Nay rather know, O Isra'l, that thou hast

Destroy'd thyself, and can'st not in the least

From Sin nor Wrath thyself the Captive free,

Thy Help (says Jesus) only lies in me.

Heav'n's Oracles direct to him alone,

Full Help is laid upon this Mighty One.

In him, in him complete Salvation dwells,

He's God the Helper, and there is none else.

Fig-leaves won't hide thee from the fiery Shower,

'Tis he alone that saves by Price and Power.

Must we do nothing then (will Mockers say)

But rest in Sloth 'till Heav'n the Help convey?

Pray, stop a little, Sinner, don't abuse

God's awful Word, that charges thee to use

Means, Ordinances, which he's pleas'd to place,

As precious Channels of his pow'ful Grace.

Restless improve all these, until from Heaven,

The whole Salvation needful thus be given.

Wait in this Path, according to his Call,

On him whose Power alone effecteth all.

Wouldst



Would'st thou him wed, in Duties wait I say,  
 But marry not thy Duties by the way.  
 Thou'lt wofully come short of saving Grace,  
 If Duties only be thy Resting-place.  
 Nay, *go a little further* through them all,  
 To him whose Office is to save from Thrall.  
 Thus in a Gospel-manner hopeful wait,  
*Striving to enter by the narrow Gate;*  
 So strait and narrow, that it won't admit  
 The Bunch upon thy Back to enter it.  
 Not only bulky Lusts may cease to press,  
 But even the Bunch of boasted Righteousness.

Many, as in the sacred Page we see,  
*Shall strive to enter, but unable be:*  
 Because mistaking this new Way of Life,  
 They push a legal, not a Gospel-Strife:  
 As if their Duties did *Jehovah* bind,  
 Because 'tis written, *seek and ye shall find.*  
 Perverted Scripture does their Error fence,  
 They read the *Letter*, but neglect the *Sense.*  
 While to the Word no Gospel-Gloss they give,  
 Their *seek* and *find*'s the same with *do* and *live.*  
 Hence would they a Connection native place,  
 Between their moral Pains and saving Grace:  
 Their nat'ral poor Essays they judge won't miss  
 In Justice to infer eternal Bliss.

Thus Commentaries on the Word they make,  
 Which to their Ruin are a grand Mistake,  
 For through the legal Biass in their Breast,  
 They Scripture to their own Destruction wrest.  
 Why, *if we seek we get*, they gather hence;  
 Which is not Truth, save in the Scripture-Sense.  
 There *Jesus* deals with Friends, and elsewhere saith  
 These Seekers only speed that *ask in Faith.*  
*The Prayer of the Wicked is abhorr'd,*  
*As an Abomination to the Lord.*

Their *Suits* are Sin, but their *Neglects* no less,  
Which can't their Guilt diminish, but increase.  
They ought, like Beggars, lie in Grace's Way,  
Hence *Peter* taught the Sorcerer to pray;  
For tho' meer nat'ral Mens Address or Prayers,  
Can no Acceptance gain as Works of theirs,  
Nor have, as their *Performance*, any Sway;  
Yet as a divine *Ordinance* they may.  
But spotless Truth has bound itself to grant  
To Suit of none, but the believing Saint.  
In *Jesus* Persons once accepted, do  
Acceptance find in him for Duties too.  
For he whose Son they do in Marriage take,  
Is bound to hear them for their Husband's sake.  
But let no *Christless* Soul at Pray'r appear,  
As if *Jehovah* were oblig'd to hear:  
But use the Means, because a Sov'reign God  
May come with Alms in this his wonted Road.  
He wills thee to frequent kind Wisdom's Gate,  
To read, hear, meditate, to pray and wait.  
Thy Spirit then be on these Duties bent,  
As Gospel-Means, but not as legal Rent.  
From these don't thy Salvation hope nor claim,  
But from *Jehovah* in the use of them.  
The Beggar's Spirit never was so dull,  
While waiting at the Gate call'd *Beautiful*;  
To hope for Succour from the Temple-Gate,  
At which he daily did so careful wait;  
But from the rich and charitable Sort,  
Who to the Temple daily made Resort.  
Means, Ordinances, are the comely Gate,  
At which kind Heav'n has bid us constant wait:  
Not that from these we have our Alms, but from  
The lib'ral God, who there is won't to come.  
If either we these Means shall dare neglect,  
Or yet from these th' enriching Bliss expect,

We

We from the Glory of the King defalk,  
 Who in the Galleries is wont to walk,  
 We move not regular in Duty's Road,  
 But base, invert them to an Idol-God.

Seek then, if Gospel-Means you would essay,  
 Through Grace to use them in a Gospel-way:  
 Not deeming that your Duties are the Price  
 Of divine Favour, or of Paradise;  
 Nor that your best Efforts employ'd in these,  
 Are fit Exploits your awful Judge to please.  
 Why, thus you basely idolize your Trash,  
 And make it with the Blood of *Jesus* clash.  
 You'd buy the Blessing with your vile Refuse,  
 And so his precious Righteousness abuse.  
 What! buy his Gifts with filthy Lumber, nay,  
 Whoever offers this, must hear him say,  
*Thy Money perish with thy Soul for ay.*

Duties are Means which to the Marriage-Bed,  
 Should chastly lead us like a Chamber-maid;  
 But if with her instead of *Christ* we match,  
 We not our Safety, but our Ruin hatch.  
 To *Cæsar*, what is *Cæsar's* should be given;  
 But *Cæsar* must not have what's due to Heaven:  
 So Duties should have Duty's Room, 'tis true,  
 But nothing of the glorious Husband's Due.  
 While Means the Debt of close *Attendance* crave,  
 Our whole *Dependance* God alone must have,  
 If Duties, Tears, our Conscience pacify,  
 They with the Blood of *Christ* presume to vie.  
 Means are his Vassals, shall we without grudge  
 Discard the Master, and espouse the Drudge?  
 The Hypocrite, the Legalist does sin,  
 'To live on Duties, not on *Christ* therein.  
 He only feeds on empty Dishes, Plates,  
 Who doats on Means, but at the *Manna* frets.  
 Let never Means content thy Soul at all,  
 Without the Husband, who is *all in all*.

Cry daily for the happy Marriage-Hour,  
To thee belongs the Mean, to him the Power.

S E C T. III.

*A Call to believe in JESUS CHRIST, with some Hints at  
the Act and Object of Faith.*

**F**riend, is the Question on thy Heart engrav'd,  
*What shall I do to be for ever sav'd?*  
Lo! here's a living Rock to build upon;  
Believe in *Jesus*; and on him alone  
For Righteousness and Strength thine Anchor drop,  
Renouncing all thy former legal Hope.  
Believe (say you) I can no more believe,  
Than keep the Law of Works the DO and LIVE."  
True, and it were thy Mercy, didst thou see,  
Thine utter want of all Ability.  
New Cov'nant Graces he alone can grant,  
Whom God has giv'n to be the Covenant;  
Een *Jesus*, whom the sacred Letters call  
Faith's Object, Author, Finisher, and all;  
In him alone, not in thy Act of Faith,  
Thy Soul believing full Salvation hath.  
In this new Cov'nant judge not Faith to hold  
The Room of perfect Doing in the Old.  
Faith is not given to be the fed'ral Price  
Of other Blessings, or of Paradise.  
But Heav'n, by giving this, strikes out a Door,  
At which is carried in still more and more.  
No Sinner must upon his Faith lay Stress,  
As if it were a perfect Righteousness.  
God ne'er assign'd unto it such a Place,  
Tis but at best a Bankrupt begging Grace.  
The Object makes its Fame to fly abroad,  
To close it gripes the Righteousness of God,

Which



Which Righteousness receiv'd, is (without Strife)  
The true Condition of eternal Life.

But still (say you) Power to believe I miss.  
You may ; but know you what believing is ?  
Faith lies not in your building up a Tower,  
Of some great Action by your proper Power.  
For Heav'n well knows, that by the killing Fall,  
No Power, no Will remains in Man at all  
For Acts divinely good ; 'till sovereign Grace  
By powerful drawing Virtue turn'd the Chase.  
Hence none believe in *Jesus*, as they ought,  
'Till once they first believe they can do nought,  
*Nor are sufficient e'en to form a Thought.*

They're conscious in the right-believing Hour,  
Of human Weakness, and of divine Power.  
Faith acts not in the Sense of Strength and Might,  
But in the Sense of Weakness acts out-right.  
It is (no boasting Arm of Power or Length)  
But *Weakness acting on Almighty Strength.*

It is the powerless, helpless Sinner's Flight  
Into the open Arms of saving Might,  
'Tis an employing *Jesus* to do all,  
That can within Salvation's Compass fall ;  
To be the Agent kind in every thing,  
Belonging to a Prophet, Priest, and King ;  
To teach, to pardon, sanctify, and save,  
And nothing to the Creature's Power to leave.

Faith makes us joyfully content, that he  
Our Head, our Husband, and our All should be,  
Our Righteousness and Strength, our Stock and Store,  
Our Fund for Food, and Raiment, Grace, and Glo  
It makes the Creature down to nothing fall,  
Content that *Christ* alone be all in all.

The Plan of Grace is Faith's delightful View,  
With which it closes both as Good and True.  
Unto the *Truth*, the *Mind's Assent* is full,  
Unto the *Good* a free consenting *Will*.

The Holy Spirit here the Agent chief,  
 Creates this Faith, and dashes Unbelief.  
 That very God who calls us to believe,  
 The very Faith he seeks, must also give.  
 Why calls he then? (say you) pray, Man, be wise;  
 Why did he call dead *Lazarus* to rise?  
 Because the Orders in their Bosom bear,  
 Almighty Power to make the Carcase hear.  
 But Heav'n may not this mighty Power display?  
 Most true; yet still thou art oblig'd t' obey,  
 But God is not at all oblig'd to stretch  
 His saving Arm to such a sinful Wretch.  
 All who within Salvation-Rolls have place,  
 Are sav'd by a Prerogative of Grace:  
 But Vessels all that shall with Wrath be cramm'd,  
 Are by an act of holy Justice damn'd.  
 Take then, dear Soul, as from a friendly Heart,  
 The Counsel which the following Lines impart.

#### S E C T. IV.

*An Advice to Sinners to apply to the Sovereign Mercy of  
 God, as is discover'd through CHRIST, to the highest  
 Honour of Justice and other divine Attributes, in order  
 to further their Faith in him unto Salvation.*

G O, Friend, and at *Jehovah's* Footstool bow,  
 Thou know'st not what a Sovereign God may do,  
 Confess, if he commiserate thy Case,  
 It will be an Act of powerful Sov'reign Grace.  
 Sequestrate carefully some solemn Hours,  
 To sue thy grand Concern in secret Bowers.  
 Then in th'ensuing Strain to God impart,  
 And pour into his Bosom all thy Heart.  
 "O glorious, gracious, pow'rful, Sov'reign Lord,  
 Thy Help unto a sinful Worm afford;  
 "Who

" Who from my wretched Birth to this sad Hour,  
 " Have still been destitute of Will and Power,  
 " To close with glorious *Christ*; yea fill'd with spite  
 " At thy fair Darling, and thy Saints Delight,  
 " Resisting all his Grace with all my Might.  
 " Come, Lord, and sap my Enmity's strong Tower  
 " O haste the Marriage-Day, the Day of Power;  
 " That sweetly by resistless Grace inclin'd,  
 " My once reluctant be a willing Mind.  
 " Thou spak'st to Being every Thing we see,  
 " When thy Almighty Will said, *Let it be*;  
 " Nothing to Being in a Moment pass,  
 " *Let there be Light, thou saidst, and so it was.*  
 " A pow'rful Word like this, a mighty Call,  
 " Must say, let there be Faith, and then it shall.  
 " Thou seek'st my Faith and Flight from Sin and Guilt  
 " Give what thou seek'st, Lord, then seek what thou  
 wilt.

" What Good can issue from a Root so ill,  
 " This Heart of mine's a wicked Lump of Hell;  
 " 'Twill all thy common Motions still resist,  
 " Unless with special drawing Virtue blest.  
 " Thou call'st, but with the Call thy Pow'r convey;  
 " Command me to believe, and I'll obey,  
 " Nor any more thy gracious Call gainsay.  
 " Command, O Lord, effectually command,  
 " And grant I be not able to withstand,  
 " Then pow'rless I will stretch the wither'd Hand.  
 " I to thy Favour can pretend no Claim,  
 " But what is borrow'd from thy glorious Name;  
 " Which tho' most justly thou may'st glorify,  
 " In damning such a guilty Wretch as me,  
 " A Faggot fitted for the burning Fire  
 " Of thine incensed everlasting Ire:  
 " Yet, Lord, since now I hear thy glorious Son,  
 " In favour of a Race that was undone,

“ Did in thy Name, by thy Authority  
“ Once to the full stern Justice satisfy;  
“ And paid more glorious Tribute thereunto,  
“ Than Hell and all its Torments e’er can do.  
“ Since my Salvation through his Blood can raise  
“ A Revenue to Justice’ highest Praise,  
“ Higher than Rents, which Hell for ever pays: }  
“ These to tremendous Justice never bring  
“ A Satisfaction equal and condign.  
“ But *Jesus* our once dying God performs,  
“ What never could by ever-dying Worms:  
“ Since thus thy threat’ning Law is honour’d more,  
“ Than e’er my Sins affronted it before:  
“ Since Justice stern may greater Glory won,  
“ By justifying in thy darling Son,  
“ Than by condemning even the Rebel me;  
“ To this Device of Wisdom, lo! I flee.  
“ Let, Justice, Lord, according to thy Will,  
“ Be glorified with Glory great and full,  
“ Not now in Hell, where Justice, petty Pay  
“ Is but extorted Parcels minc’d for ay:  
“ But glorified in *Christ*, who down has told,  
“ The total Sum at once in liquid Gold.  
“ In lowest Hell low Praise is only won,  
“ But Justice has the highest in thy Son.  
“ The Sun of Righteousness that set in Red,  
“ To shew the glorious Morning would succeed,  
“ In him then save thou me from Sin and Shame,  
“ And to the highest glorify thy Name.  
“ Since this bright Scene thy Glories all exprefs,  
“ And *Grace* as Empress reigns thro’ *Righteousness*;  
“ Since Mercy fair runs in a crimson Flood;  
“ And vents through Justice satisfying Blood:  
“ Not only then for Mercy’s sake I sue,  
“ But for the Glory of thy Justice too.

“ And



“ And since each Letter of thy Name divine,  
 “ Has in fair *Jesus*’ Face the brightest Shine,  
 “ This glorious Husband be for ever mine.  
 “ On this strong Argument so sweet, so blest,  
 “ With thy Allowance, Lord, I must insist.  
 “ Great God, since thou allow’st unworthy me,  
 “ To make thy glorious Name my humble Plea;  
 “ No Glory worthy of it wilt thou gain,  
 “ By casting me into the burning Main.  
 “ My feeble Back can never suit the Load,  
 “ That speaks thy Name a Sin-revenging God.  
 “ Scarce would that Name seem a consuming Fire,  
 “ Upon a Worm unworthy of thine Ire,  
 “ But see the worthy Lamb, thy chosen Priest,  
 “ With Justice’ Burning-Glass against his Breast,  
 “ Contracting all the Beams of venging Wrath,  
 “ As in their Centre, ’till he burnt to Death.  
 “ Vengeance can never be so much proclaim’d,  
 “ By scatter’d Beams among the Millions damn’d.  
 “ Then, Lord, in him me to the utmost save,  
 “ And thou shalt Glory to the highest have :  
 “ Glory to *Wisdom* that contriv’d so well !  
 “ Glory to *Power* that bore and buried Hell !  
 “ Glory to *Holiness* which Sin defac’d,  
 “ With sinless Service now divinely grac’d !  
 “ Glory to *Justice*’ Sword that flaming stood,  
 “ Now drunk to Pleasure with atoning Blood.  
 “ Glory to *Truth* that now in Scarlet clad,  
 “ Has seal’d both Threats and Promises with Red.  
 “ Glory to *Mercy* now in purple Streams  
 “ So sweetly gliding thro’ the divine Flames  
 “ Of other once offended, now exalted Names.  
 “ Each Attribute conspires with joint Embrace,  
 “ To shew its sparkling Rays in *Jesus*’ Face ;  
 “ And thus to deck the Crown of matchless Grace.  
 “ But, to thy Name in Hell ne’er can accrue  
 “ The thousandth part of this great Revenue.

O ravishing Contrivance! Light that blinds  
 Cherubick Gazers, and Seraphick Minds.  
 They pry into the Deep, and love to learn,  
 What yet should vastly more be my Concern.  
 Lord, once my Hope most reasonless could dream  
 Of Heav'n, without Regard to thy great Name:  
 But here is laid my lasting Hope, to found  
 A highly rational, a divine Ground.  
 'Tis reasonable, I expect thou'lt take  
 The Way that most will for thine Honour make.  
 Is this the Plan? Lord, let me build my Claim  
 To Life, on this high Glory of thy Name.  
 Nor let my faithless Heart, or think, or say,  
 That all this Glory shall be thrown away  
 In my Perdition; which will never raise,  
 To thy great Name so vast a Rent of Praise.  
 O then a Rebel into favour take;  
 Lord, shield and save me for thy Glory's sake,  
 My endless Ruin is not worth the Cost,  
 That so much Glory be for ever lost,  
 I'll of the greatest Sinner bear the Shame,  
 To bring the greatest Honour to thy Name.  
 Small Loss, tho' I should perish endless Days,  
 But thousand pities Grace should lose the Praise,  
 O hear, *Jehovah*, get the Glory then,  
 And to my Supplication say *Amen*.

---

S E C T. V.

*the terrible Doom of Unbelievers, and Rejectors of  
 CHRIST, or Despisers of the Gospel.*

THUS, Sinner, into *Jesus*' Bosom flee,  
 Then there is Hope in *Israel* sure for thee.  
 Light not the Call, as running by in Rhime,  
 But thou repent for ay, if not in Time.

'Tis

'Tis most unlawful to contemn and shun,  
 All wholesome Counsels that in Metre run;  
 Since the prime Fountains of the sacred Writ,  
 Much heav'nly Truth in holy Rhimes transmit:  
 If this don't please, yet hence it is no Crime  
 To versify the Word, and preach in Rhime.  
 But in whatever Mould the Doctrine lies,  
 Some erring Minds will Gospel-Truth despise  
 Without Remede, 'till Heav'n anoint their Eyes.  
 These Lines pretend no conqu'ring Art nor Skill,  
 But shew in weak Attempts a strong Good-will,  
 To mortify all native legal Pride,  
 And court the Lamb of God a Virgin-Bride.  
 If he thy conjunct Match be never given,  
 Thou'rt doom'd to Hell, as sure as God's in Heaven.  
 If Gospel-Grace and Goodness don't thee draw,  
 Thou art condemn'd already by the Law,  
 Yea hence Damnation deep will doubly brace,  
 If still thy Heart contemn redeeming Grace.  
 No Argument from Fear or Hope will move,  
 Or draw thy Heart, if not the Bond of Love:  
 Nor flowing Joys, nor flaming Terrors chase  
 To *Christ* the Haven, without the Gales of Grace.  
 O Slighter then of Grace's joyful Sound,  
 Thou'rt over to the wrathful Ocean bound.  
 Anon thou'l't sink into the Gulf of Woes,  
 Whene'er thy wasting Hours are at a Close.  
 Thy false old legal Hope will then be lost,  
 And with thy wretched Soul give up the Ghost,  
 Then farewell God and *Christ*, and Grace and Glorie:  
 Undone thou art, undone for evermore.  
 For ever sinking underneath the Load  
 And Pressure of a Sin-revenging God.  
 The sacred awful Text asserts, *To fall*  
*Into his living Hands, his fearful Thrall,*  
*When no more Sacrifice for Sin remains,*  
 But everliving Wrath and lasting Chains.

Heaven still upholding Life in dreadful Death,  
Will throwing down hot Thunderbolts of Wrath,  
Full of Terror, and as manifold,  
No finite Vessels of his Wrath can hold.  
Then, then we may suppose the Wretch to cry,  
Oh, if this damning God would let me die,  
And not torment me to Eternity !  
Why from the silent Womb of stupid Earth,  
Did Heav'n awake, and push me into Birth ?  
Curst be the Day that ever gave me Life,  
Curst be the cruel Parents, Man and Wife,  
Means of my Being, Instruments of Woe,  
For now I'm damn'd, I'm damn'd, and always so.  
Curst be the Day that ever made me hear  
The Gospel-Call, which brought Salvation near.  
The endless Sound of slighted Mercy's Bell,  
Has in mine Ears the most tormenting Knell.  
Of offer'd Grace I vain repent the Loss,  
The joyful Sound with Horror recognise.  
The hollow Vault reverberates the Sound,  
This killing Echo strikes the deepest Wound,  
And with too late Remorse does now confound.  
Into the Dungeon of Despair I'm lock'd,  
Th'once open Door of Hope for ever block'd :  
Hopeless, I sink into the dark Abyss,  
Banish'd for ever from eternal Bliss.  
In boiling Waves of Vengeance must I lie ?  
O could I curse this dreadful God and die !  
Infinite Years in Torment shall I spend,  
And never, never, never at an End.  
Ah ! must I live in torturing Despair,  
As many Years as Atoms in the Air.  
When these are spent, as many Thousands more,  
As Grains of Sand that croud the ebbing Shore.  
When these are done, as many yet behind,  
As Leaves of Forests shaken with the Wind.



" When these are gone, as many to ensue,  
 " As Stems of Grass on Hills and Dales that grew  
 " When these run out, as many on the March,  
 " As starry Lamps that gild the spangled Arch.  
 " When these expire, as many Millions more,  
 " As Moments in the Millions past before.  
 " When all these doleful Years are spent in Pain,  
 " And multiply'd by *Myriads* again,  
 " 'Till Numbers drown the Thought; could I sup-  
     " pose,  
 " That then my wretched Years were at a Close,  
 " This would afford some Ease; but ah! I shiver  
 " To think upon the dreadful Sound, *For ever*.  
 " The burning Gulf, where I blaspheming lie,  
 " Is Time no more, but vast *Eternity*.  
 " The growing Torment I endure for Sin,  
 " Thro' Ages all is always to begin.  
 " How did I but a Grain of Pleasure sow,  
 " To reap an Harvest of immortal Woe?  
 " Bound to the Bottom of the burning Main,  
 " Gnawing my Chains, I wish for Death in vain.  
 " Just Doom! since I that bear th' eternal Load,  
 " Contemn'd the Death of an eternal God.  
 " Oh if the God that curst me to the Lash,  
 " Would bless me back to Nothing with a Dash:  
 " But hopeless I the just Avenger hate,  
 " Blaspheme the wrathful God, and curse my Fate.  
     To these this Word of *Terror* I direct,  
 Who now the *great Salvation* dare neglect:  
 To all the *Christ*-despising Multitude,  
 That trample on the great Redeemer's Blood:  
 That see no Beauty in his glorious Face,  
 But slight his Offers and refuse his Grace.  
 A Messenger of Wrath to none I am,  
 But those that hate to wed the worthy Lamb.  
 For tho' the smallest Sins, if small can be,  
 Will plunge the *Christless* Soul in Misery:

Yet lo, the greatest that to Mortals cleave,  
 Can't damn the Souls in *Jesus* that believe;  
 Because they on the very Method fall,  
 That well can make Amends to God for all.  
 Whereas proud Souls thro' Unbelief won't let,  
 The glorious God a Reparation get  
 Of all his Honour, in his darling Son,  
 For all the great Dishonours they have done.  
 A faithless Soul the glorious God bereaves,  
 Of all the Satisfaction that he craves.  
 Hence under divine hottest Fury lies,  
 And with a double Vengeance justly dies.  
 The blackest Part of *Tophet* is their Place,  
 Who slight the Tenders of redeeming Grace.  
 That sacrilegious Monster *Unbelief*,  
 So harden'd 'gainst Remorse and pious Grief,  
 Robs God of all the Glory of his Names,  
 And every divine Attribute defames.  
 It loudly calls the Truth of God a Lye,  
 The God of Truth a Liar, horrid Cry!  
 Doubts and denies his precious Words of Grace,  
 Spits Venom in the Royal Suitor's Face.  
 This Monster cannot cease all Sin to hatch,  
 Because it proudly marrs the happy Match.  
 As each Law-wedded Soul is join'd to Sin,  
 And destitute of Holiness within;  
 So all that wed the Law, must wed the Curse,  
 Which Rent they scorn to pay with *Christ's* full Purse.  
 They clear may read their dreadful Doom in brief,  
 Whose fester'd Sore is final Unbelief:  
 Tho' to the Law their Life exactly fram'd  
 For zealous Acts and Passions too were fam'd,  
 Yet lo! *He that believes not, shall be damn'd.*

}

*But now 'tis proper on the other side,  
 With Words of Comfort to address the Bride:*

*She in her glorious Husband does possess,  
Adorning Grace, acquitting Righteousness :  
And hence to her pertain the golden Mines  
Of Comfort, open'd in the following Lines.*





# GOSPEL SONNETS,

O R,

## SPIRITUAL SONGS.

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### PART II.

#### *The* BELIEVER'S JOINTURE:

O R,

*The* POEM continued upon ISAIAH liv. 5.  
Thy Maker is thy Husband.

N. B. *The following Lines being primarily intended for the Use and Edification of piously exercised Souls, and especially those of a more common and ordinary Capacity; the Author thought fit, through the whole of this second Part of the Book, to continue as in the former Editions, to repeat that Part of the Text, Thy Husband, in the last Line of every Verse; because however it tended to limit him, and restrict his Liberty of Words in the Composition; yet having ground to judge that this appropriating Compellation still resumed, had rendered these Lines formerly the more savoury to some exercised Christians to whom the Name of CHRIST, (particularly as their Head and Husband) is as Ointment poured forth :*



*He chose rather to subject himself to that Restriction, than to withhold what may tend to the Satisfaction and Comfort of those to whom CHRIST is all in all; and to whom his Name, as their Husband, so many various Ways applied, will be no nauseous Repetition.*



## C H A P. I.

Containing the Privileges of the Believer that is espoused to CHRIST by Faith of Divine Operation.

## S E C T. I.

*The BELIEVER's perfect Beauty, free Acceptance, and full Security thro' the Imputation of CHRIST's perfect Righteousness, tho' imparted Grace be imperfect.*

## I.

**O** Happy Soul, *Jehovah's* Bride,  
The Lamb's beloved Spouse,  
Strong Consolation's flowing Tide  
Thy Husband thee allows.

## 2.

In thee, tho' like thy Father's Race  
By Nature black as Hell;  
Yet now so beautify'd by Grace,  
Thy Husband loves to dwell.

## 3.

*Fair as the Moon* thy Robes appear,  
While Graces are in Dress:  
*Clear as the Sun*, while found to wear  
Thy Husband's Righteousness.

4.

Thy Moon-like Graces changing much,  
Have here and there a Spot :  
Thy Sun-like Glory is not such,  
Thy Husband changes not.

5.

Thy white and ruddy Vesture fair,  
Outvies the rosy Leaf ;  
For 'mong ten thousand Beauties rare,  
Thy Husband is the Chief.

6.

Cloath'd with the Sun, thy Robes of Light  
The Morning Rays outshine ;  
The Lamps of Heav'n are not so bright,  
Thy Husband decks thee fine.

7.

Tho' hellish Smoke thy Duties stain,  
And Sin deform thee quite ;  
Thy Surety's Merit makes thee clean,  
Thy Husband's Beauty white.

8.

Thy Pray'rs and Tears, nor pure, nor good,  
But vile and loathsome seem ;  
Yet gain by dipping in his Blood,  
Thy Husband's high Esteem.

9.

No fear thou starve, tho' Wants be great,  
*In him thou art complete :*  
Thy hungry Soul may hopeful wait,  
Thy Husband gives thee Meat.

10.

Thy Money, Merit, Power, and Pelf,  
Were squander'd by thy Fall ;  
Yet having nothing in thyself,  
Thy Husband is thy All.

11.

Law-Precepts Threats may both beset  
 To crave of thee their Due;  
 But Justice for the double Debt,  
 Thy Husband did pursue.

12.

Tho' Justice stern as much belong,  
 As Mercy to a God;  
 Yet Justice suffer'd here no Wrong,  
 Thy Husband's Back was broad.

13.

He bore the Load of Wrath alone,  
 That Mercy might take vent;  
 Heav'n's pointed Arrows all upon  
 Thy Husband's Heart were spent.

14.

No partial Pay cou'd Justice still,  
 No farthing was retrench'd;  
 Vengeance exacted all, until  
 Thy Husband all advanc'd.

15.

He paid in liquid golden Red,  
 Each Mite the Law requir'd,  
 'Till with a loud *'Tis finished*,  
 Thy Husband's Breath expir'd.

16.

No Process more the Law can'tent;  
 Thou stand'st without its Verge,  
 And may'st at pleasure now present  
 Thy Husband's full Discharge.

17.

Tho' new-contracted Guilt beget  
 New Fears of divine Ire;  
 Yet fear thou not, tho' drown'd in Debt,  
 Thy Husband is the Payer.

18.

God might in Rigour thee indite  
Of highest Crimes and Flaws;  
But on thy Head no Curse can light,  
Thy Husband is the Cause.

## S E C T. II.

CHRIST *the Believer's Friend, Prophet, Priest, King,  
Defence, Guide, Guard, Help, and Healer.*

1.

DEAR Soul, when all the human Race  
Lay weltring in their Gore,  
Vast Numbers in that dismal Case  
Thy Husband passed o'er.

2.

But pray, why did he Thousands pass,  
And set his Heart on thee?  
The deep, the searchless Reason was,  
Thy Husband's Love is free.

3.

The Forms of Favour, Names of Grace,  
And Offices of Love,  
He bears for thee; with open Face  
Thy Husband's Kindness prove.

4.

Gainst Darkness black, and Error blind,  
Thou hast a Sun and Shield;  
And to reveal the Father's Mind,  
Thy Husband *Prophet* seal'd.

5.

He likewise, to procure thy Peace,  
And save from Sin's Arrest,  
Design'd himself a Sacrifice;  
Thy Husband is thy *Priest*.

E 5

And



6.

And that he might thy Will subject,  
And sweetly Captive bring,  
Thy Sins subdue, his Throne erect,  
Thy Husband is thy *King*.

7.

Tho' num'rous and assaulting Foes  
Thy joyful Peace may marr ;  
And thou a thousand Battles lose,  
Thy Husband wins the War.

8.

Hell's Forces which thy Mind appall,  
His Arm can soon dispatch ;  
How strong foe'er, yet for them all  
Thy Husband's more than Match.

9.

Tho' secret Lusts with hid Contest,  
By heavy Groans reveal'd,  
And Devils rage ; yet do their best,  
Thy Husband keeps the Field.

10.

When in Desertion's Ev'ning dark,  
Thy Steps are apt to slide,  
His Conduct seek, his Counsel mark,  
Thy Husband is thy Guide.

11.

In Doubts renouncing Self-conceit,  
His Word and Spirit prize,  
He never counsell'd wrong as yet,  
Thy Husband is so wise.

12.

When weak, thy Refuge see'st at hand,  
Yet cannot run the length ;  
'Tis present Power to understand  
Thy Husband is thy Strength.

13.

When shaking Storms annoy thy Heart,  
His Word commands a Calm :  
When bleeding Wounds, to ease thy Smart,  
Thy Husband's Blood is Balm.

14.

Trust Creatures, nor to help thy Thrall,  
Nor to assuage thy Grief;  
Use Means, but look beyond them all,  
Thy Husband's thy Relief.

15.

If Heav'n prescribe a bitter Drug,  
Fret not with froward Will;  
This Carriage may thy Cure prorogue,  
Thy Husband wants not Skill.

16.

He sees the Sore, he knows the Cure  
Will most adapted be ;  
Tis then most reasonable, sure,  
Thy Husband choose for thee.

17.

Friendship is in his Chastisements,  
And Favour in his Frowns ;  
Thence judge not then in heavy Complaints,  
Thy Husband thee disowns.

18.

The deeper his sharp Lancet go  
In ripping up thy Wound,  
The more thy healing shall unto  
Thy Husband's Praise redound.

## S E C T. III.

CHRIST *the Believer's wonderful Physician, and  
wealthy Friend.*

1.

**K**IND Jesus empties, whom he'll fill,  
Casts down whom he will raise;  
He quickens whom he seems to kill,  
Thy Husband thus gets Praise.

2.

When awful Rods are in his Hand,  
There's Mercy in his Mind;  
When Clouds upon his Brow do stand,  
Thy Husband's Heart is kind.

3.

In various Changes to and fro,  
He'll ever constant prove;  
Nor can his Kindness come and go,  
Thy Husband's Name is Love.

4.

His Friends in most afflicted Lot,  
His Favour most have felt;  
For when they're tried in Furnace hot,  
Thy Husband's Bowels melt.

5.

When he his Bride, or wounds or heals,  
Heart-Kindness does him move;  
And wraps in Frowns as well as Smiles,  
Thy Husband's lasting Love.

6.

In's Hand no Cure could ever fail,  
Tho' of a hopeless State;  
He can in desp'rate Cases heal,  
Thy Husband's Art's so great.

7.<sup>1</sup>

The Medicine he did prepare  
Can't fail to work for good ;  
O Balam powerful, precious, rare,  
Thy Husband's sacred Blood ;

8.

Which freely from his broached Breast,  
Gush'd out like pent up Fire ;  
His Cures are best, his Wages least,  
Thy Husband takes no Hire.

9.

Thou hast no Worth, no Might, no Good,  
His Favour to procure ;  
But see his Store, his Power, his Blood,  
Thy Husband's never poor.

10.

Himself he humbled wondrously,  
Once to the lowest Pitch,  
That Bankrupts thro' his Poverty,  
Thy Husband might enrich.

11.

His Treasure is more excellent  
Than Hills of *Ophir* Gold ;  
In telling Store were Ages spent,  
Thy Husband's can't be told.

12.

All things that fly on Wings of Fame,  
Compar'd with this are Dross ;  
For searchless Riches in his Name,  
Thy Husband doth engross.

13.

The great IMMANUEL, God-Man,  
Includes such Store divine ;  
Angels and Saints will never scan  
Thy Husband's golden Mine.

He's



14.

He's full of Grace and Truth indeed,  
Of Spirit, Merit, Might;  
Of all the Wealth that Bankrupts need  
Thy Husband's Heir by Right.

15.

Tho' Heav'n's his Throne, he came from thence  
To seek and save the Lost;  
Whatever be the vast Expence  
Thy Husband's at the Cost.

16.

Pleas'd to expend each Drop of Blood,  
That fill'd his royal Veins,  
He frank the sacred Victim stood,  
Thy Husband spar'd no Pains.

17.

His Cost immense was in thy Place;  
Thy Freedom cost his Thrall;  
Thy Glory cost him deep Disgrace,  
Thy Husband paid for all.

## S E C T. IV.

*The Believer's Safety under the Covert of CHRIST'S  
atoning Blood and pow'rful Intercession.*

1.

**W**HEN Heav'n proclaim'd hot War and Wrath,  
And Sin increas'd the Strife;  
By rich Obedience unto Death  
Thy Husband bought thy Life.

2.

The Charges could not be abridg'd,  
But on these noble Terms;  
Which all that prize are hugg'd amidst  
Thy Husband's folded Arms.

Whe

3.

When Law condemns, and Justice too  
To Prison would thee hale;  
As Sureties kind for Bankrupts do,  
Thy Husband offers Bail.

4.

God on these Terms is reconcil'd,  
And thou his Heart hast won;  
In *Christ* thou art his favour'd Child,  
Thy Husband is his Son.

5.

Vindictive Wrath is whole appeas'd,  
Thou need'st not then be mov'd;  
In *JESUS* always he's well-pleas'd,  
Thy Husband's his Belov'd.

6.

What can be laid unto thy Charge,  
When God does not condemn?  
Bills of Complaint tho' Foes enlarge,  
Thy Husband answers them.

7.

When Fear thy guilty Mind confounds,  
Full Comfort this may yield;  
Thy Ransom-Bill with Blood and Wounds,  
Thy Husband kind has seal'd.

8.

His Promise is the fair Extract,  
Thou hast at hand to shew;  
Stern Justice can no more exact,  
Thy Husband paid its Due.

9.

No Terms he left thee to fulfil,  
No Clog to marr thy Faith;  
His Bond is sign'd, his Latter-will  
Thy Husband seal'd by Death.

10.

The great Condition of the Band  
Of Promise and of Bliss,  
Is wrought by him, and brought to hand,  
Thy Husband's Righteousness.

11.

When therefore prest in time of Need  
To sue the promis'd Good,  
Thou hast no more to do but plead  
Thy Husband's sealing Blood.

12.

This can thee more to God commend,  
And cloudy Wrath dispel;  
Than e'er thy Sinning could offend,  
Thy Husband vanquish'd Hell.

13.

When Vengeance seems for broken Laws  
To light on thee with Dread;  
Let Christ be Umpire of thy Cause,  
Thy Husband well can plead.

14.

He pleads his Righteousness, that brought  
All Rents the Law could crave;  
Whate'er its Precepts, Threat'nings, sought,  
Thy Husband fully gave.

15.

Did Holiness in Precepts stand,  
And for Perfection call,  
Justice in Threat'nings Death demand?  
Thy Husband gave it all.

16.

His Blood the fiery Law did quench,  
Its Summons need not scare;  
Tho't cite thee to Heav'n's awful Bench,  
Thy Husband's at the Bar.

This

17.

This Advocate has much to say,  
His Clients need not fear;  
For God the Father hears him ay,  
Thy Husband hath his Ear.

18.

A Cause fail'd never in his Hand,  
So strong his Pleading is;  
His Father grants his whole Demand,  
Thy Husband's Will is his.

19.

Hell Forces all may rendezvous,  
Accusers may combine;  
Yet fear thou not who art his Spouse,  
Thy Husband's Cause is thine.

20.

By solemn Oath *Jehovah* did  
His Priesthood ratify;  
Let Earth and Hell then counterplead,  
Thy Husband gains the Plea.

## S E C T. V.

*The Believer's FAITH and HOPE encouraged even in the  
darkest Nights of Desertion and Distress.*

I.

THE cunning Serpent may accuse,  
But never shall succeed;  
God of Peace will Satan bruise,  
Thy Husband broke his Head.

2.

Thy Furies threaten to devour,  
Like Lions robb'd of Whelps:  
Thy Husband always helps.

That



3.

That feeble Faith may never fail,  
Thine Advocate has pray'd;  
Tho' winnowing Tempests may assail,  
Thy Husband's near to aid.

4.

Tho' grievous Trials grow apace,  
And put thee to a stand;  
Thou mayst rejoice in every Case,  
Thy Husband's Help at hand.

5.

Trust, tho' when in Desertion dark,  
No twinkling Star by Night,  
No Ray appear, no glimmering Spark,  
Thy Husband is thy Light.

6.

His Beams anon the Clouds can rent,  
And thro' the Vapours run;  
For of the brightest Firmament  
Thy Husband is the Sun.

7.

*Without the Sun who mourning go,*  
And scarce the Way can find;  
*He brings thro' Paths they do not know,*  
Thy Husband leads the Blind.

8.

*Through Fire and Water he with Skill*  
*Brings to a wealthy Land,*  
Rude Flames, and roaring Floods, **BE STILL,**  
Thy Husband can command.

9.

When Sin Disorders heavy brings,  
That press thy Soul with Weight;  
Then mind how many *crooked Things*  
Thy Husband has made straight.

10.

Will look to him with longing Eyes,  
Tho' both thine Eyes should fail;  
Oy, and at length, tho' not thy Cries,  
Thy Husband shall prevail.

11.

Will hope for Favour at his Hand,  
Tho' Favour don't appear;  
When Help seems most aloof to stand,  
Thy Husband's then most near.

12.

In Cases hopeless-like, faint Hopes  
May fail, and Fears annoy:  
But most when stript of earthly Props,  
Thy Husband thou'lt enjoy.

13.

If Providence the Promise thwart,  
And yet thy humbled Mind  
Gainst Hope believes in Hope, thou art  
Thy Husband's dearest Friend.

14.

Art thou a Weakling poor and faint,  
In Jeopardy each Hour?  
Let not thy Weakness move thy Complaint,  
Thy Husband has the Pow'r.

15.

Dread not the Foes that foil'd thee long,  
Will ruin thee at length;  
When thou art weak, then art thou strong,  
Thy Husband is thy Strength.

16.

When Foes are mighty, many too,  
Don't fear, nor quit the Field;  
'Tis not with thee they have to do,  
Thy Husband is thy Shield.

'Tis

17.

'Tis hard to fight against an Host,  
Or strive against the Stream;  
But lo, when all seems to be lost,  
Thy Husband will redeem.

## S E C T. VI.

*Benefits accruing to Believers from the Offices, Names,  
Natures, and Sufferings of CHRIST.*

1.

**A**RT thou by Lusts a Captive led,  
Which breeds thy deepest Grief?  
To ransom Captives is his Trade,  
Thy Husband's thy Relief.

2.

His precious Name is *Jesus*, why?  
Because he saves from Sin;  
Redemption-Right he won't deny,  
Thy Husband's near of Kin.

3.

His Wounds have sav'd thee once from Woes,  
His Blood from Vengeance screen'd;  
When Heav'n and Earth and Hell were Foes,  
Thy Husband was a Friend:

4.

And will thy Captain now look on,  
And see thee trampled down?  
When, lo, thy Champion has the Throne,  
Thy Husband wears the Crown.

5.

Yield not, tho' cunning Satan bribe,  
Or like a Lion roar;  
The Lion strong of *Judah's* Tribe,  
Thy Husband's to the fore.

6.

And that he never will forsake,  
His Credit fair he pawn'd;  
In hottest Broils then Courage take,  
Thy Husband's at thy Hand.

7.

No Storm needs drive thee to a Strait,  
Who dost his Aid invoke;  
Fierce Winds may blow, proud Waves may beat,  
Thy Husband is thy Rock.

8.

Renounce thine own Ability,  
Lean to his promis'd Might;  
The Strength of *Israel* cannot lye,  
Thy Husband's Power is plight.

9.

An awful Truth does here present,  
Whoever think it odd;  
In him thou art omnipotent,  
Thy Husband is a God.

10.

*Jehovah's* Strength is in thy Head,  
Which Faith may boldly scan;  
God in thy Nature does reside,  
Thy Husband is a Man.

11.

Thy Flesh is his, his Spirit thine;  
And that you both are one,  
One Body, Spirit, Temple, Vine,  
Thy Husband deigns to own.

12.

Kind, he assum'd thy Flesh and Blood  
This Union to pursue;  
And without shame his Brotherhood,  
Thy Husband does avow.

He



13.

He bore the Cross thy Crown to win,  
 His blood he freely spilt;  
 The Holy-One assuming Sin,  
 Thy Husband bore the Guilt.

14.

Lo, what a blest Exchange is this?  
 What Wisdom shines therein?  
 That thou *might'st be made Righteousness,*  
 Thy Husband *was made Sin.*

15.

The God of Joy a Man of Grief,  
 Thy Sorrows to discuss:  
 Pure Innocence hang'd as a Thief,  
 Thy Husband lov'd thee thus.

16.

Bright Beauty had his Visage marr'd,  
 His comely Form abus'd:  
 True Rest was from all rest debarr'd,  
 Thy Husband's Heel was bruise'd.

17.

The God of Blessings was a Curse,  
 The *Lord of Lords* a Drudge:  
 The Heir of all Things poor in Purse,  
 Thy Husband did not grudge.

18.

The Judge of all condemned was,  
 The God immortal slain:  
 No Favour in thy woful Cause,  
 Thy Husband did obtain.

S E C T. VII.

CHRIST's Sufferings further improv'd, and Believers  
called to live by Faith, both when they have and want  
sensible Influences.

I.

LOUD Praises sing without Surcease,  
To him that frankly came,  
And gave his Soul a Sacrifice,  
Thy Husband was the Lamb.

2.

What weaken'd Vengeance could denounce,  
All around him did beset;  
And never left his Soul till once  
Thy Husband paid the Debt.

3.

And tho' new Debt thou still contract,  
And run in deep Arrears,  
Yet all thy Burdens on his Back,  
Thy Husband always bears.

4.

Thy Judge will ne'er demand of thee  
Two Payments for one Debt;  
Thee with one Victim wholly free,  
Thy Husband kindly set.

5.

That no grim Vengeance might thee meet,  
Thy Husband met with all;  
And that thy Soul might drink the Sweet,  
Thy Husband drank the Gall.

Full

6.

Full Breasts of Joy he loves t'extend,  
 Like to a kindly Nurse;  
 And that thy Bliss might full be gain'd,  
 Thy Husband was a Curse.

7.

Thy Sins he glued unto the Tree,  
 His Blood this Virtue hath;  
 For that thy Heart to Sin might die,  
 Thy Husband suffer'd Death.

8.

To purchase fully all thy Good,  
 All Evil him beset;  
 To win thy Heav'n with Streams of Blood,  
 Thy Husband quenched Hell.

9.

That this kind DAY'S-MAN in one Band  
 Might God and Man betroth,  
*He on both Parties lays his Hand,*  
 Thy Husband pleases both.

10.

The Blood that could stern Justice please,  
 And Law-Demands fulfil,  
 Can also guilty Conscience ease;  
 Thy Husband clears the Bill.

11.

Thy highest Glory is obtain'd,  
 By his Abasement deep;  
 And that thy Tears might all be drain'd,  
 Thy Husband chose to weep.

12.

His Bondage all thy Freedom bought,  
 He stoop'd so lowly down;  
 His Grappling all thy Grandeur brought,  
 Thy Husband's Cross thy Crown.

13.

'Tis by his Shock thy Sceptre sways,  
His Warfare ends thy Strife;  
His Poverty thy Wealth conveys,  
Thy Husband's Death thy Life.

14.

Do mortal Damps invade thy Heart,  
And Deadness seize thee sore?  
Rejoice in this, that Life t'impart,  
Thy Husband has in store.

15.

And when new Life imparted seems  
Establish'd as a Rock:  
Coast in the Fountain, not the Streams,  
Thy Husband is thy Stock.

16.

The Streams may take a various Turn,  
The Fountain never moves:  
Cease then o'er failing Streams to mourn,  
Thy Husband thus thee proves.

17.

That glad thou may'st, when Drops are gone,  
Joy in the spacious Sea:  
When Incomes fail, then still upon  
Thy Husband keep thine Eye.

18.

But can't thou look, nor moan thy Strait,  
So dark's the dismal Hour?  
Yet as thou'rt able, cry and wait  
Thy Husband's Day of Power.

19.

Tell him, though Sin prolong the Term,  
Yet Love can scarce delay:  
Thy Want, his Promise all affirm,  
Thy Husband must not stay.



## S E C T. VIII.

CHRIST *the Believer's enriching Treasure.*

1.

**K**IND *Jesus* lives thy Life to be,  
 Who mak'st him thy Refuge;  
 And when he comes, thou'lt joy to see,  
 Thy Husband shall be Judge.

2.

Should passing Troubles thee annoy,  
 Without, within, or both?  
 Since endless Life thou'lt then enjoy,  
 Thy Husband pledg'd his Truth.

3.

What won't he, e'en in time, impart,  
 That's for thy real Good?  
 He gave his Love, he gave his Heart,  
 Thy Husband gave his Blood.

4.

He gives himself, and what should more?  
 What can he then refuse?  
 If this won't please thee, ah how sore  
 Thy Husband dost abuse?

5.

Earth's Fruit, Heav'n's Dew he won't deny,  
 Whose Eyes thy Need behold:  
 Nought under or above the Sky,  
 Thy Husband will withhold.

6.

Dost Losses grieve? Since all is thine,  
 What Loss can thee befall?  
*All things for good to thee combine,*  
 Thy Husband orders all.

Thou'rt

7.

Thou'rt not put off with barren Leaves,  
Or Dung of earthly Pelf;  
More Wealth than Heav'n and Earth he gives,  
Thy Husband's thine himself.

8.

Thou hast enough to stay thy Complaint,  
Else thou complain'ft of Ease;  
For having all, don't speak of Want,  
Thy Husband may suffice.

9.

From this thy Store, believing, take  
Wealth to the utmost pitch:  
The Gold of *Ophir* cannot make,  
Thy Husband makes thee rich.

10.

Some, flying Gains acquire by Pains,  
And some by plund'ring Toil,  
Each Treasure fades, but thine remains,  
Thy Husband's cannot spoil.

## S E C T. IX.

CHRIST *the Believer's Adorning Garment.*

I.

YEA, thou excel'ft in rich Attire,  
The Lamp that lights the Globe;  
Thy sparkling Garment Heav'ns admire,  
Thy Husband is thy Robe.

2.

Thy Raiment never waxes old,  
Tis always new and clean:  
From Summer Heat, and Winter Cold,  
Thy Husband can thee screen.

3.

All who the Name of Worthies bore,  
 Since *Adam* was undrest,  
 No Worth acquir'd, but as they wore  
 Thy Husband's purple Vest.

4.

This Linen fine can beautify,  
 The Soul with Sin begirt;  
 O bless his Name that e'er on thee  
 Thy Husband spread his Skirt.

5.

Are Dunghills deck'd with Flowery Glore,  
 Which *Solomon's* out-vie?  
 Sure thine is infinitely more,  
 Thy Husband decks the Sky.

6.

Thy Hands could never work the Dress,  
 By Grace alone thou'rt gay.  
 Grace vents and reigns through Righteousness,  
 Thy Husband's bright Array.

7.

To spin thy Robe no more dost need,  
 Than Lillies toil for theirs;  
 Out of his Bowels ev'ry Thread,  
 Thy Husband thine prepares,

## S E C T. X.

*CHRIST the Believer's sweet Nourishment.*

I.

**T**HY Food, conform to thine Array,  
 Is heav'nly and divine;  
 On Pastures green, where Angels play,  
 Thy Husband feeds thee fine.

Ang

2.

Angelick Food may make thee fair,  
And look with chearful Face;  
The Bread of Life, the double Share,  
Thy Husband's Love and Grace.

3.

What can he give, or thou desire,  
More than his Flesh and Blood?  
Let Angels wonder, Saints admire,  
Thy Husband is thy Food!

4.

His Flesh the *Incarnation* bears,  
From whence thy Feeding flows;  
His Blood the *Satisfaction* clears,  
Thy Husband both bestows.

5.

Th' incarnate God a Sacrifice,  
To turn the wrathful Tide,  
Is Food for Faith; that may suffice  
Thy Husband's guilty Bride.

6.

This strength'ning Food may fit and fence,  
For Work and War to come;  
Till through the Crowd some Moments hence,  
Thy Husband bring thee home.

7.

Where plenteous Feasting will succeed  
To scanty Feeding here:  
And joyful at the Table-head,  
Thy Husband fair appear.

8.

Then Crumbs to Banquets will give place,  
And Drops to Rivers new:  
While Heart and Eye will Face to Face  
Thy Husband ever view.





## C H A P. II.

Containing the Marks and Character of the Believer in CHRIST, together with some farther Privileges and Grounds of Comfort to the Saints.

## S E C T. I.

*Doubting Believers called to examine, by Marks drawn from their Love to him and his Presence, their View of his Glory, and their being emptied of Self-Righteousness, &c.*

1.

**G**OOD News ! but says the drooping Bride,  
Ah ! what's all this to me ?  
Thou doubt'st thy Right when Shadows hide,  
Thy Husband's Face from thee.

2.

Through Sin and Guilt thy Spirit faints,  
And trembling fears thy Fate :  
But harbour not thy groundless Complaints,  
Thy Husband's Advent wait.

3.

Thou sob'st " O were I sure he's mine,  
" This would give glad'ning Ease ;"  
And say'st, though Wants and Woes combine,  
Thy Husband would thee please.

4.

But up, and down, and seldom clear,  
Inclos'd with hellish Routs ;  
Yet yield thou not, nor foster Fear,  
Thy Husband hates thy Doubts.

Thy

5.

Thy Cries and Tears may slighted seem,  
And barr'd from present Ease ;  
Yet blame thyself, but never dream,  
Thy Husband's ill to please.

6.

Thy jealous unbelieving Heart,  
Still droops, and knows not why ;  
Then prove thyself, to ease thy Smart,  
Thy Husband bids thee try.

7.

The following Questions put to thee,  
As Scripture Marks, may tell  
And shew, whate'er thy Failings be,  
Thy Husband loves thee well.

## M A R K S.

I.

**A**R T thou content when he's away ?  
Can Earth allay thy Pangs ?  
If Conscience witness, won't it say,  
Thy Husband's all thou wants ?

2.

When he is near (though in a Cross)  
And thee with Comfort feeds ;  
Dost thou not count the Earth as Dross,  
Thy Husband all thou needs ?

3.

In Duties art thou pleas'd or pain'd,  
When far he's out of view ?  
And finding him, think'st all regain'd,  
Thy Husband always new ?

4.

Though once thou thought'st, while *Sinai* Mist  
And Darkness compass'd thee,  
Thou wast undone ; and glorious Christ  
Thy Husband ne'er would be.

5.

Yet know'st thou not a fairer Place,  
Of which it may be told,  
That there the Glory of his Grace  
Thy Husband did unfold?

6.

Where heav'nly Beams inflam'd thy Soul,  
And Love's seraphick Art,  
With Hallelujahs did extol  
Thy Husband in thy Heart.

7.

Could'st then have wish'd all *Adam's* Race  
Had join'd with thee to gaze?  
That viewing fond his comely Face,  
Thy Husband might get Praise?

8.

Art thou disjoin'd from other Lords?  
Divorc'd from fed'ral Laws?  
While with most loving Gospel-Cords,  
Thy Husband kindly draws?

9.

A'n't thou enlighten'd now, to see  
Thy Righteousness is naught  
But Rags that cannot cover thee?  
Thy Husband so has taught.

10.

Dost see thy best Performances  
Deserve but Hell indeed?  
And hence art led, renouncing these,  
Thy Husband's Blood to plead?

11.

When strengthen'd boldly to address  
That gracious Throne of his,  
Dost find thy Strength and Righteousness  
Thy Husband only is?

12.

Can'st thou thy most exalted Frame  
Renounce, as with'ring Grass,  
And firmly hold thine only Claim,  
Thy Husband's Worthiness?

13.

Can'st pray with utmost holy \* Pith,  
And yet renounce thy Good?  
And wash not with thy Tears, but with  
Thy Husband's precious Blood?  
\* *Vigour or Strength.*

## S E C T. II.

*Believers described from their Faith acting by divine Aid,  
and flying quite out of themselves to CHRIST.*

1.

CAN nothing less thy Conscience ease,  
And please thy Heart; no less  
Than that which Justice satisfies,  
Thy Husband's Righteousness?

2.

Dost see thy Works so stain'd with Sin,  
That thou through Grace art mov'd,  
To seek Acceptance only in  
Thy Husband the Belov'd?

3.

Do'st thou remind that once a-day  
Free Grace did strengthen thee,  
To gift thy guilty Soul away,  
Thy Husband's Bride to be?

4.

Or dost thou mind the Day of Power,  
Wherein he broke thy Pride,  
And gain'd thy Heart? O happy Hour!  
Thy Husband caught the Bride!



5.

He did thy Enmity subdue,  
Thy Bondage sad recal,  
Made thee to choose, and close pursue,  
Thy Husband as thy All.

6.

What Rest, and Peace, and Joy ensu'd,  
Upon this noble Choice?  
Thy Heart with Flowers of Pleasure strew'd,  
Thy Husband made rejoice.

7.

Dost know thou ne'er could'st him embrace,  
'Till he embraced thee?  
Nor ever see him, 'till his Face  
Thy Husband open'd free?

8.

And findest to this very Hour,  
That this is still the Charm;  
'Thou can'st do nothing, 'till with Pow'r  
Thy Husband shew his Arm?

9.

Can'st thou do nought by Nature, Art,  
Or any Strength of thine,  
Until thy wicked froward Heart,  
Thy Husband shall incline?

10.

But art thou, though without a Wing  
Of Power aloft to flee,  
Yet able to do every thing,  
Thy Husband strength'ning thee?

11.

Dost not alone at Duties fork,  
But foreign Aid enjoy?  
And still in every piece of Work,  
Thy Husband's Strength employ.

12.

Thy Motion heav'nly is indeed,  
While thou by Faith dost move;  
And still in ev'ry time of need,  
Thy Husband's Grace improve,

13.

No common natural Faith can shew  
Its divine Brood like this;  
Whose Object, Author, Feeder too,  
Thy Husband only is.

14.

Dost thou by Faith on him rely?  
On him, not on thy Faith?  
If Faith shall with its Object vie,  
Thy Husband's set beneath.

15.

Their Hands receiving Faculty,  
Poor Beggars never view;  
But hold the royal Gift in Eye,  
Thy Husband so wilt thou.

16.

Faith, like a gazing Eye, ne'er waits  
To boast its seeing Powers;  
Its Object views, itself forgets,  
Thy Husband it adores.

17.

It humbly still itself denies,  
Nor brags its Acts at all;  
Deep plung'd into its Object lies,  
Thy Husband is its all.

18.

No Strength but his it has, and vaunts,  
No Store but his can show;  
Hence nothing has, yet nothing wants,  
Thy Husband trains it so.

19.

Faith, of its own, no Might can shew,  
 Else would itself destroy;  
 But will for all it has to do,  
 Thy Husband still employ.

20.

Self-Saviours none could ever be,  
 By Faith or Grace of theirs;  
 Their fruitless Toil so high that flee,  
 Thy Husband's Praise impairs.

21.

The seemingly devotest Deed,  
 That would with shameless Brow,  
 His saving Trade take o'er his Head,  
 Thy Husband won't allow.

22.

Dost therefore thou to him alone  
 Commit thy sinful Soul?  
 Knowing of thy Salvation  
 Thy Husband is the whole?

## S E C T. III.

*Believers characterised by the Objects and Purity of  
 their Desire, Delight, Joy, Hatred, and Love, dis-  
 covering they have the Spirit of CHRIST.*

1.

**D**O ST thou his Spirit's Conduct wait?  
 And when compar'd to this,  
 All worldly Wisdom under-rate?  
 Thy Husband waits to bless.

2.

Tak'st thou his Spirit for thy Guide,  
 Through *Baca's* Valley dry,  
 Whose Streams of Influences glide  
 Thy Husband's Garden by?

3.  
In digging Wells here by his Power,  
Dost find it not in vain?  
While here a Drop, and there a Show'r,  
Thy Husband makes to rain?

4.  
Hence dost thou through each weary Case,  
From Strength to Strength go on,  
From Faith to Faith, while Grace for Grace,  
Thy Husband gives anon?

5.  
The good, the gracious Work begun,  
And further'd by his Strength  
Shall prosp'rous, tho' with Wrestling, win  
Thy Husband's Crown at length.

6.  
Sin's Power and Prefence can'st thou own,  
Is thy most grievous Smart,  
That makes thee sob and weep alone?  
Thy Husband knows thy Heart.

7.  
Does Love to him make thee distaste  
Thy Lusts with all their Charms?  
And most them loath'st, when most thou hast  
Thy Husband in thine Arms?

8.  
Are Cords of Love the sweetest Ties,  
To bind thee Duty-ways?  
And best thou serv'st, when most thou spies,  
Thy Husband's beauteous Rays?

9.  
Didst ever thou thy Pardon read  
In Tears of untold Joy?  
When Mercy made thy Heart to bleed,  
Thy Husband was not coy.



10.

Do Pardons sweetly melt thy Heart?  
And most embitter Sin?  
And make thee long with Dross to part,  
Thy Husband's Throne to win?

11.

Where he arises Lusts to kill,  
Corruptions to destroy,  
Does Gladness then thy Spirit fill?  
Thy Husband is thy Joy.

12.

Dost thou his Person fair embrace  
Beyond his Blessings all?  
Sure then thou boldly may'st through Grace  
Thy Husband *Jesus* call.

13.

What Company dost thou prefer?  
What Friends above the rest?  
Of all Relations every where,  
Thy Husband is the best.

14.

Whom in the Earth or Heav'n dost thou  
Most ardently desire?  
Is Love's ascending Spark unto  
Thy Husband set on fire?

15.

Hast thou a Hatred to his Foes,  
And dost their Course decline?  
Lov'st thou his Saints, and dar'st suppose  
Thy Husband's Friends are thine?

16.

Dost thou their Talk and Walk esteem,  
When most divinely grave?  
And favour'st best when most they seem  
Thy Husband's Sp'rit to have?

S E C T. IV.

*Believers in CHRIST affect his Council, Word, Ordinances, Appearance, full Enjoyment in Heaven, and sweet Presence here.*

I.

WHERE go'st thou first when in a Strait,  
Or when with Grief oppress'd?  
Fleest thou to him? O happy Gate,  
Thy Husband is thy Rest.

2.

His Counsel seek'st thou still prepar'd,  
Nor can'st without him live?  
Wisdom to guide, and Strength to guard,  
Thy Husband hath to give.

3.

Can'st thou produce no pleasant Pawn,  
Or Token of his Love?  
Won't Signets, Bracelets, from this Hand  
Thy Husband's Kindness prove?

4.

Mind'st when he sent his healing Word,  
Which darting from on high,  
Did Light, and Life, and Joy afford?  
Thy Husband then was nigh.

5.

Can'st thou the Promise sweet forget,  
He dropt into thy Heart?  
Such glad'ning Power, and Love with it,  
Thy Husband did impart.

6.

Dost thou affect his Dwelling-place,  
And mak'st it thy Repair;  
Because thine Eyes have seen thro' Grace,  
Thy Husband's Glory there?

C T

Dost

7.

Dost love his great appearing Day,  
And thereon muse with Joy ;  
When dusky Shades will flee away,  
Thy Husband Death destroy ?

8.

Dost long to see his glorious Face  
Within the higher Orb,  
Where humid Sorrows losing Place,  
Thy Husband's Rays absorb ?

9.

Long'st to be free of every Fault,  
To bid all Sin adieu ?  
And mount the Hill, where glad thou shalt  
Thy Husband's Glory view ?

10.

Life where it lives, Love where it loves,  
Will most desire to be.  
Such Love-sick Longing plainly proves  
Thy Husband's Love to thee.

11.

What is it best can ease thy Complaint,  
Spread Morning o'er thine Ev'n ?  
Is his Approach thy Heart's Content,  
Thy Husband's Presence Heav'n ?

12.

And when deny'd this sweet Relief,  
Can'st thou assert full well,  
His Hiding is thy greatest Grief,  
Thy Husband's Absence Hell ?

13.

Let thy Experience be disclos'd ;  
If Conscience answer Yea  
To all the Queries here propos'd  
Thy Husband's thine for ay.

14.

Pertain these Characters to thee?

Then Soul, begin and praise  
His glorious worthy Name, for he  
Thy Husband is always.

S E C T. V.

*The true BELIEVER'S Humility, Dependence, Zeal,  
Growth, Admiration of free Grace, and Knowledge  
of CHRIST'S Voice.*

1.

P Erhaps a Saint may sigh and say,  
" I fear I'm yet to learn  
" These Marks of Marriage-Love" yet stay  
Thy Husband's Bowels yearn.

2.

Tho' Darkness may thy Light obscure,  
And Storms surmount thy Calms,  
Day yield to Night, and thou be poor,  
Thy Husband yet has Alms.

3.

Dost see thyself an empty Brat,  
A poor unworthy Thing?  
With Heart upon the Dust laid flat,  
Thy Husband there does reign.

4.

Art in thine own Esteem a Beast,  
And dost thyself abhor!  
The more thou hast of Self-distaste,  
Thy Husband loves thee more.

5.

Can Hell breed no such wicked Elf,  
As thou in thine own Sight?  
Thou'lt got to see thy filthy Self,  
Thy Husband's purest Light.

Can't



6.

Can'st find no Names so black, so vile,  
With which thou would'st compare,  
But call'st thyself a Lump of Hell?  
Thy Husband calls thee fair.

7.

When his kind Visits make thee see,  
He's precious, thou art vile,  
Then mark the Hand of God with thee,  
Thy Husband gives a Smile.

8.

He knows what Visits suit thy State,  
And tho' most rare they be,  
It sets thee well on him to wait,  
Thy Husband waits on thee.

9.

Dost see thou art both poor and weak,  
And he both full and strong?  
O don't his kind Delays mistake,  
Thy Husband comes ere long.

10.

Tho' during *Sinai's* stormy Day,  
Thou dread'st the dismal Blast,  
And fear'st thou art a Cast-away,  
Thy Husband comes at last.

11.

The glorious Sun will rise apace,  
And spread his healing Wings,  
In sparkling Pomp of sov'reign Grace,  
Thy Husband Gladness brings.

12.

Can'st thou, whate'er should come of thee,  
Yet wish his *Zion* well?  
And joy in her Prosperity,  
Thy Husband loves thy Zeal.

13.

Dost thou admire his Love to some,  
Tho' thou should'st never share?  
Mercy to thee will also come,  
Thy Husband hath to spare.

14.

Poor Soul! dost grieve for Want of Grace,  
And weep for want of Love,  
And *Jesus* seek'st? O hopeful Case!  
Thy Husband lives above.

15.

Regretting much thy falling short,  
Dost after more aspire?  
There's Hope in *Israel* for thy Sort,  
Thy Husband's thy Desire.

16.

Art thou well-pleas'd that sov'reign Grace  
Through *Christ* exalted be?  
This Frame denotes no hopeless Case,  
Thy Husband's pleas'd with thee.

17.

Could'st love to be the Footstool low,  
On which his Throne might rise,  
Its pompous Grace around to show?  
Thy Husband does thee prize.

18.

If but a Glance of his fair Face,  
Can cheer thee more than Wine;  
Thou in his loving Heart hast place,  
Thy Husband place in thine.

19.

Dost make his Blood thy daily Bath?  
His Word and Oath thy Stay?  
His Law of Love thy lightsome Path,  
Thy Husband is thy Way.

20.

All Things within Earth's spacious Womb,  
Dost count but Loss and Dung,  
For one sweet Word in Season from  
Thy Husband's learned 'Tongue?

21.

Skill to discern and know his Voice,  
From Words of Wit and Art,  
Will clearly prove thou art his Choice,  
Thy Husband thine in Heart.

22.

The pompous Words that Fops admire,  
May vagrant Fancy feast;  
But with Seraphick harmless Fire,  
Thy Husband's burn the Breast.

## S E C T. VI.

*True BELIEVERS are willing to be tried and examined  
Comforts arising to them from CHRIST's ready Sup-  
ply, real Sympathy, and relieving Names, suiting their  
Needs.*

1.

**D**O ST thou upon thy trait'rous Heart  
Still keep a jealous Eye?  
Most willing that thine inward Part,  
Thy Husband strictly try?

2.

— The thieving Crowd will hate the Light,  
Least stol'n Effects be show'n:  
But Truth desires what's wrong or right  
Thy Husband would make known.

3.

Dost then his trying Word await,  
His searching Doctrine love?  
Fond, lest thou err through Self-Deceit,  
Thy Husband would thee prove?

4.

Does oft thy Mind with inward Smart  
Bewail thy Unbelief?  
And conscious sue from Plagues of Heart,  
Thy Husband for Relief?

5.

Why doubt'st his Love? and yet behold  
With him thou would'st not part,  
For Thousand Thousand Earths of Gold,  
Thy Husband has thy Heart.

6.

Tho' Darkneſs, Deadneſs, Unbelief,  
May all thy Soul attend;  
Light, Life, and Faith's mature Relief,  
Thy Husband has to ſend.

7.

Of Wants annoying, why complain?  
Supply ariſes hence,  
*What Gifts he has receiv'd for Men,*  
Thy Husband will diſpenſe.

8.

He got them in's exalted State,  
For *Rebels* ſuch as thou;  
All then that's needful, good, or great,  
Thy Husband will allow.

9.

Thy Wants he ſees, thy Cries he hears;  
And marking all thy Moans,  
He in his Bottle keeps thy Tears,  
Thy Husband notes thy Groans.

10.

All thine Infirmities him touch,  
They ſtrike his feeling Heart;  
His kindly Sympathy is ſuch,  
Thy Husband finds the Smart.

Whatever



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11.

Whatever touches thee affects  
The Apple of his Eye ;  
Whatever Harms he therefore checks,  
Thy Husband's Aid is nigh.

12.

If Foes are spar'd, thy Need is such,  
He slays them but in part :  
He can do all, and will do much,  
Thy Husband acts by Art.

13.

He often for the saddest Hour  
Reserves the sweetest Aid :  
See how such Banners heretofore  
Thy Husband has display'd.

14.

Mind where he vouch'd his Good-will,  
Sometimes at *Hermon* \* Mount :  
In *Jordan* Land, at *Mizar* Hill,  
Thy Husband keeps the Count.

15.

At sundry Times, and divers Ways,  
To suit thy various Frames,  
Hast seen, like rising golden Rays,  
Thy Husband's various Names.

16.

When guilty Conscience ghastly star'd,  
*Jehovah Tsidkenu* †,  
The Lord thy Righteousness appear'd,  
Thy Husband in thy View.

17.

When in thy Straits or Wants extreme,  
Help fail'd on every side,  
*Jehovah Fireh* ‡ was his Name,  
Thy Husband did provide.

When

\* *Pf.* xlii. 6.    † *Jer.* xxiii. 6.    ‡ *Gen.* xxii. 14.

18.

When thy long absent Lord didst moan,  
And to his Courts repair ;  
Then was *Jehovah* \* *Shummah* known,  
Thy Husband present there.

19.

When thy assaulting Foes appear'd,  
In Robes of Terror clad,  
*Jehovah Nefsi* † then was rear'd,  
Thy Husband's Banner spread.

20.

When Furies arm'd with fright'ning Guilt,  
Dun'd War without Surcease ;  
*Jehovah Shalom* ‡ then was built,  
Thy Husband sent thee Peace.

21.

When thy Diseases Death proclaim'd,  
And Creature-Balsams fail'd,  
*Jehovah Rophi* || then was fam'd,  
Thy Husband kindly heal'd

22.

Thus as thy various Needs require,  
In various Modes like these,  
The Help that suits thy Heart's Desire,  
Thy Husband's Name conveys.

23.

To th' little Flock as Cases vary,  
The great *Jehovah* shews  
Himself a little Sanctuary \*\*,  
Thy Husband gives the Views.

## S E C T.

*Ezek.* xlvi. 35. † *Exod.* xvii. 15. ‡ *Judg.* vi. 24.  
*Exod.* xv. 26. \*\* *Ezek.* xi. 16.

## S E C T. VII.

*The BELIEVER's Experience of CHRIST's comfortable  
Presence, or of former Comforts, to be improved for  
his Encouragement and Support under Darknes and  
Hidings.*

I.

**D**OST mind the Place, the Spot of Land,  
Where *Jesus* did thee meet?  
And how he got thy Heart and Hand?  
Thy Husband then was sweet.

2.

Dost mind the Garden, Chamber, Bank,  
A Vale of Vision seem'd?  
Thy Joy was full, thy Heart was frank,  
Thy Husband much esteem'd.

3.

Let thy Experience sweet declare,  
If able to remind;  
A *Bochim* here, a *Bethel* there,  
Thy Husband made thee find.

4.

Was such a Corner, such a Place,  
A Paradise to thee,  
A *Peniel*, where Face to Face,  
Thy Husband fair didst see?

5.

There did he clear thy cloudy Cause,  
Thy Doubts and Fears destroy;  
And on thy Spirit seal'd he was,  
Thy Husband with great Joy?

6.

Could'st thou have said it boldly then,  
And seal'd it with thy Blood?  
Yea welcome Death with Pleasure, when  
Thy Husband by thee stood.

Th

7.

That Earth again should thee ensnare,  
O how thy Heart was pain'd.  
For all its fading Glory there,  
Thy Husband's Beauty stain'd.

8.

The Thoughts of living more in Sin,  
Were then like Hell to thee;  
The Life of Heav'n did thus begin,  
Thy Husband set thee free.

9.

Whate'er thou found'st him at thy best,  
He's at thy worst the same;  
And in his Love will ever rest,  
Thy Husband holds his Claim.

10.

Let Faith these Visits keep in Store,  
Tho' Sense the Pleasure miss;  
The God of *Bethel* as before,  
Thy Husband always is.

11.

In measuring his Approaches kind,  
And timing his Descents;  
In free and sov'reign Ways thoult find  
Thy Husband thee prevents.

12.

Describe not to him in thy Heart,  
He's infinitely wise.  
How oft he throws his loving Dart,  
Thy Husband does surprise.

13.

Perhaps a sudden Gale thee blest,  
While walking in thy Road;  
When on a Journey ere thou wist,  
Thy Husband look'd thee broad.

G

Thus



14.

Thus was the Eunuch fam'd, (his Stage  
A riding on the Way,  
As he revolv'd the sacred Page,)  
Thy Husband's happy Prey.

15.

In Hearing, Reading, Singing, Pray'r,  
When Darknes compass'd thee,  
'Thou found'st or e'er thou wast aware,  
Thy Husband's Light'ning free.

16.

Of Heav'nly Gales don't meanly think,  
For tho' thy Soul complains,  
They're but a short and passing Blink,  
Thy Husband's Love remains.

17.

Think not, tho' Breezes haste away,  
'Thou dost his Favour lose ;  
But learn to know his sovereign Way,  
Thy Husband comes and goes.

18.

Don't say he's gone for ever, tho'  
His Visits he adjourn ;  
For yet a little while, and lo  
Thy Husband will return,

19.

In Worship social, or retir'd,  
Dost thou his Absence wail ?  
Wait at his Shore, and be not fear'd,  
Thy Husband's Ship's a-sail.

20.

Yea, tho' in Duties Sense may miss  
Thy Soul's beloved one ;  
Yet do not faint, for never is  
Thy Husband wholly gone.

21.

Tho' Satan, Sin, Earth, Hell at once,  
Wou'd thee of Joy bereave;  
Mind what he said, he won't renounce,  
Thy Husband will not leave.

22.

Tho' Foes assail, and Friendship fail,  
Thou hast a Friend at Court;  
The Gates of Hell shall ne'er prevail,  
Thy Husband is thy Fort.

## S E C T. VIII.

*Comfort to BELIEVERS from the Stability of the Promise, notwithstanding heavy Chastisements for Sin.*

I.

TAKE well howe'er kind Wisdom may  
Dispose thy present Lot;  
Tho' Heaven and Earth should pass away,  
Thy Husband's Love will not.

2.

All needful Help he will afford,  
Thou hast his Vow and Oath;  
And once to violate his Word,  
Thy Husband will be loth.

3.

No Fire and Floods with thee he'll down,  
His Promise this insures;  
Whose Credit cannot burn nor drown,  
Thy Husband's Truth endures.

4.

Thou no more his Word believe,  
As mortal Man's Forsooth?  
Do not thus his Spirit grieve,  
Thy Husband is the Truth.

G 2

Tho'

5.

Tho' thou both wicked art and weak,  
His Word he'll never rue ;  
Tho' Heaven and Earth should blend and break,  
Thy Husband will be true.

6.

*I'll never leave thee* is his Vow ;  
If Truth has said the Word,  
While Truth is Truth, this Word is true,  
Thy Husband is the Lord.

7.

Thy Covenant of Duties may  
Prove daily most unsure :  
His Covenant of Grace for ay,  
Thy Husband does secure.

8.

Dost thou to him thy Promise break,  
And fear he break to thee ?  
Nay, not thy thousand Crimes can make,  
Thy Husband once to lye.

9.

*He visit will thy Sins with Strokes,*  
And lift his heavy Hand ;  
But never once his Word revokes,  
Thy Husband's Truth will stand.

10.

Then dream not he is chang'd in Love,  
When thou art chang'd in Frame ;  
Thou may'st by Turns unnumber'd move,  
Thy Husband's ay the same.

11.

He for thy Follies may thee bind  
With Cords of great Distress ;  
To make thee moan thy Sins, and mind  
Thy Husband's Holiness.

12.

By wounds he makes thee seek his Cure,  
By Frowns his Favour prize ;  
By Falls affrighting stand more sure,  
Thy Husband is so wise.

13.

Proud Peter in the Dirt of Vice  
Fell down exceeding low ;  
His tow'ring Pride by tumbling thrice,  
Thy Husband cured so.

14.

Before he suffer Pride that swells,  
He'll drag thee through the Mire,  
Of Sins, Temptations, little Hells,  
Thy Husband saves by Fire.

15.

He in Affliction's Mortar may  
Squeese out old *Adam's* Juice,  
Till thou return to him, and say,  
Thy Husband is thy Choice.

16.

Fierce Billows may thy Vessel toss,  
And Crosses Curfes seem ;  
But that the Curse has fled the Cross,  
Thy Husband bids thee deem.

17.

Conclude not he in Wrath disowns,  
When Trouble thee surrounds ;  
These are his favourable Frowns,  
Thy Husband's healing Wounds.

18.

Yea, when he gives the deepest Lash,  
Love leads the wounded Hand :  
His Stroke, when Sin has got a Dash,  
Thy Husband will remand.

## S E C T. IX.

*Comfort to Believers, in CHRIST's Relations, in his dying Love, his Glory in Heaven, to which he will lead them through Death, and supply with all Necessaries by the Way.*

1.

**B**Ehold the Patrimony broad,  
That falls to thee by Line ;  
In him thou art an Heir of God,  
Thy Husband's Father's thine.

2.

He is of Relatives a Store,  
Thy Friend will help in Thrall ;  
Thy Brother much, thy Father more,  
Thy Husband most of all.

3.

All these he does amass and share,  
In Ways that most excel :  
'Mong all the Husbands ever were,  
Thy Husband bears the Bell.

4.

Whence run the Streams of all thy Good,  
But from his pierced Side ;  
With liquid Gold of precious Blood,  
Thy Husband bought his Bride.

5.

His Blood abundant Value bore,  
To make his Purchase broad,  
'Twas fair Divinity in Gore,  
Thy Husband is thy God.

6.

Who purchas'd at the highest Price,  
Be crown'd with highest Praise ;  
For in the highest Paradise,  
Thy Husband wears the Bays.



7.

He is of Heaven the comely Rose,  
His Beauty makes it fair ;  
Heaven were but Hell, could'st thou suppose,  
Thy Husband were not there.

8.

He thither did in Pomp ascend  
His Spouse along to bring ;  
That *Hallelujahs* without End  
Thy Husband's Bride may sing.

9.

E'en there with him for ever fix'd,  
His Glory shalt thou see ;  
And nought but Death is now betwixt  
Thy Husband's Throne and thee.

10.

He'll order Death, that Porter rude,  
To ope the Gates of Brass ;  
For lo, with Characters of Blood,  
Thy Husband wrote thy Pass.

11.

At *Jordan* deep then be not scar'd,  
Tho' dismal-like and broad ;  
Thy Sun will guide, thy Shield will guard,  
Thy Husband pay'd the Road.

12.

He'll lead thee safe, and bring thee Home,  
And still let Blessings fall ;  
Of Grace while here, 'till Glory come,  
Thy Husband's bound for all.

13.

His Store can answer every Bill,  
Thy Food and Raiment's bought ;  
Be at his Will, thou'lt have thy Fill,  
Thy Husband wants for nought.

14.

What can thy Soul conceive it lacks ?

His Store, his Power is thine ;

His lib'ral Heart to lib'ral Acts,

Thy Husband does incline.

15.

Tho' on thy Hand that has no Might,

He should thy Task enlarge ;

Nor Work, nor Warfare, needs thee fright,

Thy Husband bears the Charge.

16.

Thou would'st (if left) thyself undo,

So apt to fall and stray :

But he uplifts, and leads thee too,

Thy Husband knows the Way.

## S E C T. X.

*Comfort to BELIEVERS from the Text, Thy Maker  
is thy Husband, inverted thus, Thy Husband is  
thy Maker ; and the Conclusion of this Subject.*

1.

**O**F Light and Life, of Grace and Glore,  
In *Christ* thou art Partaker.

Rejoice in him for evermore,

Thy Husband is thy Maker.

2.

He made thee, yea, made thee his Bride,

Nor heeds thine ugly Patch ;

To what he made he'll still abide,

Thy Husband made the Match.

3.

He made all, yea, he made all thine,

All to thee shall be given.

Who can thy Kingdom undermine ?

Thy Husband made the Heav'n.

What

4.

What earthly Thing can thee annoy ?

He made the Earth to be :

The Waters cannot thee destroy,

Thy Husband made the Sea.

5.

Don't fear the flaming Element,

Thee hurt with burning Ire ;

Or that the scorching Heat torment,

Thy Husband made the Fire.

6.

Infectious Steams shall ne'er destroy,

While he is pleas'd to spare ;

Thou shalt thy vital Breath enjoy,

Thy Husband made the Air.

7.

The Sun that guides the golden Day,

The Moon that rules the Night,

The starry Frame, the Milky-way,

Thy Husband made for Light.

8.

The Bird that wings its airy Path,

The Fish that cuts the Flood,

The creeping Crowd that swarms beneath,

Thy Husband made for good.

9.

The grazing Herd, the Beasts of Prey,

The Creatures great and small,

For thy Behoof their Tribute pay,

Thy Husband made them all.

10.

Thine's *Paul*, *Apollos*, Life and Death,

Things present, Things to be.

And every Thing that Being hath,

Thy Husband made for thee.

11.

In *Tophet* of the damn'd's Resort,  
Thy Soul shall never dwell;  
Nor needs from thence imagine Hurt,  
Thy Husband formed Hell.

12.

Satan with Instruments of his  
May rage, yet dread no evil;  
So far as he a Creature is,  
Thy Husband made the Devil.

13.

His black Temptations may afflict,  
His fiery Darts annoy;  
But all his Works, and hellish Trick,  
Thy Husband will destroy.

14.

Let Armies strong of earthly Gods,  
Combine with hellish Ghosts,  
They live, or languish, at his Nods;  
Thy Husband's Lord of Hosts.

15.

What can thee hurt, whom dost thou fear?  
All things are at his Call.  
Thy Maker is thy Husband dear,  
Thy Husband All in All.

16.

What dost thou seek, what dost thou want?  
He'll thy Desires fulfil;  
He gave himself, what won't he grant?  
Thy Husband's at thy Will.

17.

The more thou dost of him desire,  
The more he loves to give:  
High let thy mounting Aims aspire,  
Thy Husband gives thee leave.

18.

The less thou seek'st, the less thou dost,  
His Bounty set on high ;  
But highest Seekers here do most  
Thy Husband glorify.

19.

Would'st thou have Grace, well ; but 'tis meet  
He should more Glory gain ;  
Would'st thou have Father, Son, and Sp'rit,  
Thy Husband says, *Amen.*

20.

He'll kindly act the liberal God,  
Devising liberal Things ;  
With royal Gifts his Subjects load,  
Thy Husband's King of Kings.

21.

No earthly Monarchs have such Store,  
As thou hast even in hand ;  
But O how infinitely more,  
Thy Husband gives on Band.

22.

Thou hast indeed the better Part,  
The Part will fail thee never :  
Thy Husband's Hand, thy Husband's Heart,  
Thy Husband's All for ever.

*The END of the POEM upon Isa. liv. 5.*





# GOSPEL SONNETS,

O R,  
SPIRITUAL SONGS.

---

## PART III.

*The* BELIEVER'S RIDDLE:

O R,

*The* MYSTERY of FAITH.

---

### The PREFACE.

Shewing the Use and Design of the RIDDLE.

**R**Eader, the following Enigmatick Song  
Does not to wisest Naturalists belong :  
*Their Wisdom is but Folly on this Head,*  
*They here may ruminate, but cannot read.*  
*For tho' they glance the Words, the Meaning chokes,*  
*They read the Lines but not the Paradox.*  
*The Subject will, howe'er the Phrase be blunt,*  
*Their most acute Intelligence surmount,*  
*If with their natural and acquired Sight,*  
*They share not divine evangelick Light.*

*Great Wits may rouse their Fancies, rack their Brains*  
*And after all their Labour lose their Pains :*

*The*

*Their wisest Comments were but witless Chat,  
Inapt to frame an Explication pat.*

*No unregenerate Mortal's best Engines,  
Can right unriddle these few rugged Lines ;  
Nor any proper Notions thereof reach,  
Tho' sublimated to the highest Stretch.*

*Masters of Reason, plodding Men of Sense,  
Who scorn to mortify their vain Pretence,  
In this mysterious Deep might plod their Fill,  
It overtops the Top of all their Skill.*

*The more they vainly huff, and scorn to read,  
The more it does their foolish Wit exceed.*

*These Sinners that are sanctify'd in part,  
May read this Riddle truly in their Heart.  
Yea, weakest Saints may feel its truest Sense,  
Both in their sad and sweet Experience.*

*Don't overlook it with a rambling View,  
And rash suppose it, neither good nor true,  
Let Heav'n's pure Oracles the Truth decide,  
Renounce it, if it can't that Test abide.*

*Noble Bereans soon the Sense may hit,  
Who found the divine Depth of Sacred Writ,  
Not by what airy carnal Reason saith,  
But by the golden Line of Heav'n-spun Faith.*

*Let not the naughty Phrase make you disprove  
The weighty Matter which deserves your Love.  
High Strains would spoil the Riddle's grand Intent,  
To teach the weakest, most illiterate Saint,  
That Mahanaim is his proper Name ;  
In whom two struggling Hosts make bloody Game.  
That such may know, whose Knowledge is but rude,  
How Good consists with Ill, and Ill with Good.  
That Saints be neither at their worst nor best,  
Too much exalted, or too much depressed.*

*This Paradox is fitted to disclose  
The Skill of Zion's Friends above her Foes ;*

To difference by Light that Heav'n transmits  
 Some happy Fools from miserable Wits.  
 And thus (if blest) it may in some Degree  
 Make Fools their Wit, and Wits their Folly see.  
 Slight not the Riddle then like Jargon vile,  
 Because not garnish'd with a pompous Stile.  
 Could th' Author act the lofty Poet's Part,  
 Who make their Sonnets soar on Wings of Art,  
 He on this Theme had blush'd to use his Skill,  
 And either clipt his Wings, or broke his Quill.

Why this Enigma climbs such divine Heights,  
 As scorn to be adorn'd with human Flights,  
 These gaudy Strains would lovely Truth disgrace,  
 As purest Paint deforms a comely Face.  
 Heav'n's Mysteries are above Art's Ornament,  
 Immensely brighter than its brightest Paint.  
 No tow'ring Literature could e'er outwit  
 The plainest Diction fetch'd from sacred Writ;  
 By which meek blazing Rhetorick is outdone,  
 As twinkling Stars are by the radiant Sun.  
 The soaring Orators, who can with Ease  
 Strain the Quintessence of Hyperboles,  
 And clothe the barest Theme with purest Dress,  
 Might here expatiate much, yet say the less,  
 If wi' th' Majestical Simplicity  
 Of Scripture Orat'ry they disagree.

These Lines pretend not to affect the Sky,  
 Content among inglorious Shades to lie,  
 Provided sacred Truth be fitly clad,  
 Or glorious shine even through the dusky Shade.  
 Mark then, tho' you should miss the gilded Strain,  
 If they a Store of golden Truth contain:  
 Nor under-rate a Jewel rare and prime,  
 Tho' wrapt up in the Rags of homely Rhime.

Tho' haughty Deists hardly stoop to say,  
 That Nature's Night has need of Scripture-Day;

Yet Gospel-Light alone will clearly shew,  
How ev'ry Sentence here is just and true,  
Expel the Shades that may the Mind involve,  
And soon the seeming Contradiction solve.  
All fatal Errors in the World proceed  
From Want of Skill such Mysteries to read.  
Vain Men the double Branch of Truth divide,  
Hold by the one, and slight the other Side.

Hence proud Arminians cannot reconcile  
Freedom of Grace with Freedom of the Will.  
The blinded Papist won't discern nor see,  
How Works are good, unless they justify.  
Thus Legalists distinguish not the Odds,  
Between their home-bred Righteousness and God's.  
Antinomists the Saints Perfection plead,  
Nor duly sever 'tween them and their Head.  
Socinians won't these seeming Odds agree,  
How Heav'n is bought, and yet Salvation free.  
Bold Arians hate to reconcile or scan,  
How Christ is truly God, and truly Man.  
Holding the one part of Immanuel's Name,  
The other part outrageously blaspheme.  
The Sound in Faith no part of Truth controls,  
Hereticks own the half, but not the whole.

Keep then the sacred Mystery still entire,  
To both the Sides of Truth due Favour bear,  
Not quitting one, to hold the other Branch;  
But passing Judgment on an equal Bench.  
The Riddle has two Feet, and were but one  
Cut off, Truth falling to the ground ware gone.  
'Tis all a Contradiction, yet all true,  
And happy Truth, if verify'd in you.  
Go forward then to read the Lines, but stay  
To read the Riddle also by the Way.



## The R I D D L E.

### S E C T. I.

*The Mystery of the Saints Pedigree, and especially of  
their Relation to CHRIST's wonderful Person.*

1.

**M**Y Life's a Maze of seeming Traps,  
A Scene of Mercies and Mishaps ;  
A Heap of jarring To-and-froes,  
A Field of Joys, a Flood of Woes.

2.

I'm in mine own, and others Eyes,  
A Labyrinth of Mysteries.  
I'm something that from nothing came,  
Yet sure it is I nothing am.

3.

Once was I dead, and blind, and lame,  
Yea I continue still the same ;  
Yet what I was, I am no more,  
Nor ever shall be as before.

4.

My Father lives, my Father's gone,  
My vital Head both lost and won.  
My Parents cruel are and kind,  
Of one, and of a different Mind.

5.

My Father poison'd me to Death,  
My Mother's Hand will stop my Breath ;  
Her Womb that once my Substance gave,  
Will very quickly be my Grave.



6.

My Sisters all my Flesh will eat,  
My Brethren tread me under Feet;  
My nearest Friends are most unkind,  
My greatest Foe's my greatest Friend.

7.

He could from Feud to Friendship pass,  
Yet never change from what he was,  
He is my Father, he alone,  
Who is my Father's only Son.

8.

I am his Mother's Son, yet more,  
A Son his Mother never bore:  
But born of him, and yet aver  
His Father's Sons my Mother were.

9.

I am divorc'd, yet married still,  
With full Consent, against my Will.  
My Husband present is, yet gone.  
We differ much, yet still are one.

10.

He is the First, the Last, the All,  
Yet number'd up with Insects small.  
The first of all Things, yet alone  
The second of the great Three-One.

11.

Creature never could he be,  
Yet is a Creature strange I see;  
And own this uncreated one,  
The Son of Man, yet no Man's Son.

12.

He's omnipresent all may know;  
Yet never could be wholly so.  
His Manhood is not here and there,  
Yet he is God-man every where.

He

13.

He comes and goes, none can him trace,  
Yet never could he change his Place.  
But tho' he's good, and every where,  
No Good's in Hell, yet he is there.

14.

I by him, in him chosen was,  
Yet of the Choice he's not the Cause:  
For sov'reign Mercy ne'er was bought,  
Yet through his Blood a Vent it sought.

15.

In him concenter'd at his Death  
His Father's Love, his Father's Wrath,  
E'en he whom Passion never seiz'd,  
Was then most angry, when most pleas'd.

16.

Justice requir'd that he should die,  
Who yet was slain unrighteously;  
And died in Mercy and in Wrath,  
A lawful and a lawless Death.

17.

With him I neither liv'd nor dy'd,  
And yet with him was crucify'd.  
Law-Curses stopt his Breath, that he  
Might stop its Mouth from cursing me.

18.

'Tis now a thousand Years and more,  
Since Heav'n receiv'd him; yet I know,  
When he ascended up on high  
To mount the Throne, even so did I.

19.

Hence tho' Earth's Dunghill I embrace,  
I sit with him in heav'nly Place.  
In divers distant Orbs I move,  
Inthrall'd below, inthron'd above.

## S E C T. II.

*The Mystery of the Saint's Life, State, and Frame.*

I.

**M**Y Life's a Pleasure and a Pain,  
A real Loss, a real Gain;  
glorious Paradise of Joys,  
grievous Prison of Annoys.

2.

daily joy, and daily mourn,  
let daily wait the Tide's Return:  
Then Sorrow deep my Spirit cheers,  
joyful in a Flood of Tears.

3.

Good Cause I have still to be sad,  
Good Reason always to be glad.  
Hence still my Joys with Sorrows meet,  
and still my Tears are bitter-sweet.

4.

Am crost, and yet have all my Will,  
Am always empty, always full.  
Hunger now, and thirst no more,  
yet do more eager than before.

5.

With *Meat* and *Drink*, indeed I'm blest,  
yet feed on Hunger, drink on Thirst.  
My Hunger brings a plenteous Store,  
My Plenty makes me hunger more.

6.

Strange is the Place of my Abode,  
Well at Home, I dwell Abroad.  
Am not where all Men me see,  
yet where I never yet could be.

I'm

7.

I'm full of Hell, yet full of Heav'n,  
I'm still upright, yet still unev'n.  
Imperfect, yet a perfect Saint,  
I'm ever poor, yet never want.

8.

No mortal Eye sees God and lives,  
Yet Sight of him my Soul revives.  
I live best when I see most bright,  
Yet live by Faith and not by Sight.

9.

I'm lib'ral, yet have nought to spare,  
Most richly cloth'd, yet stript and bare.  
My Stock is risen by my Fall,  
For having Nothings, I have All.

10.

I'm sinful, yet I have no Sin;  
All spotted o'er, yet wholly clean.  
Blackness and Beauty both I share,  
A hellish Black, a heavenly Fair.

11.

They're of the Dev'l, who sin amain;  
But I'm of God, yet Sin retain:  
This Traitor vile the Throne assumes,  
Prevails yet never overcomes.

12.

I'm without Guile an *Isra'ite*,  
Yet like a guileful Hypocrite;  
Maintaining Truth in th'inward Part,  
With Falshood rooted in my Heart.

13.

Two Masters sure I cannot serve,  
But must from one regardless swerve;  
Yet Self is for my Master known,  
And *Jesus* is my Lord alone.

14.

seek myself incessantly,  
 yet daily do myself deny.  
 To me 'tis lawful evermore,  
 Myself to love and to abhor.

15.

Glad in this World I live, yet see  
 I'm dead to it, and it to me.  
 My Joy is endless, yet at best  
 Does hardly for a Moment last.

## S E C T. III.

*Mysteries about the Saints Work and Warfare, Sins,  
 Sorrows, and Joys.*

1.

THE Work is great I'm call'd unto,  
 Yet nothing's left for me to do:  
 Hence for my Work Heav'n has prepar'd,  
 No Wages, yet a great Reward.

2.

To Works, but not to working dead,  
 From Sin, but not from sinning freed;  
 I clear myself from no Offence,  
 Yet wash my Hands in Innocence.

3.

My Father's Anger burns like Fire,  
 Without a Spark of furious Ire:  
 Tho' still my Sins displeasing be,  
 Yet still I know he's pleas'd with me.

4.

Triumphing is my constant Trade,  
 Who yet am oft a Captive led?  
 My bloody War does never cease,  
 Yet I maintain a stable Peace.

My



5.

My Foes assaulting conquer me,  
Yet ne'er obtain the Victory ;  
For all my Battles lost or won,  
Were gain'd before they were begun.

6.

I'm still at Ease, and still oppress'd,  
Have constant Trouble, constant Rest :  
Both clear and cloudy, free and bound :  
Both dead and living, lost and found.

7.

Sin for my Good does work and win ;  
Yet 'tis not good for me to sin.  
My Pleasure issues from my Pain ;  
My Losses still increase my Gain.

8.

I'm heal'd even when my Plagues abound,  
Cover'd with Dust ev'n when I'm crown'd :  
As low as Death, when living high,  
Nor shall I live, yet cannot die.

9.

For all my Sins my Heart is sad,  
Since God's dishonour'd ; yet I'm glad,  
Tho' once I was a Slave to Sin,  
Since God does thereby Honour win.

10.

My Sins are ever in his Eye,  
Yet he beholds no Sin in me :  
His Mind that keeps them all in Store  
Will yet remember them no more.

11.

Because my Sins are great I feel,  
Great Fears of heavy Wrath ; yet still  
For Mercy seek, for Pardon wait,  
Because my Sins are very great.

I hop

12.

hope, when plung'd into Despair,  
tremble when I have no Fear.  
Pardons dispel my Griefs and Fears,  
And yet dissolve my Heart in Tears.

## S E C T. IV.

*Mysteries in Faith's Extractions, Way and Walk,  
Prayers and Answers, Heights and Depths, Fear  
and Love.*

1.

WITH Wasps and Bees my busy Bill,  
Sucks Ill from Good, and Good from Ill,  
Humil'ty makes my Pride to grow,  
And Pride aspiring lays me low.

2.

My Standing does my Fall procure,  
My Falling makes me stand more sure.  
My Poison does my Physick prove,  
My Enmity provokes my Love.

3.

My Poverty infers my Wealth,  
My Sickness issues in my Health:  
My Hardness tends to make me soft,  
And killing Things do cure me oft.

4.

While high Attainments cast me down,  
My deep Abasements raise me soon:  
My best Things oft have evil Brood,  
My worst Things work my greatest Good.

5.

My inward Foes that me alarm,  
Breed me much Hurt, yet little Harm:  
I get no Good by them, yet see  
To my chief Good they cause me flee.

They

6.

They reach to me a deadly Stroke,  
Yet send me to my living Rock.  
They make me long for *Canaan's Banks*,  
Yet sure I owe them little Thanks.

7.

I travel, yet stand firm and fast;  
I run, but yet I make no Haste.  
I take a Way both old and new,  
Within my Sight, yet out of View.

8.

My Way directs me in the Way,  
And will not suffer me to stray:  
Tho' high and out of Sight it be,  
I'm in the Way, the Way's in me.

9.

'Tis straight, yet full of Heights and Depths,  
I keep the Way, the Way me keeps.  
And being that to which I tend,  
My very Way's my Journey's End.

10.

When I'm in Company I groan,  
Because I then am most alone;  
Yet in my closest Secrecy,  
I'm joyful in my Company.

11.

I'm heard afar without a Noise,  
I cry without a lifted Voice:  
Still moving in Devotion's Sphere,  
Yet seldom steady persevere.

12.

I'm heard when answer'd soon or late,  
And heard when I no Answer get;  
Yea, kindly answer'd, when refus'd,  
And friendly treat when harshly us'd.

13.

My fervent Pray'rs ne'er did prevail,  
Nor e'er of Prevalency fail.  
I wrestle 'till my Strength be spent,  
Yet yield when strong Recruits are sent.

14.

I languish for my Husband's Charms,  
Yet faint away when in his Arms.  
My sweetest Health does Sickneſs prove;  
When Love me heals, I'm ſick of Love.

15.

I am moſt merry when I'm ſad;  
Moſt full of Sorrow when I'm glad;  
Moſt precious when I am moſt vile,  
And moſt at Home when in Exile.

16.

My baſe and honourable Birth  
Excites my Mourning and my Mirth.  
I'm poor, yet ſtock'd with untold Rent,  
Moſt weak and yet omnipotent.

17.

On Earth there's none ſo great and high,  
Nor yet ſo low and mean as I:  
None ſo fooliſh, or ſo wiſe;  
I ſo often fall, ſo often riſe.

18.

Seeing him I never ſaw,  
I ſerve without Fear, and yet with Awe:  
Tho' Love when perfect, Fear remove;  
I fear moſt I fear when moſt I love.

19.

All things are lawful unto me,  
Yet many Things unlawful be:  
I ſo ſome I perfect Hatred bear,  
Yet keep the Law of Love entire.

H

I'm

20.

I'm bound to love my Friends, but yet  
 I sin unless I do them hate :  
 I am oblig'd to hate my Foes,  
 Yet bound to love, and pray for those.

21.

Heart-Love to Man I'm call'd t' impart,  
 Yet God still calls for all my Heart,  
 I do him and his Service both,  
 By Nature love, by Nature loath,

## S E C T. V.

*Mysteries about Flesh and Spirit, Liberty and Bondage,  
 Life and Death.*

1.

**M**UCH like my Heart both false and true,  
 I have a Name both old and new.  
 No new Thing is beneath the Sun,  
 Yet all is new, and old Things gone.

2.

Tho' in my Flesh dwells no good Thing,  
 Yet *Christ* in me I joyful sing.  
 Sin I confers, and I deny,  
 For tho' I sin, it is not I.

3.

I sin against, and with my Will,  
 I'm innocent, yet guilty still.  
 Tho' fain I'd be the greatest Saint,  
 To be the least I'd be content.

4.

My Lowness may my Height evince,  
 I'm both a Beggar and a Prince.  
 With meanest Subjects I appear,  
 With Kings a Royal Sceptre bear.



5.

both unfetter'd and involv'd,  
 Law condemn'd, by Law absolv'd:  
 my Guilt condignly punish'd see,  
 yet I the guilty Wretch go free.

6.

my Gain did by my Loss begin;  
 my Righteousness commenc'd by Sin;  
 my perfect Peace by bloody Strife:  
 Life is my Death, and Death my Life.

7.

in (in this present Life I know)  
 Captive and a Freeman too;  
 and tho' my Death can't set me free,  
 will perfect my Liberty.

8.

am not worth one dusty Grain,  
 yet more than Worlds of golden Gain;  
 tho' worthless I myself indite,  
 yet shall as worthy walk in white.

## S E C T. VI.

*Mystery of free Justification thro' CHRIST's Obedience and Satisfaction.*

1.

N O Creature ever could or will  
 For Sin yield Satisfaction full;  
 yet Justice from the Creature's Hand,  
 hath sought and got its full Demand.

2.

since tho' I am, as well I know,  
 Debtor, yet I nothing owe.  
 my Creditor has nought to say,  
 yet never had I aught to pay.

3.  
He freely pardon'd every Mite,  
Yet would no single Farthing quit.  
Hence every Bliss that falls to me,  
Is dearly bought, yet wholly free.

4.  
All Pardon that I need, I have,  
Yet daily Pardon need to crave.  
The Law's Arrest keeps me in awe,  
But yet 'gainst me there is no Law.

5.  
Tho' Truth my just Damnation crave,  
Yet Truth's engag'd my Soul to save.  
My whole Salvation comes by this,  
Fair Truth and Mercy's mutual Kifs.

6.  
Law-Breakers ne'er its Curse have mist,  
But I ne'er kept it, yet am blest.  
I can't be justify'd by it,  
And yet it can't but me acquit.

7.  
I'm not oblig'd to keep it more,  
Yet more oblig'd than e'er before.  
By perfect doing Life I find,  
Yet *do* and *live* no more me bind.

8.  
These Terms no Change can undergo,  
Yet sweetly chang'd they are; for lo  
My *Doings* caus'd my *Life*, but now  
My *Life's* the Cause that makes me *do*.

9.  
Tho' *Works* of *Righteousness* I store,  
Yet *Righteousness* of *Works* abhor;  
For *Righteousness* without a Flaw,  
Is *Righteousness* without the Law. \*

10.

Duty's Way I'm bound to lie,  
 et out of Duty's bound to fly:  
 Hence Merit I renounce with Shame,  
 et right to Life by Merit claim.

11.

Merit of perfect Righteousness  
 never had, yet never miss:  
 In this Condition I have all,  
 et all is unconditional.

12.

Tho' freest Mercy I implore,  
 et I am safe on Justice score;  
 Which never could the Guilty free,  
 et fully clears most guilty me.

## S E C T. VII.

*The Mystery of God the Justifier, Rom. iii. 26. justified both in his Justifying and Condemning; or Soul-Justification and Self-Condemnation.*

1.

**M**Y Jesus needs not save, yet must;  
 He is my Hope, I am his Trust.  
 He paid the double Debt well-known,  
 to be all mine, yet all his own.

2.

Hence tho' I ne'er had more or less  
 of Justice-pleasing Righteousness,  
 et here is one wrought to my Hand,  
 as full as Justice can demand.

3.

Why this my Judge is more pleas'd,  
 than e'er my Sin his Honour læs'd.  
 For Justice can't be pleas'd so well,  
 by all the Torments born in Hell.

4.

Full Satisfaction here is such,  
As Hell can never yield so much;  
Tho' Justice therefore might me damn,  
Yet by more Justice sav'd I am.

5.

Here every divine Property  
Is to the highest set on high;  
Hence God his Glory would injure,  
If my Salvation were not sure.

6.

My Peace and Safety lie in this,  
My Creditor my Surety is.  
The Judgment-Day I dread the less,  
My Judge is made my Righteousness \*.

7.

He paid out for a Bankrupt-Crew,  
The Debt that to himself was due;  
And satisfy'd himself for me,  
When he did Justice satisfy.

8.

He to the Law, tho' Lord of it,  
Did most obediently submit.  
What he ne'er broke, and yet must die,  
I never kept, yet live must I.

9.

The Law which him its Keeper kill'd,  
In me its Breaker is fulfill'd;  
Yea magnify'd and honour'd more,  
Than Sin defac'd it e'er before.

10.

Hence tho' the Law condemn at large,  
It can lay nothing to my Charge;  
Nor find such Ground to challenge me,  
As Heaven hath found to justify.

\* 1. Cor. id 30.

11.

But tho' he freely me remit,  
 I never can myself acquit.  
 My Judge condemns me not, I grant,  
 Yet justify myself I can't.

12.

From him I have a Pardon got,  
 But yet myself I pardon not.  
 His rich Forgiveness still I have,  
 Yet never can myself forgive.

13.

The more he's toward me pleas'd,  
 The more I'm with myself displeas'd.  
 The more I am absolv'd by him,  
 The more I do myself condemn.

14.

When he in Heav'n dooms me to dwell,  
 Then I adjudge myself to Hell;  
 Yet still I to his Judgment 'gree,  
 And clear him for absolving me.

15.

Thus he clears me, and I him clear,  
 I justify my Justifier.  
 Let him condemn or justify,  
 From all Injustice I him free.

## S E C T. VIII.

*The Mystery of Sanctification imperfect in this Life; or  
 the Believer doing all and doing nothing.*

I.

**M**INE Arms embrace my God, yet I  
 Had never Arms to reach so high;  
 His Arm alone me holds, yet lo,  
 I hold and will not let him go.

H 4

I do



2.

I do according to his Call,  
And yet not I, but he does all;  
But tho' he works to will and do,  
I without Force work freely too.

3.

His Will and mine agree full well,  
Yet disagree like Heav'n and Hell.  
His Nature's mine, and mine is his,  
Yet so was never that nor this.

4.

I know him and his Name, yet own  
He and his Name can ne'er be known.  
His gracious Coming makes me do,  
I know he comes, yet know not how.

5.

I have no Good but what he gave,  
Yet he commends the Good I have.  
And tho' my Good to him ascends,  
My Goodness to him ne'er extends.

6.

I take hold of his Cov'nant free,  
But find it must take hold of me.  
I'm bound to keep it, yet 'tis Bail,  
And bound to keep me without fail.

7.

The Bond on my part cannot last,  
Yet on both Sides stands firm and fast,  
I break my Bands at every Shock,  
Yet never is the Bargain broke.

8.

Daily, alas! I disobey,  
Yet yield Obedience every Day.  
I'm an imperfect perfect Man,  
That can do all, yet nothing can.

9.

I'm from beneath, and from above,  
 A Child of Wrath, a Child of Love.  
 A Stranger e'en where all me know,  
 A Pilgrim, yet I no where go.

10.

I trade abroad, yet stay at home,  
 My Tabernacle is my Tomb.  
 I can be prison'd yet abroad;  
 A sound Hand and Foot, yet walk with God.

## S E C T. IX.

*The Mystery of various Names given to Saints : Or the  
 Flesh and Spirit described from inanimate Things,  
 Vegetables, and Sensitives.*

**T**O tell the World my proper Name,  
 Is both my Glory and my Shame :  
 For like my black but comely Face,  
 My Name is Sin, my Name is Grace.

2.

Most fitly I'm assimilate  
 To various Things inanimate :  
 A standing Lake, a running Flood,  
 A fixed Star, a passing Cloud.

3.

A Cake unturn'd, nor cold, nor hot ;  
 A Vessel sound, a broken Pot :  
 A rising Sun, a drooping Wing,  
 A flinty Rock, a flowing Spring.

4.

A rotten Beam, a virid Stem,  
 A menstruous Cloth, a royal Gem :  
 A Garden barr'd, an open Field,  
 A gliding Stream, a Fountain scal'd.

H 5

Of

.5.

Of various *Vegetables* see most here, *discreet* most  
 A fair and lively *Map* in me;  
 A fragrant *Rose*, a noisome *Weed*,  
 A rotting, yet immortal *Seed*.

.6.

I'm withering *Grass*, and growing *Corn*;  
 A pleasant *Plant*, an irksome *Thorn*;  
 An empty *Vine*, a fruitful *Tree*;  
 An humble *Shrub*, a *Cedar* high.

.7.

A noxious *Briar*, a harmless *Pine*;  
 A sapless *Twig*, a bleeding *Vine*;  
 A stable *Fir*, a pliant *Bush*,  
 A noble *Oak*, a naughty *Rush*.

.8.

With *Sensitives* I may compare,  
 While I their various *Natures* share:  
 Their distinct *Names* may justly sute  
 A strange, a reasonable *Brute*.

.9.

The sacred *Page* my *State* describes,  
 From volatile and reptile *Tribes*,  
 From ugly *Vipers*, beauteous *Birds*,  
 From soaring *Hosfs*, and swinish *Herd*s.

.10.

I'm rank'd with *Beasts* of diff'rent *Kinds*,  
 With spiteful *Tigers*, loving *Hinds*.  
 And *Creatures* of distinguish'd *Forms*,  
 With mounting *Eagles*, creeping *Worm*s.

.11.

A Mixture of each *Sort* I am,  
 A hurtful *Snake*, a harmless *Lamb*;  
 A tardy *Ass*, a speedy *Roe*;  
 A *Lion* bold, a tim'rous *Doe*.

A sloth

12.

A slothful Owl, a busy Ant,  
 A Dove to mourn, a Lark to chant;  
 And with less equals to compare,  
 An ugly Toad, an Angel fair.

## S E C T. X.

*The Mystery of the Saints old and new Man further  
 described; and the Means of their spiritual Life.*

1.

**T**Emptations breed me much annoy,  
 Yet divers such I count all Joy.  
 On Earth I see Confusions reel,  
 Yet Wisdom ordering all things well.

2.

I sleep, yet have a waking Ear,  
 I'm blind and deaf, yet see and hear:  
 Dumb, yet cry *Abba Father*, plain,  
 Born only once, yet born again.

3.

My Heart's a Mirrour dim and bright,  
 A Compound strange of Day and Night:  
 Of Dung and Diamonds, Dross and Gold,  
 Of Summer Heat, and Winter Cold.

4.

Down like a Stone I sink and dive,  
 Yet daily upward soar and thrive.  
 To Heav'n I flee, to Earth I tend,  
 Still better grow, yet never mend.

5.

My Heaven and Glory's sure to me,  
 Tho' thereof seldom sure I be:  
 Yet what makes me the surer is,  
 God is my Glory, I am his.

H 6

My

6.

My Life's expos'd to open View,  
 Yet closely hid, and known to few.  
 Some know my Place, and whence I came,  
 Yet neither whence, nor where I am.

7.

I live in Earth, which is not odd,  
 But lo, I also live in God;  
 A Spirit without Flesh and Blood,  
 Yet with them both to yield me Food.

8.

I live what others live upon,  
 Yet live I not on Bread alone;  
 But Food adapted to my Mind,  
 Bare Words, yet not on empty Wind.

9.

I'm no *Anthropophagite* rude,  
 Tho' fed with human Flesh and Blood,  
 But live superlatively fine,  
 My Food's all Spirit, all divine.

10.

I feast on Fulness Night and Day,  
 Yet pinch'd for Want I pine away.  
 My Leanness, Leanness, ah! I cry,  
 Yet fat and full of Sap am I.

11.

As all amphibious Creatures do,  
 I live in Land and Water too:  
 To Good and Evil equal bent:  
 I'm both a Devil and a Saint.

12.

To Duty seldom I adhere,  
 Yet to the End I persevere.  
 I die and rot beneath the Clod,  
 Yet live and reign as long as God.

S E C T



## S E C T. XI.

*The Mystery of CHRIST, his Names, Natures, and Offices.*

1.

**M**Y Lord appears, awake, my Soul,  
Admire his Name, *the Wonderful*,  
An infinite and finite Mind,  
Eternity and Time conjoin'd.

2.

The everlasting Father stil'd,  
Yet lately born, the Virgin's Child.  
Nor Father he, nor Mother had,  
Yet full with both Relations clad.

3.

His Titles differ and accord,  
As *David's Son*, and *David's Lord*.  
Through Earth and Hell how conquering rode  
The dying Man, the rising God!

4.

My Nature is Corruption doom'd;  
Yet when my Nature he assum'd,  
He nor on him (to drink the Brook)  
My Person nor Corruption took.

5.

Yet he assum'd my Sin and Guilt,  
For which the noble Blood was spilt.  
Great was the Guilt-o'erflowing Flood,  
The Creature's and Creator's Blood!

6.

The Chief of Chiefs amazing came,  
To bear the Glory and the Shame;  
Anointed Chief with Oil of Joy,  
Crown'd Chief with Thorns of sharp Annoy.

Lo,

7.

Lo, in his white and ruddy Face,  
Roses and Lilies strive for Place;  
The Morning Star, the rising Sun  
With equal Speed and Splendor run.

8.

How glorious is the Churches Head,  
The Son of God, the Woman's Seed!  
How searchless is his noble Clan,  
The first, the last, the second Man!

9.

With equal Brightness in his Face,  
Shines divine Justice, divine Grace;  
The jarring Glories kindly meet,  
Stern Vengeance, and Compassion sweet.

10.

God is a Spirit, seems it odd  
To sing aloud the Blood of God;  
Yea, hence my Peace and Joy result,  
And here my lasting Hope is built.

11.

Love through his Blood a Vent has sought,  
Yet divine Love was never bought:  
Mercy could never purchas'd be,  
Yet every Mercy purchas'd he.

12.

His triple Station bought my Peace,  
The Altar, Priest, and Sacrifice;  
His triple Office every thing,  
My Priest, my Prophet is, and King.

13.

This King, who only Man became,  
Is both the Lion and the Lamb;  
A King of Kings, and Kingdoms broad;  
A Servant both to Man and God.

Th

14.

This Prophet kind himself has set,  
To be my Book and Alphabet,  
And every needful Letter plain,  
*Alpha, Omega, and Amen.*

## S E C T. XII.

*The Mystery of the BELIEVER's mixed State further enlarged; and his getting Good out of Evil.*

1.

**B**Ehold, I'm all defil'd with Sin,  
Yet lo, all glorious am within.  
In *Egypt* and in *Goshen* dwell,  
Still moveless, and in Motion still.

2.

Unto the Name that most I dread,  
I flee with joyful Wings and Speed.  
My daily Hope does most depend,  
On him I daily most offend.

3.

All things against me are combin'd,  
Yet working for my Good, I find.  
I'm rich in midst of Poverties,  
And happy in my Miseries.

4.

Oft my Comforter sends me Grief,  
My Helper sends me no Relief.  
Yet herein my Advantage lies,  
That Help and Comfort he denies.

5.

As Seamsterns into Pieces cut  
The Cloth they into Form would put,  
He cuts me down to make me up,  
And empties me to fill my Cup.

I never

6.

I never can myself enjoy,  
 'Till he my woful Self destroy;  
 And most of all myself I am,  
 When most I do myself disclaim.

7.

I glory in Infirmities,  
 Yet daily am asham'd of these:  
 Yea, all my Pride gives up the Ghost,  
 When once I but begin to boast.

8.

My Chymistry is most exact,  
 Heav'n out of Hell I do extract:  
 This Art to me a Tribute brings  
 Of useful out of hurtful Things.

9.

I learn to draw Well out of Woe,  
 And thus to disappoint the Foe.  
 The Thorns that in my Flesh abide,  
 Do prick the Tympany of Pride.

10.

By wounding Foils the Field I win,  
 And Sin itself destroys my Sin:  
 My Lusts break on another's Pate,  
 And each Corruption kills its Mate.

11.

I *smell* the Bait, I *feel* the Harm  
 Of corrupt Ways, and take th'Alarm.  
 I *taste* the Bitterness of Sin,  
 And then to relish Grace begin.

12.

I *hear* the Fools profanely talk,  
 Thence Wisdom learn in Word and Walk:  
 I *see* them throng the Passage broad,  
 And learn to take the narrow Road.

S.E.C.T.

## S E C T. XIII.

*The Mystery of the Saints Adversaries and Adversities.*

**A** Lump of Woe Affliction is,  
 Yet thence I borrow Lumps of Bliss:  
 Tho' few can see a Blessing in't,  
 It is my Furnace and my Mint.

Its Sharpness does my Lusts dispatch;  
 Its Suddenness alarms my Watch.  
 Its Bitterness refines my Taste;  
 And weans me from the Creature's Breast.

Its Weightiness doth try my Back,  
 That Faith and Patience be not slack:  
 It is a fanning Wind, whereby  
 I am unchaff'd of Vanity.

A Furnace to refine my Grace,  
 A Wing to lift my Soul apace;  
 Hence still the more I sob distressed,  
 The more I sing my endless Rest.

Mine Enemies that seek my Hurt,  
 Of all their bad Designs come short;  
 They serve me duly to my Mind,  
 With Favours which they ne'er design'd.

The Fury of my Foes makes me,  
 Fast to my peaceful Refuge flee:  
 And every persecuting Elf  
 Does make me understand myself.

Their



7.

Their Slanders cannot work my Shame,  
 Their vile Reproaches raise my Name :  
 In Peace with Heav'n my Soul can dwell,  
 E'en when they damn me down to Hell.

8.

Their Fury can't the Treaty harm,  
 Their Passion does my Pity warm :  
 Their Madness only calms my Blood,  
 By doing Hurt, they do me Good.

9.

They are my sordid Slaves I wot,  
 My Drudges tho' they know it not :  
 They act to me a kindly Part  
 With little Kindness in their Heart.

10.

They sweep my outer House when foul,  
 Yea wash my inner Filth of Soul :  
 They help to purge away my Blot,  
 For *Moab* is my Washing-Pot.

## S E C T. XIV.

*The Mystery of the BELIEVER's Pardon and Security  
 from revenging Wrath, notwithstanding his Sin  
 Desert.*

1.

**I** Tho' from Condemnation free,  
 Find such Condemnables in me,  
 As makes more heavy Wrath my Due,  
 Than falls on all the damned Crew.

2.

But tho' my Crimes deserve the Pit,  
 I'm no more liable to it ;  
 Remission seal'd with Blood and Death,  
 Secures me from deserved Wrath.

An

3.

And having now a Pardon free,  
To Hell obnoxious cannot be,  
Nor to a Threat, except \* anent \* about,  
Paternal Wrath and Chastisement.

4.

My Soul may oft be fill'd indeed  
With slavish Fear and hellish Dread;  
This from my Unbelief does spring,  
My Faith speaks out some better Thing.

5.

Faith sees no legal Guilt again,  
Tho' Sin and its Desert remain:  
Some hidden Wonders hence result,  
I'm full of Sin, yet free of Guilt.

6.

Guilt is the legal Bond or Knot,  
That binds to Wrath and Vengeance hot;  
But Sin may be where Guilt's away,  
And Guilt where Sin could never stay.

7.

Guilt without any Sin has been,  
As in my Surety may be seen;  
The Elect's Guilt upon him came,  
Yet still he was the *Holy Lamb*.

8.

Sin without Guilt may likewise be,  
As may appear in pardon'd me:  
For tho' my Sin, alas! does stay,  
Yet Pardon takes the Guilt away.

9.

Thus freed I am, yet still involv'd,  
A guilty Sinner, yet absolv'd:  
Tho' Pardon leave no Guilt behind,  
Yet Sin's Desert remains I find.

Guilt

10.

Guilt and Demerit differ here,  
 Tho' oft their Names confounded are,  
 I'm guilty in *myself* always,  
 Since Sin's Demerit ever stays.

11.

Yet in my Head I'm always free  
 From proper Guilt affecting me;  
 Because my Surety's Blood cancell'd,  
 The Bond of Curses once me held.

12.

The Guilt that Pardon did divorce  
 From legal Threat'nings drew its Force;  
 But Sin's desert that lodges still,  
 Is drawn from Sin's intrinsic Ill.

13.

Where Guilt nought else but Sin's Desert,  
 Of Pardon I'd renounce my Part;  
 For were I now in Heaven to dwell,  
 I'd own my Sins deserved Hell.

14.

This does my highest Wonder move  
 At matchless justifying Love:  
 That thus secures from endless Death,  
 A Wretch deserving double Wrath.

15.

Tho' well my black Desert I know,  
 Yet I'm not liable to Woe:  
 While full and complete Righteousness,  
 Imputed for my Freedom is.

16.

Hence my *Security* from Wrath,  
 As firmly stands on *Jesus' Death*;  
 As does my *Title* unto Heaven,  
 Upon his great *Obedience* given.

17.

The Sentence Heaven did full pronounce,  
Has pardon'd all my Sins at once ;  
And e'en from future Crimes acquit,  
Before I could the Facts commit.

18.

I'm always in a pardon'd State  
Before and after Sin ; but yet  
That vainly I presume not hence,  
I'm seldom pardon'd to my Sense.

19.

Sin brings a *Vengeance*, on my Head,  
Tho' from avenging Wrath I'm freed,  
And tho' my Sins *all* pardon'd be,  
Their Pardon's not *apply'd* to me.

20.

Thus tho' I need no Pardon more,  
Yet need new Pardons every Hour,  
In point of Application free,  
Lord, wash anew, and pardon me.

## S E C T. XV.

*The Mystery of Faith and Sight, of which more,*  
Part vi. Chap. 4.

I.

**S**Trange Contradictions me befall,  
I can't believe unless I see ;  
Yet never can believe at all,  
'Till once I shut the seeing Eye.

2.

When Sight of sweet Experience  
Can give my Faith no helping Hand,  
The Sight of sound Intelligence  
Will give it ample Ground to stand.

I walk

3.

I walk by Faith, and not by Sight,  
 Yet *Knowledge* does my Faith resound,  
 (Which cannot walk but in the Light,)  
 E'en when Experience runs a-ground.

4.

By Knowledge my *discerning* Eye,  
 In divine Light the Object's shown;  
 By Faith I take, and close *apply*  
 The glorious Object as mine own.

5.

My Faith thus stands on divine Light,  
 Believing what it clearly sees;  
 Yet Faith is opposite to Sight;  
 Trusting its Ear, and not its Eyes.

6.

Faith list'ning to a sweet Report,  
 Still comes by Hearing, not by Sight;  
 Yet is not Faith of saving Sort,  
 But when it sees in divine Light.

7.

In Fears I spend my vital Breath,  
 In Doubts I waste my passing Years;  
 Yet still the Life I live is Faith,  
 The Opposite of Doubts and Fears.

8.

'Tween clearing Faith and clouding Sense,  
 I walk in Darkness and in Light.  
 I'm certain oft, when in Suspense,  
 While sure by Faith, and not by Sight.

SECT



## S E C T. XVI.

*The Mystery of Faith and Works, and Rewards of Grace and Debt.*

## I. OF FAITH and WORKS.

1.

**H**E that in *Word* offendeth not,  
Is call'd a perfect Man I wot ;  
Yet he whose *Thoughts* and *Deeds* are bad,  
The Law Perfection never had.

2.

I am design'd a perfect Soul,  
E'en tho' I never kept the whole,  
Nor any Precept ; for 'tis known,  
He breaks them all that breaks but one.

3.

By Faith I do *Perfection* claim,  
By Works I never grasp the Name :  
Yet without Works my Faith is nought,  
And thereby no Perfection brought.

4.

Works without Faith will never speed,  
Faith without Works is wholly dead :  
Yet I am justify'd by Faith,  
Which no Law-Works adjutant hath.

5.

Yea, Gospel-Works no Help can lend,  
Tho' still they do my Faith attend :  
Yet Faith by Works is *perfect* made,  
And by their Presence justify'd.

6.

But Works with Faith could never vye,  
And only Faith can justify :  
Yet still my justifying Faith,  
No justifying Value hath.

Lo

7.

Lo justifying Grace from Heav'n,  
Is foreign Ware, and freely given :  
And saving Faith is well content  
To be a mere Recipient.

8.

Faith's *active* in my Sanctity ;  
But here its Act it will deny,  
And frankly own it never went  
Beyond a *passive* Instrument.

9.

I labour much like holy *Paul*,  
And yet not I, but Grace does all :  
I try to spread my little Sails,  
And wait for powerful moving Gales.

10.

When Power's conveyed I work, but see  
'Tis still his Power that works in me.  
I am an Agent at his Call,  
Yet nothing am, for Grace is all.

## II. Of Rewards of Grace and Debt.

1.

**I**N all my Works I still regard  
The Recompense of full Reward ;  
Yet such my Working is withal,  
I look for no Reward at all.

2.

God's my Reward exceeding great,  
No lesser Heaven than this I wait :  
But where's the earning Work so broad,  
To set me up an Heir of God ?

3.

Rewards of Debt, Rewards of Grace,  
Are Opposites in every Case ;  
Yet sure I am they'll both agree,  
Most jointly in rewarding me.

4.

Tho' Hell's my just Reward for Sin,  
Heav'n as my just Reward I'll win.  
Both these my just Rewards I know,  
Yet truly neither of them so.

5.

Hell can't in Justice be my Lot,  
Since Justice Satisfaction got ;  
Nor Heav'n in Justice be my Share,  
Since Mercy only brings me there.

6.

Yet Heav'n is mine by solemn Oath,  
In Justice and in Mercy both :  
And God in *Christ* is all my Trust,  
Because he's merciful and just.

## CONCLUSION.

HERE is the Riddle, where's the Man  
Of Judgment to expound ?  
For *Masters* fam'd that cannot scan,  
In *Israel* may be found.

We justly these in Wisdom's List  
Establish'd Saints may call,  
Whose bitter-sweet Experience blest  
Can clearly grasp it all.

Some Babes in Grace may mint and mar,  
Yet aiming right succeed :  
But *Strangers* they in *Israel* are,  
Who not at all can read.

I

GOSPEL

Th



# GOSPEL SONNETS,

O R,

## SPIRITUAL SONGS.

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### PART IV.

*The BELIEVER'S LODGING and Inn  
while on Earth :*

---

O R,

*A Poem and Paraphrase upon Psal. lxxxiv.*

Verse 1. *How amiable are thy Tabernacles, O Lord  
of Hosts !*

**J***Ehovah*, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Sole Monarch of the universal Host,  
Whom the attendant Armies still revere,  
Which in bright Robes surround the higher Sphere  
Whose Sov'reign Empire sways the hellish Band  
Of ranked Legions in th'infernal Land :  
Who hold'st the Earth at thy unrivall'd Beck,  
And stay'st proud Forces with a humbling Check ;  
E'en thou whose Name commands an awful Dread  
Yet deigns to dwell with Man in very Deed.

O wh

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O what Refreshment fills the Dwelling-Place,  
Of thine exuberant unbounded Grace!  
Which with sweet Power does Joy and Praise extort,  
In Zion's Tents thine ever lov'd Resort.  
Where gladning Streams of Mercy from above,  
Make Souls brim-full of warm Seraphic Love.  
Of sweetest Odours all thy Garment smells,  
Thy dismal Absence proves a thousand Hells,  
But Heav'ns of Joy are where thine Honour dwells. }

Verse 2. *My Soul longeth, yea even fainteth, for the Courts of the Lord: My Heart and Flesh crieth out for the living God.*

Therefore on thee I center my Desire,  
Which vehemently bursts out in ardent Fire.  
Deprived, ah! I languish in my Plaint,  
My Bones are feeble, and my Spirits faint.  
My longing Soul pants to behold again,  
Thy Temple fill'd with thy Majestick Train.  
These Palaces with heav'nly Odour strew'd,  
And Regal Courts, where Zion's King is view'd:  
To see the Beauty of the Highest One,  
Upon his holy Mount, his lofty Throne:  
Whence Virtue running from the living Head,  
Restores the Dying, and revives the Dead.  
For him, my Heart with Cries repeated sounds,  
To which my Flesh with Echoes loud rebounds;  
For him, for him, who Life in Death can give;  
For him, for him, whose sole Prerogative,  
From, and to, Eternity to live. }

Verse 3. *Yea the Sparrow hath found an House, and the Swallow a Nest for herself, where she may lay her young; even thine Altars, O Lord of Hosts, my King and my God.*

as! How from thy lovely Dwellings I,  
Am banish'd do the happy Birds envy;



Which choosing thy high Altars for their Nest,  
 On Rafter of thy Tabernacle rest.  
 Here dwells the *Sparrow* of a chirping Tongue,  
 And here the *Swallow* lays her tender young :  
 Faint Sacrilege ! they seize the sacred Spot,  
 And seem to glory o'er my absent Lot :  
 Yet sure I have more special Right to thee,  
 Than all the brutal Hosts of Earth and Sea ;  
 That Sov'reign at whose Government they bow,  
 Is wholly mine by his eternal Vow ;  
 My King to rule my Heart, and quell my Foes,  
 My God t'extract my Well from present Woes,  
 And crown with endless Glory at the Close.

Verse 4. *Blessed are they that dwell in thy House, that will be still praising thee.*

O happy they that haunt thy House below,  
 And to thy Royal Sanctuary flow :  
 Not for itself, but for the glorious One,  
 Who there inhabits his erected Throne.  
 Others pass by, but here their Dwelling is ;  
 O happy People crown'd with Bays of Bliss !  
 Blest with the splendid Lustre of his Face,  
 Blest with the high melodious Sound of Grace,  
 That wakens Souls into a sweet Amaze,  
 And turns their Spirits to a Harp of Praise ;  
 Which loudly makes the lower Temple ring,  
 With *Hallelujahs* to the mighty King :  
 And thus they antedate the nobler Song  
 Of that celestial and triumphant Throng,  
 Who warble Notes of Praise Eternity along.

Ver. 5. *Blessed is the Man whose Strength is in thee*  
 What Weights of Bliss their happy Shoulders load  
 Whose Strength lies treasur'd in a potent God ?  
 Self-drained Souls, yet flowing to the Brim,  
 Because void in themselves, but full in him.

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*Adam* the First discuss'd their Stock of Strength,  
 The Second well retriev'd the Sum at length :  
 Who keep't himself, a surer Hand indeed,  
 To give not as they list, but as they need,  
 When raging Furies threaten sudden Harms,  
 He then extends his everlasting Arms ;  
 When Satan drives his pointed fiery Darts,  
 He gives them Courage and undaunted Hearts,  
 To quell his deadly Force with divine Skill,  
 And adds new Strength to do their Sov'reign's Will.  
 When sore harras'd by some outrageous Lust,  
 He levelling its Power unto the Dust, }  
 Makes Saints to own him worthy of their Trust. }

Verse 6. *In whose Hearts are the Ways of them, who  
 passing through the Valley of Baca, make it a Well ;  
 the Rain also filleth the Pools.*

Such Heav'n-born Souls are not to Earth confin'd,  
 Truth's Highway fills their elevated Mind :  
 They bound for Zion, press with forward Aim,  
 As *Israel's* Males to old *Jerusalem*,  
 Their holy Path lies through a parched Land,  
 Through Oppositions num'rous and grand.  
 Traversing scorched Desarts, ragged Rocks,  
 And *Baca's* wither'd Vale like thirsty Flocks ;  
 Yet with unshaken Vigour homeward go,  
 Not mov'd by all opposing Harms below.  
 They digging Wells on this *Gilboa* Top,  
 The Vale of *Achor* yields a Door of Hope ;  
 For Heaven in Plenty does their Labour crown,  
 By making silver Showers to trickle down :  
 Till empty Pools imbibe a pleasant Fill,  
 And weary Souls are hearten'd up the Hill, }  
 By massy Drops of Joy which down distil. }

Verse 7. *They go from Strength to Strength, every one of them appeareth in Zion before God.*

Thus they refreshed by superior Aid,  
Are not defatigated nor dismay'd,  
Because they are, O Truth of awful Dread!  
As potent as *Jehovah* in their Head.  
Hence they shall travel with triumphant Minds,  
In spite of ragged Paths and boist'rous Winds.  
The roughest Ways their Vigour ne'er abates,  
Each new Assault their Strength redintegrates.  
When they, through mortal Blows seem to give o'er,  
Their Strength but intermitting gathers more.  
And thus they with unweary'd Zeal endu'd,  
Still as they journey have their Strength renew'd.  
So glorious is the Race that once begun,  
Each one contends his Fellow to out-run:  
'Till all uniting in a glorious Band,  
Before the Lamb's high Throne adoring stand,  
And harp his lofty Praise in Zion Land.

Verse 8. *O Lord God of Hosts hear my Prayer, give Ear, O God of Jacob.*

Great God of numerous Hosts, who reigns alone  
The sole Possessor of th'Imperial Throne;  
Since mental Tastes of thy delicious Grace,  
So sweetly relish in thy holy Place:  
'This is the Subject of my tabled Pray'r,  
To have the Vision of thy Glory there.  
O let my Cry pierce the ethereal Frame,  
And Mercy's Echo follow down the same.  
Omniscient Being, favour my Desire,  
Hide not thy Goodness in paternal Ire:  
Why thou hast given in an eternal Band,  
To *Jacob* and his Seed thy Royal Hand,  
And promis'd by thy sacred Deity,  
His King and covenanted God to be,  
Therefore my Hopes are center'd all in thee.

Verse 9. *Behold, O God our Shield, and look upon the Face of thine Anointed.*

Omnipotent, whose Armour none can wield,  
 Zion's great Buckler and defensive Shield;  
 Thy pure untainted Eyes cannot behold  
 Deformed Mortals in their sinful Mold;  
 Unless their Names be graved on the Breast  
 Of Zion's holy consecrated Priest.  
 When they his white and glorious Garment wear,  
 Then Sin and Guilt both wholly disappear:  
 Because o'erwhelmed in the crimson Flood,  
 And Ocean of a dying Surety's Blood;  
 They also, vested with his radiant Grace,  
 Reflect the Lustre of his holy Face.  
 They're not themselves now, but divinely trim;  
 For wholly what they are, they are in him:  
 And hence *Jehovah's* all-discerning Eye  
 Cannot in them espy Deformity;  
 Then look on him, Lord, and in him on me. }

Verse 10. *For a Day in thy Courts is better than a Thousand: I had rather be a Door-keeper in the House of my God, than dwell in the Tents of Wickedness.*

May I possess as thy domestick Child,  
 The House that by *Jehovah's* Name is stil'd:  
 For Royal Glories deck these Courts of thine,  
 Which with majestick Rays so brightly shine,  
 That should my Mind present an Earth of Gold,  
 As full of worldly Joys as Earth can hold;  
 Sweet Grace so fills thy House, I'd grudge to spare  
 One Moment here, for thousand Ages there.  
 No earthly Object shall my Love confine,  
 That Being which possesses all is mine:  
 My Spirit therefore rather would embrace  
 The meanest Office in his holy Place,



And by the Threshold of his House within,  
 Than sit in Splendor on a Throne of Sin.  
 In *Jesus*' Courts I'd choose the lowest Place,  
 At his Saints Feet, so I might see his Face,  
 Yea, tho' my Lamp of outward Peace should burn  
 Most brightly, yet I would incessant mourn,  
 While in a wicked *Meshech* I sojourn.

Verse II. *For the Lord God is a Sun and Shield: he will give Grace and Glory; and no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.*

For God the Lord, whose Courts I love to haunt,  
 Is every Thing that empty Souls can want:  
 A Sun for Light, a Shield for Strength; yea more,  
 On Earth he gives his Grace, in Heav'n his Glore.  
 This radiant Sun of Life and Light the Source,  
 Scatters the Shades by's circum-ambient Course;  
 Yea, guides bemisted Souls with heartsome Beams,  
 And gloriously irradiating Gleams.  
 This massy Shield is polish'd bright with Pow'r,  
 For helping Weaklings in a perilous Hour.  
 Here's all that weary Trav'lers would have,  
 A Sun to cherish, and a Shield to save.  
 Grace also here is given t'adorn the Soul,  
 And yield to Glory in the heavenly Pole.  
 All divine Treasure to the Saint is due,  
 Nothing's deny'd, if Truth itself be true.  
 The Treasure is so vast it can't be told,  
 Nothing that God can give, will God withhold.  
 To whom he doth his saving Grace impart,  
 To them he gives himself, his Hand, his Heart:  
 Uprightness too of Heart and Life does fall  
 Unto their Share, who having him, have all.  
 In them the Grace he gives, he still regards,  
 Gives Holiness, and then his Gift rewards.



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For to his own upright and divine Brood,  
He's bound to grant e'en all that's great and good, }  
By's own sure Word, firm Oath, and sacred Blood. }

Verse 12. *O Lord God of Hosts, blessed is the Man,  
that trusteth in thee.*

O then *Jehovah*, God of Armies strong,  
To whom the Pow'rs of Earth and Heav'n belong.  
How vastly blessed is the fixed Man,  
Who by a firm fiducial Boldness can,  
Thro' Grace and Strength dispensed from above,  
So sweetly scan the Height of divine Love,  
As to derive his Comfort wholly thence,  
And on this Rock to found his Confidence?  
Whose Faith has rear'd up for a firm Abode,  
A stable Building on a living God.  
Who spoil'd of human Props both great and small,  
Does choose a triun Deity for all.  
What Scrolls of Bliss are in this *all* inroll'd,  
Is too sublime for Seraphs to unfold:  
Sift human Wisdom in a deep Amaze,  
Let rapid Floods of Life his Glory raise, }  
'Till Time be drown'd in his eternal Praise. }



Exercise for the BELIEVER in his Lodging,  
four-fold.

I. *The HOLY LAW,*

Or the Ten Commandments, *Exod. xx. 3, &c.*

1. **N**O God but me thou shalt adore.
2. **N**O Image frame to bow before.
3. My holy Name take not in vain.
4. My sacred Sabbath don't profane.

5. To Parents render due Respect.
  6. All Murder shun, and Malice check.
  7. From Filth and Whoredom base abstain.
  8. From Theft and all unlawful Gain.
  9. False Witness flee, and slandering Spite.
  10. Nor covet what's thy Neighbour's Right.
- 

## 2. *The UNHOLY HEART.*

The direct Opposite to God's Law, *Rom. vii. 14.*  
 Or the Knowledge of Sin by the Law, *Rom. iii. 20.*

1. **M**Y Heart's to many Gods a Slave.
  2. **M** Of Imagery an hideous Cave.
  3. An Hoard of God-dishon'ring Crimes.
  4. A Waster base of holy Times.
  5. A Throne of Pride and Self-Conceit.
  6. A Slaughter-house of Wrath and Hate.
  7. A Cage of Birds and Thoughts unclean,
  8. A Den of Thieves and Frauds unseen.
  9. An Heap of Calumnies unspent.
  10. A Gulph of Greed and Discontent.
- 

## *The GLORIOUS GOSPEL.*

Or *Christ* the End of the Law for Righteousness,  
*Rom. x. 4.*

And the absolute Need of this Remedy infer'd  
 from the Premises.

**H**ENCE I conclude, and clearly see  
 There's by the Law no Life for me ;  
 Which damns each Soul to endless Thrall,  
 Whose Heart and Life fulfils not all.  
 What shall I do ; unless for Bail,  
 I from the Law to Grace appeal ?

She reigns through *Jesus*' Righteousness,  
Which giving Justice full Redress;  
On Grace's Door this Motto grav'd,  
*Let Sin be damn'd, and Sinners sav'd.*

O Wisdom's deep mysterious Way!

Lo, at this Door I'll waiting stay,

'Till Sin and Hell both pass away.

But in this Bliss to shew my Part,

Grant, through thy Law grav'd in my Heart,

My Life may shew thy graving Art.

#### 4. *The PRAYER of FAITH.*

Which may be conceived in the following Words of  
a certain Author.

*SUM tuus in Vita, tua sunt mea funera, Christe;  
Da precor Imperii Sceptra tenere tui.*

*Cur, etenim, moriens, tot Vulnera sæva tulisti,  
Si non sum Regni Portio parva tui?*

*Cur rigido latuit tua Vita inclusa sepulchro,*

*Si non est mea Mors Morte fugata tua?*

*Ergo mihi certam præstes, O Christe Salutem;*

*Meque tuo lotum Sanguine Christe juva.*

*Which may be thus Englished;*

*Jesus, I'm thine in Life and Death,*

O let me conqu'ring hold thy Throne.

Why shar'd the Cross thy vital Breath,

If not to make me share thy Crown?

Why laid in Jail of cruel Grave,

If not thy Death from Death me free?

Then, Lord, insure the Bliss I crave,

Seal'd with thy Blood, and succour me.

G O S P E L



GOSPEL SONNETS,  
O R,  
SPIRITUAL SONGS.

---

PART V.

*The BELIEVER'S SOLILOQUY; especially in Times of Desertion, Temptation, Affliction, &c.*

---

SECT. I.

*The deserted BELIEVER longing for perfect Freedom from Sin.*

I.

A H mournful Case ! what can afford  
Contentment, when an absent Lord  
Will now his Kindness neither prove,  
By Smiles of Grace, nor Lines of Love ?

2.

What Heart can joy, what Soul can sing,  
While Winter over-runs the Spring ?  
I die, yet can't my Death condole :  
Lord, save a dying, drooping Soul.

3.

In Pain, yet unconcern'd, I live,  
And languish when I should believe.  
Lord, if thou cease to come and stay,  
My Soul in Sin will pine away.

4.

In Sin, whose Ill no Tongue can tell,  
To live is Death, to die is Hell :  
O save, if not from Thrall's Arrest,  
Yet save me, Lord, from Sin at least.

5.

This for his Merit's Sake I seek,  
Whose Blood and Wounds do Mercy speak ;  
Who left the Rank of glorious Choirs,  
And heav'nly Flowers for earthly Briars.

6.

Our *Samson* took an holy Nap  
Upon our feeble Nature's Lap :  
He wand'ring in a Pilgrim's Weed,  
Did taste our Grievs, to help our Need.

7.

Earth's Fury did upon him light,  
How black was *Herod's* cruel Spite !  
Who to be sure of murd'ring one,  
Left he be spar'd did pity none !

8.

Hell hunts the Babe a few Days old,  
That came to rifle *Satan's* Fold :  
All Hands pursu'd him e'en to Death,  
That came to save from Sin and Wrath.

9.

O Mercy ! Ignorant of Bounds !  
Which all created Thought confounds ;  
He ran outright a saving Race,  
For them that unto Death him chase.

O Sin !



10.

O Sin ! how heavy is thy Weight,  
That press'd the glorious God of Might !  
'Till prostrate on the freezing Ground,  
He sweat his clotted Blood around.

11.

His Hand the pond'rous Globe does prop,  
This Weight ne'er made him sweat a Drop :  
But when Sin's Load upon him lies,  
He falls and sweats, and groans and dies.

12.

Alas ! if God sink under Sin,  
How shall the Man that dies therein ?  
How deeply down, when to the Load,  
He adds the slighted Blood of God ?

13.

Lord, let thy Fall my Rise obtain,  
Thy grievous Shame my Glory gain ;  
Thy Cross my lasting Crown procure,  
Thy Death my endless Life insure.

14.

O send me down a Draught of Love,  
Or take me hence to drink above :  
Here *Marah's* Water fills my Cup,  
But there all Griefs are swallow'd up.

15.

Love here is scarce a faint Desire,  
But there the Spark's a flaming Fire.  
Joys here are Drops that passing flee,  
But there an ever-flowing Sea.

16.

My Faith that sees so darkly here,  
Will there resign to Vision clear :  
My Hope that's here a weary Groan,  
Will to Fruition yield the Throne.

Here

17.

Here Fetters hamper Freedom's Wing,  
But there the Captive is a King :  
And Grace is like a bury'd Seed,  
But Sinners there are Saints indeed.

18.

My Portion's here a Crumb at best,  
But there the Lamb's eternal Feast :  
My Praise is now a smother'd Fire,  
But then I'll sing and never tire.

19.

Now dusky Shadows cloud my Day,  
But then the Shades will flee away :  
My Lord will break the dimming Glass,  
And shew his Glory Face to Face.

20.

My num'rous Foes now beat me down,  
But then I'll wear the Victor's Crown ;  
Yet all the Revenues I'll bring,  
To Zion's everlasting King.

## S E C T. II.

*The deserted Believer's Prayer under Complaints of Unbelief, Darknefs, Deadnefs, and Hardnefs.*

I.

WHAT means this wicked wand'ring Heart ?  
This trembling Ague of my Soul ?  
Would *Jesus* but a Look impart,  
One look from him would make me whole.

2.

But will he turn to me his Face,  
From whom he justly did withdraw ?  
To me who slighted all that Grace,  
I in my past Experience saw.

Lord,

3.

Lord, for thy Promise sake return,  
Apply thy pard'ning, cleansing Blood,  
Look down with Pity on a Worm,  
With Cov'nant-Mercy do me Good.

4.

When thy free Sp'rit the Word applies,  
And kindly tells me thou art mine,  
My faithless sinking Heart replies,  
Ah ! Lord ! I wish I could be thine.

5.

My Faith's so nighted in my Doubts,  
I cast the offer'd Good away,  
And lose by raising vain Disputes  
The wonted Blessings of the Day.

6.

Was e'er one press'd with such a Load,  
Or pierc'd with such an unseen Dart ?  
To find at once an absent God,  
And yet, alas ! a careless Heart.

7.

Such Grief as mine a griefless Grief,  
Did ever any Mortal share ?  
An hopeless Hope, a lifeless Life,  
Or such unwonted careless Care ?

8.

'Tis sad, Lord ! when for Night's Solace  
Nor Moon, nor starry Gleams appear ;  
Yet worse when in this dismal Case,  
My Heart is harden'd from thy Fear.

9.

It wan't because no Showers did flow  
Of heavenly Manna at my Door ;  
But by my Folly I'm into  
A worse Condition than before.

10.

Come, Lord, with greater Power, for why,  
Mine sure is not a common Case;  
Thou offer'st to unvail, yet I  
Do scarce incline to see thy Face.

11.

Such languid, faint Desires I feel,  
Within this wicked stupid Heart;  
I should, I would, but that I will  
I hardly dare with Truth assert.

12.

O to be free of that vile Wrack,  
That basely keeps me from my God:  
I flee from thee, Lord, bring me back  
By tender Love or by thy Rod.

13.

In Paths of Righteousness direct,  
New Proofs of thy Remission give:  
Then of thy Name I'll mention make,  
With grateful Praises while I live.

14.

On Banks of Mercy's boundless Deep,  
With sweeter Ease I'll soar and sing;  
Than Kings of feather'd Hosts, that sweep  
The oozy Shore with easy Wing.

15.

But if thy Mind omniscient know,  
I'm for this absent Bliss unfit,  
Give Grace to hate my Sins, and to  
Their righteous Punishment submit.

16.

But let me ne'er thy Spirit lack,  
That by his Aid my Prayers may come  
Before him, who can wisely make  
E'en Distance lead his People home.

17.

Deep Wisdom can my Soul prepare,  
By present Woes for absent Bliss.  
By acid Grievs that now I share,  
He can convey the Joys I miss.

18.

Who all from Nothing's Womb disclos'd,  
Can make th' amazing Product cease ;  
With him our Order is confus'd,  
By him Confusion brings forth Peace.

19.

Then Lord, ne'er let me basely spurn  
Against thy searchless unknown Ways ;  
But magnify thy Work, and turn  
My Groans and Murmurs into Praise.

20.

Let me submissive while I live,  
Thy awful Justice own with Fear :  
Yet pensive let me never grieve  
Thy tender Mercy by Despair.

21.

Since tho' by Sin I foully swerv'd,  
And lewdly from my Glory fell,  
I'm chasten'd here, and not reserv'd  
To feel the Weight of Sin in Hell.

22.

Thy high Right-hand's once joyful Days,  
In my Distress I'll call to mind :  
And own that all thy darkest Ways  
Will clearly prove thee good and kind.



## S E C T. III.

*The BELIEVER wading through Deeps of Desertion and Corruption.*

I.

LORD, when thy Face thou hid'st  
And leav'st me long to plore,  
faithless doubt of all thou didst  
And wrought'st for me before.

2.

No Marks of Love I find,  
No Grains of Grace, but Wracks;  
No Track of Heaven is left behind,  
No Groan, no smocking Flax.

3.

But say, if all the Gusts  
And Grains of Love be spent,  
say, farewell Christ, and welcome Lusts;  
Stop, Stop, I melt, I faint.

4.

Lord, yet thou hast my Heart,  
This Bargain black I hate,  
dare not, cannot, will not part  
With Thee at such a Rate.

5.

Once, like a Father good,  
Thou didst with Grace perfume;  
Fast thou a Father to conclude  
With dreadful Judge's Doom.

6.

confirm thy former Deed,  
Reform what is defil'd,  
was, I am, I'll still abide  
Thy Choice, thy Charge, thy Child.

Love-

7.

Love-Seals thou didst impart,  
 Lockt up in Mind I have;  
 Hell cannot raze out of my Heart,  
 What Heaven did there engrave.

8.

Thou once didst make me whole  
 By thy Almighty Hand;  
 Thou mad'st me vow and gift my Soul;  
 Both Vow and Gift shall stand.

9.

But since my Folly gross  
 My joyful Cup did spill,  
 Make me the Captive of thy Cross,  
 Submissive to thy Will.

10.

Self, in myself I hate,  
 That's Matter of my Groan;  
 Nor can I rid me from the Mate,  
 That causes me to moan.

11.

O frail, unconstant Flesh!  
 Soon trapt in every Gin;  
 Soon turn'd, o'eturn'd, and so afresh  
 Plung'd in the Gulf of Sin.

12.

Shall I be Slave to Sin,  
 My Lord's most bloody Foe?  
 I feel its powerful Sway within,  
 How long shall it be so?

13.

How long, Lord, shall I stay?  
 How long in *Meshech* here?  
 Dishonouring thee from Day to Day,  
 Whose Name's to me so dear.

14.

While Sin, Lord, breeds my Grief,  
And makes me sadly pine ;  
With Blinks of Grace O grant Relief,  
Till Beams of Glory shine.

---

## S E C T. IV.

*Complaint of Sin, Sorrow, and Want of Love.*

1.

I F black Doom by Desert should go,  
Then, Lord, my due Desert is Death ;  
Which robs from Souls immortal Joy,  
And from their Bodies mortal Breath.

2.

But in so great a Saviour,  
Can e'er so base a Worm's Annoy  
Add any Glory to thy Power,  
Or any Gladness to thy Joy ?

3.

Thou justly may'st me doom to Death,  
And everlasting Flames of Fire ;  
But on a Wretch to pour thy Wrath,  
Can never sure be worth thine Ire.

4.

Since *Jesus* the Atonement was,  
Let tender Mercy me release ;  
Let him be Umpire of my Cause,  
And pass the gladsome Doom of Peace.

5.

Let Grace forgive and Love forget  
My base, my vile Apostasy ;  
And temper thy deserved Hate  
With Love and Mercy toward me.

Wh

The

6.

The ruffling Winds and raging Blasts,  
Hold me in constant cruel Chace ;  
They break my Anchors, Sails, and Masts,  
Allowing no reposing Place.

7.

The boist'rous Seas with swelling Floods,  
On every side against me fight.  
Heav'n overcast with stormy Clouds,  
Dims all the Planets' guiding Light.

8.

The hellish Furies lie in wait  
To win my Soul into their Power :  
To make me bite at every Bait,  
And thus my killing Bane devour.

9.

I lie inchain'd in Sin and Thrall,  
Next Border unto black Despair ;  
'Till Grace restore and of my Fall,  
The doleful Ruins all repair.

10.

My hov'ring Thoughts would flee to Glore,  
And nestle safe above the Sky ;  
Fain would my tumbling Ship ashore  
At that sure Anchor quiet lie.

11.

But mounting Thoughts are haled down  
With heavy Poise of corrupt Load ;  
And blust'ring Storms deny with Frown  
An Harbour of secure Abode.

12.

To drown the Wight that wakes the Blast,  
Thy Sin-subduing Grace afford ;  
The Storm might cease, could I but cast  
This troublous *Jonah* over-board.

13.

Base Flesh with fleshly Pleasures gain'd,  
Sweet Grace's kindly Suit declines ;  
When Mercy courts me for its Friend,  
Anon my sordid Flesh repines.

14.

Soar up, my Soul, to *Tabor* Hill,  
Cast off this loathsome pressing Load ;  
Long is the Date of thine Exile,  
While absent from thy Lord, thy God.

15.

Dote not on earthly Weeds and Toys,  
Which do not, cannot suit thy Taste :  
The Flowers of everlasting Joys  
Grow up apace for thy Repast.

16.

With that the glorious God above  
In *Jesus* bears a Love to thee ;  
How base, how brutish is thy Love  
Of any Being less than he ?

17.

Who for thy Love did choose thy Grief,  
Content in Love to live and die :  
Who lov'd thy Love more than his Life,  
And with his Life thy Love did buy.

18.

Since then the God of richest Love  
With thy poor Love enamour'd is ;  
How high a Crime will thee reprove,  
If not enamour'd deep with his ?

19.

Since on the verdant Field of Grace,  
His Love does thine so hot pursue ;  
Let Love meet Love with chaste Embrace,  
Thy Mite a thousand-fold is due.



20.

Rise, Love, thou early Heaven, and sing,  
 Young little Dawn of endless Day:  
 I'll on thy mounting fiery Wing  
 In joyful Raptures melt away.

## S E C T. V.

*The deserted Soul's Prayer for the Lord's gracious and  
 Sin-subduing Presence.*

1.

**K**IND *Jesus*, come in Love to me,  
 And make no longer stay;  
 Or else receive my Soul to thee,  
 That breathes to be away.

2.

A Lazar at thy Gate I lie,  
 As well it me becomes,  
 For Childrens Bread asham'd to cry,  
 O grant a Dog the Crumbs.

3.

My Wounds and Rags my Need proclaim,  
 Thy needful Help insure:  
 My Wounds bear witness that I'm lame,  
 My Rags that I am poor.

4.

Thou many at thy Door dost feed,  
 With Mercy when distressed;  
 O wilt thou not shew an Alms-Deed  
 To me among the rest?

5.

None else can give my Soul Relief,  
 None else can ease my Moan,  
 But he whose Absence is my Grief:  
 All other Joys be gone.

6.

How can I cease from sad Complaint?  
How can I be at Rest?  
My Mind can never be content  
To want my noble Guest.

7.

Drop down, mine Eyes, and never tire,  
Cease not on any Terms,  
Until I have my Heart's Desire,  
My Lord within mine Arms.

8.

My Heart, my Hand, my Spirits fail,  
When hiding off he goes;  
My Flesh, my Foes, my Lusts prevail,  
And work my daily Woes.

9.

When shall I see that glorious Sight  
Will all my Sins destroy?  
That Lord of Love, that Lamp of Light,  
Will banish all Annoy?

10.

Could I but from sinning cease,  
And wait on *Pisgah's* Hill,  
Until I see him Face to Face,  
Then should my Soul be still.

11.

But since Corruption cleaves to me,  
While I in *Kedar* dwell;  
Give me leave to long for thee,  
For Absence is a Hell.

12.

My Glory should be dear to me,  
Who me so dear hast bought:  
Save from rendring Ill to thee,  
For Good which thou hast wrought.

K

With

Ho

13.

With Fear I crave, with Hope I cry,  
 Oh promis'd Favour send;  
 Be thou Thyself, tho' Changeling I  
 Ungratefully offend.

14.

Out of the way remove the Lets,  
 Cleanse this polluted Den;  
 Tender my Suits, cancel my Debts,  
 Sweet Jesus, say Amen.

## S E C T. VI.

*The Song of Heaven desired by Saints on Earth.*

1.

**A**URORA veils her rosy Face,  
 When brighter Phœbus takes her Place;  
 So Glad will Grace resign her Room,  
 To Glory in the heav'nly Home.

2.

Happy the Company that's gone  
 From Cross to Crown, from Thrall to Throne;  
 How loud they sing upon the Shore,  
 To which they sail'd in Heart before!

3.

Blest are the Dead, yea saith the Word,  
 That die in Christ the living Lord;  
 And on the other side of Death,  
 Thus joyful spend their praising Breath:

4.

“ Death from all Death has set us free,  
 “ And will our Gain for ever be;  
 “ Death loos'd the massy Chains of Woe,  
 “ To let the mournful Captives go.

“ Dea

5.

Death is to us a sweet Repose ;  
The Bud was op' to shew the Rose :  
The Cage was broke to let us fly,  
And build our happy Nest on high.

6.

Lo, here we do triumphant reign,  
And joyful sing in lofty Strain :  
Lo, here we rest, and love to be,  
Enjoying more than Faith could see.

7.

The thousandth Part we now behold,  
By mortal Tongues was never told ;  
We got a Taste, but now above,  
We forage in the Fields of Love.

8.

Faith once stole down a distant Kiss,  
Now Love cleaves to the Cheek of Bliss :  
Beyond the Fears of more Mishap  
We gladly rest in Glory's Lap.

9.

Earth was to us a Seat of War,  
In Thrones of Triumph now we are.  
We long'd to see our *Jesus* dear,  
And sought him there, but find him here.

10.

We walk in White without Annoy,  
In glorious Galleries of Joy ;  
And crown'd with everlasting Bays,  
We rival *Cherubs* in their Praise.

11.

No longer we complain of Wants,  
We see the glorious King of Saints  
Midst his joyful Hosts around,  
With all the divine Glory crown'd.

12.

“ We see him at his Table-Head  
 “ With living Water, living Bread,  
 “ His chearful Guests incessant load  
 “ With all the Plenitude of God.

13.

“ We see the holy flaming Fires,  
 “ Cherubic and Seraphic Quires;  
 “ And gladly join with these on high,  
 “ To warble Praise eternally.

14.

“ Glory to God that here we came,  
 “ And Glory to the glorious Lamb :  
 “ Our Light, our Life, our Joy, our All  
 “ Is in our Arms and ever shall.

15.

“ Our Lord is ours, and we are his,  
 “ Yea now we see him as he is :  
 “ And hence we like unto him are,  
 “ And full his glorious Image share.

16.

“ No Darknes now, no dismal Night,  
 “ No Vapour intercepts the Light :  
 “ We see for ever Face to Face.  
 “ The highest Prince in highest Place.

17.

“ This, this does Heaven enough afford,  
 “ We are for ever with the Lord :  
 “ We want no more, for all is given;  
 “ His Presence is the Heart of Heaven.”

18.

While thus I laid my list'ning Ear,  
 Close to the Door of Heaven to hear;  
 And then the sacred Page did view,  
 Which told me all I heard was true;



19.

Yet shew'd me that the heavenly Song  
Surpasses every mortal Tongue,  
With such unutterable Strains,  
As none in fett'ring Flesh attains.

20.

Then said I, "O to mount away,  
" And leave this Clog of heavy Clay!  
" Let Wings of Time more hasty fly,  
" That I may join the Songs on high.





# GOSPEL SONNETS

O R,

## SPIRITUAL SONGS.

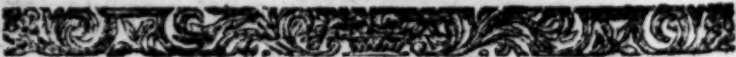
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### PART VI.

#### *The* BELIEVER'S PRINCIPLES

Concerning

1. *Creation and Redemption.*
2. *Law and Gospel.*
3. *Justification and Sanctification.*
4. *Faith and Sense.*
5. *Heaven and Earth.*



### CHAP. I.

*The* BELIEVER'S PRINCIPLES, concerning  
*Creation and Redemption*; Or, Some of the first  
Principles of the Oracles of God.

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### SECT. I. Of CREATION.

The first Chapter of *Genesis* compendised, or the first  
seven Days Work, from the following *Latin Lines*  
*Englished.*

*PRIMA* Dies Cælum & Terram Lucemque creavit.  
*Altera* distendit Spatium, discrimen aquarum.  
*Tertia* secernens undas, dat gramina Terris.

*Quarta*

PART VI. *The Believer's Principles.* 199

*Quarta creat Solem & Lunam, cælestique Astra.*

*Quinta dedit Pisces, eadem genus omne volantum.*

*Sexta tulit Pecudes, Hominem quoque quem Deus ipse*

*Condidit; inde Operis requies lux septima fulsit.*

*In English thus.*

1. The first Day, Heav'n, Earth, Light, *Jehovah* sent.
  2. The next, a Water-sund'ring Firmament.
  3. The Third made dry Land spring with flow'ry Pride.
  4. The Fourth set up bright Lamps, Times to divide.
  5. The Fifth brought swimming Fish and flying Fowl.
  6. The Sixth, Earth's Herds, and Man to bear the Rule.
  7. The Seventh brought forth no more, yet brought  
the best,  
The lab'ring Creature's and Creator's Rest.
- 

*Or thus,*

1.  
" The first Day at *Jehovah's* Word,  
Did Heav'n and Earth and Light afford.
2.  
" The next, a Firmament so wide  
As might the Water's Course divide.
3.  
" The Third severing Land from Seas,  
Made Earth produce Herbs, Grass, and Trees.
4.  
" The Fourth, Sun, Moon, and Stars of Light  
Set up, to rule the Day and Night.
5.  
" The Fifth made Fish in Depths to move,  
And Fowls to flee in Air above.

6.

" The Sixth all earthly Beasts did bring,  
And Man to be the Creatures King.

7.

" The Seventh of all these Days the best,  
Was made for God and Man to rest.

8.

Redemption Work doth bring again  
The first of these to be the Main,

9.

Fetching *new Heavens* and *Earth* in fight;  
And Immortality to Light:

10.

Since then the *first* is now the *best*,  
Keep well this Pledge of endless *Rest*.

*The Sum of CREATION.*

1.

All things from nothing to their Sovereign Lord  
Obedient rose, at his commanding Word.  
Fair in his Eye the whole Creation stood,  
He saw the Building, and pronounc'd it good.

2.

And now each Work (while Nature's Fabrick stands)  
Loud for its wise and mighty Lord demands  
A Rent of Praise, a loud and lofty Song,  
From every rational Beholder's Tongue.

S E C T.

S E C T. II.  
Of REDEMPTION.

The Mystery of the Redeemer's Incarnation, or God manifested in the Flesh. 1 *Tim.* iii. 16. *Joh.* i. 14.

1.

WHAT tho' the Waters struck with Dread,  
Rise up and form a Pyramid?  
Tho' Floods should gush from Rocks and Stones,  
Or living Souls from wither'd Bones?

2.

To hear of an *incarnate* God,  
Yet more wonderful and odd.  
Or to behold how God most high,  
Could in our Nature *breathe* and *die*.

3.

What tho' the bright angelick Forms,  
Degraded were to crawling Worms?  
These Creatures were but Creatures still,  
Transform'd at their Creator's Will.

4.

Tho' Creatures change a thousand ways,  
It cannot such Amazement raise;  
Nor such a Scene as this display,  
Th' eternal Word, a Piece of Clay.

5.

God-Man a strange Contexture fixt,  
Yet nor confused nor commixt;  
Yet still a Myst'ry great and fresh,  
A Spirit infinite made *Flesh*.

6.

What tho', when *Nothing* heard his Call,  
*Nothing* obey'd and brought forth *All*?  
What tho' he Nothing's Brood maintain?  
Or all annihilate again?

K 5

Let



7.

Let Nothing into Being pass,  
Or back again to what it was,  
But lo ! the God of *Beings* here,  
As turn'd to *nothing* doth appear.

8.

All Heaven's astonish'd at his Form,  
The mighty God became a Worm :  
Down *Arian* Pride to him shall bow,  
He's *Jesus* and *Jehovah* too.

*The Sum of REDEMPTION.*

With haughty Mind to *Godhead* Man aspir'd,  
With loving Mind our *Manhood* God desir'd :  
Man was by *Pride* from Place of Pleasure chas'd,  
God-man by *Love* in greater Pleasure plac'd.

2.

Man seeking to *ascend* procur'd our Fall,  
God yielding to *descend* remov'd our Thrall :  
The Judge was cast the Guilty to acquit,  
The Sun defac'd to lend the Shades the Light.

S E C T. III.

*The REDEEMER's WORK;*

Or, *Christ* all in all, and our complete *Redemption*

*A Gospel Catechism for young Christians.*

*Question.*

I. **K**IND Teacher, may I come to learn  
In this abrupt Address,  
By framing Questions that concern  
My endless Happiness ?

*Answer*

*Answer.*

2. Yea, Child, but if you'd learn to run  
The great Salvation Race,  
Know that the Name of *Christ* alone  
Can answer every Case.

3.

Q. By Sin my God and all is lost,  
O where may God be found?

A. In *Christ*; for so the *Holy Ghost*  
Shews by the joyful Sound.

4.

Q. But how will God with sinful me,  
Again be reconcil'd?

A. In *Christ*; in whom his Grace to thee  
And Favour is reveal'd.

5.

Q. O how shall I a Sharer prove,  
And see his glorious Grace?

A. In *Christ*, the Image of his Love,  
And Brightness of his Face.

6.

Q. Where shall I seek all divine Store,  
And without Fail obtain?

A. In *Christ*, in whom for evermore  
His Fulness does remain.

7.

Q. But how shall I escape and flee  
Th'avenging *Wrath* of God?

A. In *Christ*, who bore upon the Tree  
That whole amazing Load.

8.

Q. Alas! I'm daily apt to stray,  
How shall I heav'nward make?

A. Through *Christ* the consecrated Way,  
Design'd for thee to take.

9.

Q. Ah where's my Title, Right, or Claim,  
To that eternal Bliss?

A. In *Christ* alone, that glorious Name,  
*The Lord our Righteousness.*

10.

Q. But who unfit can enter there,  
Or with such nasty Feet?

A. *Christ* by his Blood presents thee fair,  
His Spirit makes thee meet.

11.

Q. But mayn't my Spirit weak as Grass,  
Fail ere it reach the Length?

A. *Jesus* the Lord thy Righteousness  
Will be the Lord thy Strength.

12.

Q. But what if Fiends and wicked Foes  
Shall by the way molest?

A. *Christ* is a Friend to bridle those,  
And give the weary Rest.

13.

Q. Mayn't guilty Conscience loudly brand,  
And all my Comfort chase?

A. *Christ* with a Pardon in his Hand  
Can shew his smiling Face.

14.

Q. But how can divine Mercy vent,  
Where Sins are great and throng?

A. *Christ* is the Channel with descent  
That Mercy runs along.

15.

Q. But may not Justice interpose,  
And stand in Mercy's way?

A. *Jesus* did all the Debt thou owes  
To divine Justice pay.

Q. Where

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16.

Q. Where shall mine Eyes the Pardon spy,  
Unto my saving Good ?

A. In *Christ's* free *Promise* see it lie,  
In his atoning Blood.

17.

Q. What ground have I to trust and say,  
The *Promise* is not vain ?

A. In *Christ* the *Promises* are *Yea*,  
In him they are *Amen*.

18.

Q. But where is *Christ* himself, O where  
With *Promises* so sweet ?

A. *Christ's* in the *Promises*, and there  
Thy Faith and he may meet.

19.

Q. Is *Christ* in them, and they in *Christ* ?  
How shall I this descry ?

A. His Blood and Spirit therein list  
To seal and to apply.

20.

Q. 'Gainst legal fiery Threats of Wrath,  
Pray, what Defence is best ?

A. *Christ's* full Obedience ey'd by Faith,  
There should the Guilty rest.

21.

Q. But how shall *Faith* be had ? Alas !  
I find I can't believe.

A. *Christ* is the Author of that Grace,  
And Faith is his to give.

22.

Q. Ah ! when may faithless I expect  
He'll such a Bliss bequeath ?

A. He will of Unbelief convict,  
And pave the way for Faith.

Q. *Repentance*

23.

Q. *Repentance* must attend, but whence  
Shall I this Grace receive?

A. *Christ* is exalted as a Prince,  
All needful Grace to give.

24.

Q. How can so vile a Lump of Dust  
Heart-Holiness expect?

A. *Christ* by his holy Spirit must  
This gradual Change effect.

25.

Q. How shall I do the *Works* aright  
I'm daily bound unto?

A. *Christ* in thee by his Spirit's Might,  
Works both to *will* and *do*.

26.

Q. How shall my *Maladies* be heal'd,  
So sore molesting me?

A. *Christ* is the great Physician seal'd,  
*The Lord that healeth thee*.

27.

Q. By *Pray'r* I ought to seek his Face,  
This Course how shall I drive?

A. 'Tis *Christ* alone that has the Grace,  
And Sp'rit of *Pray'r* to give.

28.

Q. *Salvation-Work* is great and high,  
Alas! what shall I do?

A. *Christ* as the *Alpha* thereof eye,  
And the *Omega* too.

29.

Q. What Pillar then is most secure,  
To build my *Hope* upon?

A. *Christ* only the *Foundation* sure,  
The living Corner-stone.

Q. When



30.

Q. When I'm with black *Pollution* stain'd,  
How shall I cleansed be?

A. *Christ* is a *Fountain* for that end,  
Set open wide for thee.

31.

Q. What shall I do, when *Plagues* abound  
With *Sorrows*, *Griefs*, and *Fears*?

A. *Christ* has a *Balsam* for thy *Wound*,  
A *Bottle* for thy *Tears*.

32.

Q. But is there any *Help* for one  
That *utterly* is lost?

A. *Christ* saves from *Sin*, and he alone:  
E'en to the *uttermost*.

33.

Q. But where shall I be safe at last  
from *Hell* and endless *Death*?

A. *Christ* is a *Refuge* from the *Blast*  
Of everlasting *Wrath*.

34.

Q. But may'nt ev'n nat'ral *Death* to me  
Become a dreadful *Thing*?

A. *Christ* by his *Death* in *Love* to thee  
Did every *Death* unstring.

35.

Q. Why, Sir, is *Christ* the whole you say?  
No Answer else I find.

A. Because were *Christ* our All away,  
There's nothing left behind.

36.

Q. How can he answer every *Case*,  
And help in every *Thrall*?

A. Because he is the Lord of *Grace*,  
*Jehovah* all in all.

Q. How

37.

Q. How is he present to supply,  
And to relieve us thus?

A. Because his glorious Name is nigh,  
*Immanuel*, God with us.

38.

Q. Has he alone all Power to save,  
Is nothing left to Man?

A. Yea, without *Christ* we nothing have,  
Without him nothing can.

*Question.*

39. Mayn't some from hence take Latitude,  
And Room their Lusts to please?

If *Christ* do all, then very good,  
Let us take carnal Ease.

*Answer.*

40. *Christ* will in flaming Vengeance come  
With Fury in his Face,

To damn his Foes that dare presume,  
And thus abuse his Grace.

## S E C T. IV.

FAITH and WORKS, both excluded from the Matter  
of *Justification* before God, that *Redemption* may  
appear to be only in *Christ*.

I.

WHO dare an holy God address  
With an unholy Righteousness?  
Who can endure his awful Probe,  
Without Perfection for their Robe?

2.

None could his great Tribunal face,  
Were Faith itself their fairest Dress:  
Faith takes the Robe, but never brags;  
Itself has nought but filthy Rags.

Faith

3.

Faith claims no Share, and Works far less,  
In Justice-pleasing Righteousness :  
The Servants were to be abhorr'd,  
Would claim the Glory of their Lord.

4.

Blasphemous Unbelief may claim  
The Praises of the worthy Lamb :  
But Faith disclaiming all its best,  
Not on itself, but *Christ* will rest.

5.

I'm sav'd and justify'd by Faith,  
Which yet no saving Value hath :  
Nor e'er pretends to save from Thrall,  
But in its Objects has its All.

6.

'Tis *Christ* alone saves guilty me,  
And makes my Right to life so free,  
That in himself it stands alone :  
Faith takes the Right, but gives me none.

7.

I dare not act with this Intent,  
Or Acts of mine to draw the Rent :  
Nor do good Works with this Design,  
To win the Crown by Works of mine.

8.

Thus the promis'd Grace forsake,  
Or *Jesus* for my Saviour take ;  
Nay, thus would dreadfully presume,  
And work mine own eternal Doom.

9.

Presumption cannot rise more high,  
To make the Truth of God a Lye,  
The God of Truth a Lyar too ;  
That more Mischief could Satan do ?

Why

10.

Why I'd discredit God's Record,  
Concerning *Jesus Christ* the Lord,  
His glorious and eternal Son,  
Whose Blood has Life eternal won.

11.

In him (says God) this Life I give,  
In him shall therefore Men believe,  
My Gift embracing in their Arms:  
None shall be sav'd on other Terms.

12.

Vain Man must stoop and freely take,  
Or else embrace a burning Lake:  
Proud Nature must submit to Grace,  
And to the divine Righteousness.

13.

In vain on Works our Hope is built,  
Our Actions nothing are but Guilt:  
The best Obedience of our own  
Dare not appear before his Throne.

14.

What finite Worm can bear the Load,  
The Fury of an angry God?  
What mortal Vigour can withstand  
The Vengeance of his lifted Hand?

15.

The Law can never save us now,  
To damn is all that it can do.  
Heav'n casts all Righteousness of ours,  
The Law of Works is out of Doors.

16.

No Merit, Money, more or less,  
Can buy the Gift of Righteousness.  
O may I take what Heav'n does give;  
*Jehovah*, help me to believe:

17.

And in that Righteousness to trust,  
Which only makes a sinner just.  
And then the Truth of Faith to prove,  
Lord, make my Faith to work by Love.



CH A P. II.

*The* BELIEVER'S PRINCIPLES,

Concerning

The LAW and the GOSPEL;

Particularly,

- |                                 |                      |
|---------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. <i>The Mystery</i>           | } of LAW and GOSPEL: |
| 2. <i>The Difference</i>        |                      |
| 3. <i>The Harmony</i>           |                      |
| 4. <i>The Place and Station</i> |                      |

S E C T. I.

*The Mystery of Law and Gospel.*

**T**H O' Law, Commands and Gospel-Grace,  
Agree in mutual joint Embrace;  
Yet Law and Gospel in a Shock,  
Can never draw an equal Yoke.

12.

The Law of Works, the Law of Grace,  
Can't stand together in one Place;  
The brighter Scene destroys the dark,  
As *Dagon* fell before the *Ark*.

They



3.

They harmonize like marry'd Pairs,  
Yet are at Odds, and keep not Squares;  
As *Mercy* stands from *Merit* far,  
The *Letter* and the *Spirit* jar.

4.

The Law does Gospel-Comforts harm,  
The Gospel breaks the legal Arm;  
Yet both exalt each other's Horn,  
And Garlands bring their Heads to adorn.

5.

I thro' the Law am dead to it,  
To legal Works and Self-Conceit.  
Yet lo! through Gospel-Grace I live,  
And to the Law due Honour give.

6.

The Law great Room for boasting makes,  
But Grace my Pride and boasting breaks;  
Yet all my Boasts the Law does kill,  
And Grace makes room to boast my Fill.

7.

The Gospel makes me keep the Law,  
Yet from its painful Service draw:  
It does all Law-Demands fulfil,  
Yet make them wholly void and null.

8.

The Gospel gives me no Command,  
Yet by obeying it I stand.  
To strict Obedience tho' it call,  
Does bind to none, but promise all.

9.

The Law does strict *Commandment* give,  
That I the Gospel-News believe;  
But yet it *teaches* no such Thing,  
Nor e'er could Gospel-Tidings bring.

Whe

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10.

When I the Gospel-Truth believe,  
Obedience to the Law I give;  
And when I don't the Law observe,  
I from the Gospel-Method swerve.

11.

Yet if I do the Law obey,  
I am not in the Gospel-Way;  
Which does to new-Obedience draw,  
Yet is the Gospel no new Law.

12.

All Precepts to the Law belong,  
Yet in the Gospel-Field are throng.  
*Curs'd* every Gospel-Slighter is;  
Yet all its Office is to *bles*.

13.

It from the Law has Power to *kill*,  
Yet *saving* does its Power fulfil:  
No Savour but of *Life* it hath,  
Yet most the Savour is of *Death*.

14.

Weakness Perfection doth exclude,  
The Law is perfect, just, and good.  
Yet can it nothing *perfect* make\*,  
But all the *Comers* to it break.

15.

Strength to the Gospel does belong,  
Mighty thro' God it is, and strong;  
It to the Law does Strength emit,  
Yet 'tis the Law gives Strength to it.

16.

The Gospel gives the Law I see,  
Sufficient Strength to justify;  
Yet may I say, in Truth it is  
The Law that gives the Gospel this.

For

\* *Heb. x. i.*

17.

For as the Law no Sinner clears,  
But who the Gospel-Garment wears ;  
So none are justify'd by Grace,  
Unless the Law-Demand have place.

18.

Again the Law, which yet seems worse,  
Gives Gospel-News condemning Force ;  
Yet they are News that never can,  
Nor ever will condemn a Man.

19.

Dread Threat'nings to the Law pertain,  
Nor to the Gospel's golden Chain :  
Yet all Law-Threats and Singi's Ire,  
To Gospel-Grace are Walls of Fire.

20.

The righteous Law affoileth none  
Of *Adam's* guilty Race, save one,  
Who being guilty for this Cause,  
By God's just Law condemned was.

21.

Yet free of Guilt it did him see,  
Hence fully clear'd, and set him free :  
Yet had not Guilt his Soul involv'd,  
By Law he could not been absolv'd.

22.

But he withal condemn'd and spoil'd  
The Law of Works, which him affoild ;  
And now the Law is (in these Views)  
The Marrow of the Gospel-News.

23.

The Law can justify no Man  
That is a Sinner ; yet it can  
Thus favour sinful Men, and free  
The chief of Sinners, guilty me.

24.  
The Gospel too acquitteth none,  
That have not put Perfection on;  
And yet it cleareth none (I grant)  
But those who all Perfection want.

25.  
Those that with Gospel-Clearance meet,  
Must by the Law be found complete;  
Yet never could again (I grant)  
The Gospel justify a Saint.

26.  
All perfect Persons it controls,  
And justifies ungodly Souls;  
Yet still no Man its Grace partakes,  
But whom it truly godly makes.

27.  
The Law withstands the Gospel-Path,  
Which yet its Approbation hath:  
The Gospel thwarts the legal Way,  
Yet will approve the Law for ay.

28.  
Hence tho' the Gospel's comely Frame  
Both openly the Law condemn;  
Yet they are blind, who never saw,  
The Gospel justify the Law.

29.  
Thus Gospel-Grace, and Law-Commands,  
Both bind and loose each other's Hands;  
They can't agree on any Terms,  
Yet hug each other in their Arms.

30.  
Those that divide them cannot be  
The Friends of Truth and Verity;  
Yet those that dare confound the two,  
Destroy them both, and gender Woe.

This Paradox none can decipher  
That plow not with the Gospel-Heifer.

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## S E C T. II.

*The Difference betwixt the Law and the Gospel.*

1.  
**T**HE Law supposing I have *all*,  
Does ever for *Perfection* call :  
The Gospel suits my total *Want*,  
And all the Law can seek does grant.

2.  
The Law could promise *Life* to me,  
If *my* Obedience perfect be :  
But Grace does promise *Life* upon  
*My Lord's* Obedience alone.

3.  
The Law says *do*, and *Life* you'll win ;  
But Grace says *live*, for all is *done* :  
The *former* cannot ease my Grief ;  
The *latter* yields me full Relief.

4.  
By Law *convinc'd* of sinful Breach,  
By Gospel-Grace I *Comfort* reach :  
The one my *Condemnation* bears,  
The other *justifies* and clears.

5.  
The Law shews my *Arrears* are great,  
The Gospel freely *pays* my Debt :  
The first does me the Bankrupt *curse*,  
The last does *bless* and fill my Purse.

6.  
The Law will not *abate* a Mite,  
The Gospel all the Sum will *quite* :  
*There* God in *Threat'nings* is array'd,  
But *here* in *Promises* display'd.



7.  
The Law and Gospel disagree,  
Like *Hagar*, *Sarah*, bond and free :  
The former's *Hagar's* Servitude,  
The latter *Sarah's* happy Brood.

8.  
To *Sinai* black, and *Zion* fair,  
The Word does Law and Grace compare,  
Their Cursing and their Blessing vie,  
With *Ebal* and *Gerizzam* high.

9.  
The Law excludes not *Boasting* vain,  
But rather feeds it to my Bane :  
But Gospel-Grace allows *no Boasts*,  
Save in the King, the Lord of Hosts.

10.  
The Law still *irritates* my Sin,  
And hardens my proud Heart therein ;  
But Grace's melting Power *renews*,  
And my Corruption strong *subdues*.

11.  
The Law with *Thunder*, *Sinai*-like,  
Does always *Dread* and *Terror* speak ;  
The Gospel makes a *joyful* Noise,  
And charms me with a *still, calm* Voice.

12.  
The legal Trumpet *War* proclaims,  
In wrathful Threats, and Fire, and Flames :  
The Gospel-Pipe, a *peaceful* Sound,  
Which spreads a kindly Breath around.

13.  
The Law is *weak* through sinful Flesh,  
The Gospel bring *Recruits* afresh :  
The first a *killing* Letter wears,  
The last a *quick'ning* Spirit bears.

14.

The Law that seeks Perfection's Height,  
Yet gives no Strength, nor offers Might;  
But precious Gospel-Tidings glad,  
Declare where all is to be had.

15.

From *me* alone the Law does crave,  
What Grace affirms in *Christ* I have:  
When therefore Law-Pursuits inthral,  
I send the Law to Grace for all.

16.

The Law brings *Terror* to molest,  
The Gospel gives the Weary *Rest*:  
The one does Flags of *Death* display,  
The other shews the *living* Way.

17.

The Law by *Moses* was exprest,  
The Glorious Gospel came by *Christ*:  
The first dim *Nature's* Light may trace,  
The last is only known by *Grace*.

18.

The Law may rouse me from my Sloth,  
To Faith and to Repentance both;  
And tho' the Law *commandeth* each,  
Yet neither of them can it *teach*;

19.

Nor will *accept* for current Coin  
The Duties which it does *enjoin*;  
It *seeks* all, but *accepts* no less,  
Than constant, perfect Righteousness.

20.

The Gospel, on the other hand,  
Altho' it issue *no Command*;  
But strictly view'd does whole consist,  
In *Promises* and *Offers* blest.

21.

Yet does it many Duties teach,  
Which legal Light could never reach :  
Thus Faith, Repentance, and the like,  
Are Fire that Gospel-Engines strike.

22.

They have Acceptance here, through Grace,  
The Law affords them no such Place :  
Yet still they come through both their Hands,  
Through Gospel-*Teachings*, Law-*Commands*.

23.

The Law's a House of *Bondage* sore,  
The Gospel *opes* the Prison-Door :  
The first me *hamper'd* in its Net,  
The last at *Freedom* kindly set.

24.

The Precept *craves*, the Gospel *gives*,  
While *that* me *presses*, *this* relieves ;  
And or affords the Strength I lack,  
Or takes the Burden off my Back.

25.

The Law requires on Pain of Death,  
The Gospel courts with loving Breath :  
While *that* conveys a deadly *Wound*,  
*This* makes me perfect, *whole*, and sound.

26.

*There* viewing how *diseas'd* I am,  
*here* perceive the *healing* Balm :  
*Afflicted there* with Sense of Need,  
*but here* refresh'd with meet Remede.

27.

The Law's a *Charge* for what I owe,  
The Gospel my *Discharge* to show :  
The one a Scene of *Fears* doth ope,  
The other is the Door of *Hope*.

28.

An *angry* God the Law reveal'd,  
The Gospel shews him *reconcil'd*;  
By *that* I know he was *displeas'd*;  
By *this* I see his Wrath *appeas'd*.

29.

The Law thus shews the divine Ire,  
And nothing but consuming Fire:  
The Gospel brings the Olive-Branch,  
And Blood the burning Fire to quench.

30.

The Law still shews a fiery Face;  
The Gospel shews a Throne of Grace:  
*There Justice* rides alone in State;  
But *here* she takes the *Mercy-Seat*.

In SUM,

Lo, in the Law *Jehovah* dwells,  
But *Jesus* is conceal'd;  
Whereas the Gospel's nothing else,  
But *Jesus Christ* reveal'd.

## S E C T. III.

*The Harmony betwixt the LAW and the GOSPEL.*

I.

**T**HE Law's a Tutor much in vogue,  
To Gospel-Grace a *Pedagogue*;  
The Gospel to the Law no less,  
Than its full *End* for Righteousness.

2.

When once the fiery Law of God  
Has chas'd me to the Gospel-Road;  
Then back unto the holy Law,  
Most kindly Gospel-Grace will draw.

3.  
When by the Law to Grace I'm *school'd*,  
Grace by the Law will have me *ru'd* :  
Hence if I don't the Law obey,  
I cannot keep the Gospel-Way.

4.  
When I the Gospel-News believe,  
Obedience to the Law I give ;  
And that both in its *fæd'ral*-Dress,  
And as a *Rule* of Holiness.

5.  
So, in my Head I render all,  
For which the fiery Law can call :  
His *Blood* unto its *Fire* was Fuel,  
His *Spirit* shapes me to its *Rule*.

6.  
When Law and Gospel kindly meet,  
To serve each other both unite :  
Sweet Promises, and stern Commands,  
To work to one another's Hands.

7.  
The divine Law demands no less,  
Than human perfect Righteousness,  
The Gospel gives it this and more,  
Ten divine Righteousness in store.

8.  
Whate'er the righteous Law require,  
The Gospel grants its whole Desire.  
The Law-Commands exceeding broad ?  
This is the Righteousness of God.

9.  
How great soe'er the legal *Charge*,  
The Gospel-*Payment*'s equal large ;  
The Loss by *Man* the Law can bray,  
When Grace provides a *God* to pay.



10.

The Law makes Gospel-Banquets sweet,  
 The Gospel makes the Law complete ;  
 Law-Suits to Grace's Store-house draw,  
 Grace decks and magnifies the Law.

11.

Both Law and Gospel close combine,  
 To make each other's Lustre shine ;  
 The Gospel all Law-Breakers shames,  
 The Law all Gospel-Slighters damns.

12.

The Law is holy, just, and good,  
 All this the Gospel seals with Blood ;  
 And clears the Royal Laws just *Dues*  
 With dearly purchas'd Revenues.

13.

The Law *commands* me to believe,  
 The Gospel saving Faith does *give* :  
 The Law enjoins me to *repent*,  
 The Gospel gives my Tears a *Vent*.

14.

What in the Gospel-Mint is coin'd,  
 The same is in the Law enjoin'd :  
 Whatever Gospel-Tidings teach,  
 The Law's Authority doth reach.

15.

Here join the Law and Gospel-Hands,  
 What this me *teaches*, that *commands* :  
 What virtuous Forms the Gospel please,  
 The same the Law does authorize.

16.

And thus the Law-Commandment seals,  
 Whatever Gospel-Grace reveals :  
 The Gospel also for my Good  
 Seals all the Law-Demands with Blood.

17.

The Law most perfect still remains,  
And every Duty full contains :  
The Gospel its Perfection speaks,  
And therefore gives whate'er it seeks.

18.

Next, what by Law I'm *bound* unto,  
The same the Gospel *makes* me do :  
What *preceptively* that can crave,  
*This effectively* can engrave.

19.

All that by *Precepts* Heav'n expects,  
Free Grace by *Promises* effects :  
To what the Law by *Fear* may move,  
To that the Gospel leads by *Love*.

20.

To *run*, to *work*, the Law commands ;  
The Gospel gives me *Feet* and *Hands* :  
The one *requires* that I obey,  
The other does the *Power* convey.

21.

What in the Law has *Duty's* Place,  
The Gospel changes to a *Grace* ;  
Hence legal Duties *therein* nam'd,  
Are *herein* Gospel-Graces fam'd.

22.

The Precept *checks* me when I stray,  
The Promise *holds* me in the way :  
*That* shews my Folly when I roam,  
And *this* most kindly brings me home.

23.

Law-Threats and Precepts both I see,  
With Gospel-Promises agree ;  
They to the Gospel are a *Fence*,  
And it to them a *Maintenance*.

24.

The Law will justify all those  
Who with the Gospel-Ransom close ;  
The Gospel too approves for ay,  
All those that do the Law obey.

25.

The righteous Law condemns each Man,  
That dare reject the Gospel-Plan.  
The holy Gospel none will save,  
On whom it won't the Law engrave.

26.

When *Christ* the Tree of Life I climb,  
I see both Law and Grace in him ;  
In him the Law its *End* does gain,  
In him the Promise is *Amen*.

27.

The Law makes Grace's Pasture sweet,  
Grace makes the Law my savoury Meat ;  
Yea, sweeter than the Honey-Comb,  
When Grace and Mercy brings it Home.

28.

The Precepts of the Law me *show*,  
What Fruits of Gratitude I owe ;  
But Gospel-Grace begets the Brood,  
And *moves* me to the Gratitude.

29.

Law-Terrors *panse* the putrid Sore,  
And Gospel-Grace *applies* the Cure :  
The one *plows* up the Fallow-Ground,  
The other *sows* the Seed around.

30.

A rigid Master was the Law,  
Demanding Brick, denying Straw ;  
But when with Gospel-Tongue it sings,  
It bids me fly, and gives me Wings.

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In SUM,

Both Law and Gospel close unite,  
Are seen with most Solace,  
Where Truth and Mercy kindly meet,  
In fair *Immanuel's* Face.

S. E. C. T. IV.

*The proper Place and Station of the LAW and the GOSPEL.*

*Note,* That in the four following Paragraphs, as well as in the three preceding Sections, by *Law* is mostly understood the Doctrine of the Covenant of Works; and by *Gospel*, the Doctrine of the Covenant of Grace.

PARAGRAPH I.

*The Place and Station of LAW and GOSPEL in general.*

I.

WHEN we the sacred Record view,  
Or divine Test'ments Old and New;  
The Matter in most Pages fixt,  
Is Law and Gospel intermixt.

2.

Yet few e'en in a learned Age,  
Can so revolve the sacred Page,  
As to discern with equal Eye,  
Where Law, where Gospel sever'd lie.

3.

One divine Text with double Clause,  
May speak the Gospel's Voice and Laws;  
Hence Men to blend them both are apt,  
Should in one Sentence both be wrapt.

In

4.

But that we may the Truth pursue,  
And give both Law and Grace their Due,  
And God the Glory there display'd;  
The following Rules may give us Aid.

5.

Where'er in sacred Writ we see  
A Word of *Grace* or *Promise* free;  
With Blessings dropt for *Jesus'* sake,  
We these for Gospel-News may take.

6.

But where a *Precept* strict we find  
With *Promise* to our *Doing* join'd;  
Or *Threat'ning* with a *wrathful* Frown,  
This as the Law we justly own.

## PARAGRAPH II.

*The Place and Station of Law and Gospel in particular,  
where the Difference is noted betwixt the Gospel largely  
view'd in its Dispensation, and strictly in itself: And  
betwixt the Gospel and Faith receiving it.*

1.

**W**ouldst thou distinctly know the Sound  
Of Law and Grace then don't confound  
The *Dispensation* with the *Grace*;  
For these two have a distinct Place.

2.

The Gospel thus dispens'd we see,  
*Believe, and thou shalt saved be*;  
*If not, thou shalt be damn'd to Hell,*  
And in eternal Torments dwell.

3.

Here *Precepts* in it are dispens'd  
With *Threat'nings* of *Damnation* sent'd;  
The legal *Sanction* here takes place,  
That none may dare abuse free Grace.

Ye



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4.

Yet nor does that *Command* of Faith,  
Nor this tremendous *Threat* of Wrath,  
Belong to Gospel strictly so;  
But to its Dispensation *do*.

5.

The Method of dispensing here,  
Does Law and Gospel jointly bear;  
Because the Law's subservient  
Unto the Gospel's blest Intent.

6.

Precepts and Threat'nings both make way  
The Gospel-Blessing to convey;  
Which differs much (tho' thus dispens'd)  
From Laws and Threats whereby 'tis fenc'd.

7.

*Believe, and thou shalt saved be,*  
Is Gospel, but improperly;  
Yet safely Men may call it thus,  
Because 'tis so dispens'd to us.

8.

But sure, the Gospel-News we sing,  
Must be some other glorious Thing,  
Than Precepts to believe the same,  
Whatever way we blend their Name.

9.

The Gospel-Treasure's something more,  
Than Means that do apply the Store:  
Believing is the *Method* pay'd,  
The Gospel is the Thing believ'd.

10.

The precious Thing is Tidings sweet  
Of *Christ* a Saviour most complete;  
To save from Sin, and Death, and Wrath,  
Which Tidings tend to gender Faith.

II.

*Faith comes by hearing* God's Record,  
Concerning *Jesus Christ* the Lord;  
And is the Method Heav'n has blest  
For bringing to the Gospel-Rest.

12.

The joyful Sound is News of Grace,  
And Life to *Adam's* guilty Race;  
*Thro' Jesus' Righteousness* divine,  
Which bright from *Faith to Faith* does shine.

13.

The Promise of immortal Bliss  
Is made to this full Righteousness:  
By this our Right to Life is bought,  
Faith begs the Right, but buys it not.

14.

True Faith receives the offer'd Good,  
And Promise seal'd with precious Blood;  
It gives no Title to the Bliss,  
But takes th'intitling Righteousness.

15.

This *Object* great of saving Faith,  
And this alone the Promise hath:  
For 'tis not made to Faith's poor *Act*,  
But is the *Prize* that Faith does take.

16.

And only as it takes the same,  
It bears a great and famous Name;  
For Self and all its Grandeur down  
It throws, that *Christ* may wear the Crown.

17.

But if *new Laws* and *Threats* were all,  
That Gospel properly we call,  
Then were the *Precept to believe*  
No better News than *do and live*.

If

18.

If then we won't distinguish here,  
We cloud, but don't the Gospel clear;  
We blend it with the fiery Law,  
And all into Confusion draw.

19.

The Law of Works we introduce,  
As if old *Merit* were in use;  
When Man could *Life* by *doing* won,  
E'en tho' the Work by *Grace* were done.

20.

Old *Adam* in his Innocence  
Deriv'd his Power of *Doing* hence;  
As all he could was wholly *due*;  
So all the working *Strength* he knew,

21.

Was only from the *Grate* of God,  
Who with such Favour did him load:  
Yet was the *Promise* to his *Act*,  
That he might *merit* by *Compact*.

22.

No *Merit* but of *Paſſion* could  
Of Men or Angels e'er be told;  
The God-man only was so high  
To *merit* by *Condignity*.

23.

Were *Life* now promis'd to our *Act*,  
Or to our Works by *Paſſion* tack'd;  
Tho' God should his *Assistance* grant,  
'Tis still a *Doing* Covenant.

24.

Tho' Heav'n its *helping Grace* should yield,  
Yet *Merit*'s still upon the Field;  
We cast the Name, yet still 'tis found  
Disclaim'd but with a verbal Sound.

25.

If one should borrow Tools from you,  
That he some famous Work might do;  
When once his Work is well-prepar'd,  
He sure deserves his due Reward;

26.

Yea, justly may he claim his Due,  
Altho' he borrow'd Tools from you:  
E'en thus the borrow'd Strength of Grace  
Can't hinder Merit to take place.

27.

From whence soe'er we borrow Pow'rs,  
If Life depend on Works of ours;  
Or if we make the Gospel thus  
In any sort depend on us;

28.

We give the Law the Gospel-Place,  
Rewards of *Debt* the Room of *Grace*;  
We mix Heav'n's Treasure with our Trash,  
And magnify corrupted Flesh.

29.

The New and Gospel-Covenant  
No *Promise* to our *Works* will grant;  
But to the *Doing* of our Head,  
And in him to each Gospel-Deed.

30.

To *Godliness* which is great Gain,  
Promise is said to appertain;  
But know, lest you the Gospel mar,  
In whom it is we godly are:

31.

To him and to his Righteousness  
Still primar'ly the *Promise* is,  
And not e'en to the gracious Deed,  
Save in and through the glorious Head.

32.

Pray let us here observe the Odds,  
How Law and Grace take counter Roads.  
The Law of Works no Promise spake  
Unto the *Agent*, but the *Act*.

33.

It primar'ly no Promise made  
Unto the *Person* but the *Deed*;  
Whate'er the doing Person shar'd,  
'Twas for his Deed he had Reward.

34.

The Law of Grace o'erturns the Scale,  
And makes the quite Reverse prevail;  
Its Promise lights not on the *Deed*,  
But on the doing Person's Head;

35.

Not for his doing, but for this,  
Because in *Christ* his Person is;  
Which Union to the living Prince,  
His living Works and Deeds evince.

36.

Good Fruits have Promise in this View,  
As Union to the BRANCH they shew;  
To whom the *Promises* pertain,  
In him all *Yea*, and all *Amen*.

37.

Observe pray, for if here we err,  
And do not *Christ* alone prefer;  
But think the Promise partly stands  
On our obeying new Commands;

38.

Th'old Cov'nant-Place to Works we give,  
Or mingle *Grace* with *do* and *live*;  
We over-cloud the Gospel-*Charms*,  
And also break our working-*Arms*.

More



39.

More Honour to the Law profess  
But giving more, we give it less:  
Its heavy Yoke in vain we draw,  
By turning Gospel into Law.

40.

We rob Grace of its joyful Sound,  
And bury *Christ* in *Moses'* Ground:  
At best we run a *legal* Race  
Upon the Field of *Gospel-Grace*.

## PARAGRAPH III.

*The Gospel no new Law; but a joyful Sound of 'Grace  
and Mercy.*

1.

**L**AW-Precepts in a Gospel-Mold;  
We may as Gospel-Doctrine hold;  
But Gospel-Calls in legal Dress,  
The joyful Sound of Grace suppress.

2.

Faith and Repentance may be taught,  
And yet no Gospel-Tidings brought:  
If as meer *Duties* these we press,  
And not as Parts of *promis'd* Bliss.

3.

If only Precepts we present,  
Tho' urg'd with strongest Argument,  
We leave the waken'd Sinner's Hope  
In Darknes of Despair to grope.

4.

The Man whom legal Precepts chase,  
As yet estrang'd to sov'reign Grace,  
Mistaking evangelick Charms,  
As if they stood on legal Terms,

Looks

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5.

Looks to himself tho' dead in Sin  
For Grounds of Faith and Hope within;  
Hence Fears and Fetters grow and swell,  
Since nought's within but Sin and Hell.

6.

But Faith that looks to promis'd Grace,  
Clean out of Self the Soul will chase;  
To *Christ* for Righteousness and Strength,  
And finds the joyful Rest at length.

7.

Proud Flesh and Blood will startle here,  
And hardly such Report can bear,  
That *Heav'n* all-saving Store will give  
To them that *work not, but believe*:

8.

Yet *not of Works*, but 'tis the Race  
Of *Faith*, that it may be of *Grace*:  
For Faith does nothing but agree  
To welcome this Salvation free.

9.

Come down, *Zaccheus*, quickly come,  
Salvation's brought unto thy Home:  
In vain thou climb'st the legal Tree,  
Salvation freely comes to thee.

10.

Thou dream'st of *coming up* to Terms,  
Come down into my saving Arms;  
Down, down, and get a Pardon free,  
On Terms already wrought by me.

11.

Behold the Blessings of my Blood,  
Bought for thy everlasting Good:  
And freely all to be convey'd  
Upon the Price already paid.

“ I know

12.

" I know thou hast no Good, and see  
 " I cannot stand on Terms with thee ;  
 " Whose Fall has left thee nought to claim,  
 " Nor aught to boast but Sin and Shame.

13.

The Law of heavy hard Commands  
 Confirms the waken'd Sinner's Bands ;  
 But Grace proclaims relieving News,  
 And Scenes of matchless Mercy shews.

14.

No Precept clogs the Gospel-Call,  
 But wherein Grace is all in all ;  
 No Law is here but that of Grace,  
 Which brings Relief in every Case.

15.

The Gospel is the Promise fair  
 Of Grace all Ruins to repair,  
 And leaves no Sinner room to say,  
 " Alas ! this Debt I cannot pay :

16.

" This grievous Yoke I cannot bear,  
 " This high Demand I cannot clear ;  
 Grace stops the Mouth of such Complaints,  
 And Store of full Supply presents.

17.

The glorious Gospel is (in brief )  
 A sov'reign Word of sweet Relief ;  
 Not clogg'd with cumbersome Commands,  
 To bind the Souls receiving Hands.

18.

'Tis joyful News of sovereign Grace,  
 That reigns in State thro' Righteousness,  
 To ransom from all threat'ning Woes,  
 And answer all commanding Do's.

19.

This Gospel comes with *Help* indeed,  
Adapted unto Sinners need :  
These joyful News that suit their Case,  
Are Chariots of his drawing Grace :

20.

'Tis here the Spirit powerful rides,  
The Fountains of the Deep divides ;  
The King of Glory's Splendour shews,  
And wins the Heart with welcome News.

PARAGRAPH IV.

*The Gospel further described, as a Bundle of good News and gracious Promises.*

I.

**T**HE first grand Promise forth did break  
In *Threats* against the tempting Snake ;  
So may the Gospel in *Commands*,  
Yet nor in Threats nor Precepts stands :

2.

But 'tis a Doctrine of free Grants  
To Sinners that they may be Saints ;  
A joyful Sound of royal Gifts,  
To obviate unbelieving Shifts.

3.

A Promise of divine Supplies,  
To work all gracious Qualities,  
In those who pronest to rebel,  
Are only qualify'd for *Hell*.

4.

Courting vile Sinners e'en the Chief,  
It leaves no Cloke for Unbelief ;  
But e'en on gross *Manassehs* calls,  
On *Mary Magdalens* and *Sauls*.

'Tis

236 GOSPEL SONNETS.

5.

'Tis good News of a *Fountain ope*  
For *Sin* and *Filth*; a *Door* of *Hope*  
For those that lie in Blood and Gore,  
And of a *Salve* for every Sore.

6.

Glad News of *Sight* unto the Blind;  
Of *Light* unto the darken'd Mind;  
Of *Healing* to the deadly Sick;  
And *Mercy* both to *Jew* and *Greek*.

7.

Good News of *Gold* to Poor that lack;  
Of *Raiment* to the naked Back;  
Of *Binding* to the Wounds that smart;  
And *Rest* unto the weary Heart.

8.

Glad News of *Freedom* to the Bound,  
Of *Store* all Losses to resound:  
Of endless *Life* unto the Dead,  
And present *Help* in time of Need.

9.

Good News of *Heaven*, where Angels dwell,  
To those that well deserved *Hell*:  
Of *Strength* to Weak, for Work and War;  
And *Access* near to those afar.

10.

Glad News of *Joy* to those that weep,  
And tender Care of cripple Sheep;  
Of *Shelter* to the Soul pursu'd,  
And *cleansing* to the hellish hew'd.

11.

Of *Floods* to sap the parched Ground,  
And *Streams* to run the Desert round:  
Of *Ransom* to the Captive caught,  
And *Harbour* to the found'ring Yacht.

Of



12.

Of timely *Aid* to weary Groans ;  
Of *Joy* restor'd to broken Bones ;  
Of *Grace* divine to graceless Preys :  
And *Glory* to the vile and base.

13.

Of living *Water* pure, that teems  
On fainting Souls refreshing Streams ;  
Of gen'rous *Wine* to chear the Strong,  
And *Milk* to feed the tender Young.

14.

Of *saving Faith* to faithless ones ;  
Of *soft'ning Grace* to flinty Stones ;  
Of *Pardon* to a guilty Crew ;  
And *Mercy* free, where Wrath was due.

15.

Good News of *welcome* kind to all,  
That come to *Jesus* at his Call ;  
Yea News of *drawing Power* when scant  
To those that fain would come, and can't.

16.

Glad News of rich mysterious Grace,  
And Mercy meeting every Case :  
Of *Store immense* all Voids to fill,  
And *free* to *whosoever will*.

17.

Of *Christ exalted as a Prince*,  
*Pardons* to give and *Penitence* ;  
Of *Grace* o'ercoming stubborn Wills,  
And leaping over *Bether Hills*.

18.

*Faith comes by hearing* these Reports ;  
Straight to the Court of Grace resorts ;  
And free of mercenary Thought  
Gets royal Bounty all for nought.

Faith's

19.

Faith's Wing within the clammy Sea  
Of legal Merit cannot flee ;  
But mounting Mercy's Air, apace,  
Soars in the Element of Grace.

20.

But as free Love the Blessings gives,  
To him that *works not, but believes* ;  
So Faith once reaching its Desire,  
*Works hard by Love, but not for Hire.*



## C H A P. III.

*The* BELIEVER'S PRINCIPLES,

Concerning

JUSTIFICATION and SANCTIFICATION,  
their Difference and Harmony.

## S E C T. I.

The Difference between Justification and Sanctification, or Righteousness imputed and Grace imparted ; in upwards of thirty Particulars.

*Note, That (metri causâ) Justification is here sometimes express'd by the Words, imputed Grace, justifying Grace, Righteousness, &c. Sanctification by the Names, imparted Grace, Grace, Graces, Holiness, Sanctity, &c. which the Judicious will easily understand.*

I.

**K**IND Jesus spent his *Life* to spin  
My Robe of perfect Righteousness :  
But by his *Spirit's* Work within,  
He forms my gracious holy Dress.

2.

He as a *Priest* me justifies,  
His Blood does roaring Conscience still :  
But as a *King* he sanctifies,  
And subjugates my stubborn Will.

3.

He justifying by his Merit,  
*Imputes to me* his Righteousness :  
But sanctifying by his Spirit,  
*Infuses in me* saving Grace,

4.

My justifying Righteousness  
Can merit by Condignity ;  
But nothing with my strongest Grace,  
Can be deserv'd by naughty me.

5.

This justifying Favour sets  
The *Guilt* of all my Sin remote ;  
But sanctifying Grace deletes  
The *Filth* and Blackness of its Blot.

6.

By virtue of this Righteousness  
Sin can't *condemn* nor justly brand :  
By virtue of infused Grace  
Anon it ceases to *command*.

7.

The Righteousness which I enjoy,  
Sin's *damning* Power will wholly stay ;  
And Grace imparted will destroy  
Its *ruling* domineering Sway.

8.

The former is my Judge's *Act*,  
Of Condonation full and free :  
The latter has commenced *Fact*,  
And gradual Work advanc'd in me.

The

9.

The former's *instantaneous*,  
 The moment that I first believe :  
 The latter is as Heav'n allows,  
*Progressive* while on Earth I live.

10.

The first will *Peace* to Conscience give,  
 The last the filthy Heart will cleanse :  
 The first effects a *Relative*,  
 The last a *real* inward Change.

11.

The former *pardons* every Sin,  
 And counts me righteous, free and just :  
 The latter *quickens* Grace within,  
 And mortifies my Sin and Lust.

12.

Imputed Grace *intitles* me  
 Unto eternal Happiness :  
 Imparted Grace will *qualify*  
 That heav'nly Kingdom to possess.

13.

My Righteousness is infinite,  
 Both subjectively and in kind ;  
 My Holiness most incomplete,  
 And daily wavers like the Wind.

14.

So lasting is my *outer* Dress,  
 It never wears nor waxes old ;  
 My *inner* Garb of Grace decays  
 And fades, if Heav'n do not uphold.

15.

My Righteousness and Pardon is,  
 At once most perfect and *complete* ;  
 But Sanctity admits *Degrees*,  
 Does vary, fluctuate and fleet.

Hence

16.

Hence fix'd my Righteousness divine,  
No real *Change* can undergo;  
But all my Graces wax and wane,  
By various *Turnings* ebb and flow.

17.

I'm by the first as *Righteous* now,  
As e'er hereafter I can be;  
The last will to Perfection *grow*,  
Heav'n only is the full Degree.

18.

The first is *equal*, wholly given,  
And still the same in every Saint:  
The last *unequal* and unev'n,  
While some enjoy what others want.

19.

My Righteousness divine is fresh,  
For ever *pure* and heav'nly both;  
My Sanctity is partly *Flesh*,  
And justly term'd a *menstruous Cloth*.

20.

My Righteousness I magnify,  
'Tis my triumphant lofty Flag;  
But pois'd with this my Sanctity,  
Is nothing but a filthy Rag.

21.

I *glory* in my Righteousness,  
And loud extol it with my Tongue;  
But all my Grace compar'd with this,  
I *under-rate* as Loss and Dung.

22.

By justifying Grace I'm apt  
Of divine *Favour* free to boast;  
By Holiness I'm partly shap'd  
Into his *Image* I had lost.



23.

The first to divine *Justice* pays  
A Rent to still the furious Storm ;  
The last to divine *Holiness*  
Instructs me duly to conform.

24.

The first does quench the fiery Law,  
Its rigid *Cov'nant* fully stay ;  
The last its *Rule* embroider'd draw,  
To deck my Heart and gild my Way.

25.

The *Subject* of my Righteousness  
Is Christ himself my glorious Head ;  
But I the Subject am of Grace,  
As he supplies my daily Need.

26.

The *Matter* of the former too,  
Is only Christ's Obedience dear ;  
But lo, his helping me to do,  
Is all the Work and Matter here.

27.

I on my Righteousness rely  
For Heav'n's Acceptance free, and win ;  
But, in this Matter, must deny  
My Grace, e'en as I do my Sin.

28.

Tho' all my Graces precious are,  
Yea, perfect also in Desire ;  
They cannot stand before the Bar,  
Where awful Justice is Umpire :

29.

But in the Robe that Christ did spin,  
They are of great and high Request,  
They have Acceptance wrapt within  
My elder Brother's bloody Vest.

30.

My Righteousness proclaims me great,  
And *fair e'en* in the *Sight* of God;  
But Sanctity's my main *Off-set*,  
Before the gazing *World* abroad.

31.

More justify'd I cannot be  
By all my most religious Acts;  
But these increase my Sanctity,  
That's still attended with Defects.

32.

My Righteousness the safest Ark  
'Midst every threat'ning Flood will be;  
My Graces but a leaking Bark,  
Upon a stormy raging Sea.

33.

I see in justifying Grace  
God's Love to me does ardent burn;  
But by imparted Holiness  
I grateful Love for Love return.

34.

My Righteousness is that which draws.  
My thankful Heart to this Respect:  
The former then is first the *Cause*,  
The latter is the sweet *Effect*.

35.

Christ is in justifying me,  
By Name, *the Lord my Righteousness*:  
But as he comes to sanctify,  
*The Lord my Strength* and Help he is.

36.

In *that* I have the *Patient's* Place,  
For *there* Jehovah's Act is all;  
But in the *other* I'm thro' Grace  
An *Agent* working at his Call.

37.

The *first* does *slavish* Fear forbid,  
 For *there* his Wrath revenging ends ;  
 The *last* commands my *filial* Dread,  
 For *here* paternal Ire attends.

38.

The former does annul my Woe,  
 By God's judicial Sentence past ;  
 The latter makes my Graces grow,  
 Faith, Love, Repentance, and the rest.

39.

The first does divine Pard'ning Love  
 Most freely manifest to me ;  
 The last makes shining Graces prove  
 Mine Int'rest in the Pardon free.

40.

My Soul in justifying Grace,  
 Does full and free *Acceptance* gain ;  
 In Sanctity I Heavenward press,  
 By sweet *Assistance* I obtain.

41.

The first declares I'm free of Debt,  
 And nothing left for me to pay ;  
 The last makes me a Debtor yet,  
 But helps to pay it every Day.

42.

My Righteousness with Wounds and Blood  
 Discharg'd both Law and Justice' score ;  
 Hence with the Debt of Gratitude,  
 I'll charge myself for evermore.

S E C T. II.

*The Harmony between Justification and Sanctification.*

1.

**H**E who me decks with Righteousness,  
With Grace will also clothe;  
For glorious Jesus *came* to bless,  
By *Blood* and *Water* both.

2.

That in his Righteousness I trust,  
My Sanctity will shew;  
Tho' Graces cannot *make* me just,  
They *shew* me to be so.

3.

All those who freely justify'd,  
Are of the pardon'd Race;  
Anon are also sanctify'd,  
And purify'd by Grace.

4.

Where Justice stern does justify,  
There Holiness is clear'd,  
Heav'n's Equity and Sanctity  
Can never be sever'd.

5.

Hence when my Soul with Pardon deckt,  
Perceives no divine Ire;  
Then Holiness I do affect  
With passionate Desire.

6.

His justifying Grace is such,  
As wafts my Soul to Heaven;  
I cannot choose but *love* him *much*,  
Who *much* has me *forgiven*.

7.

The Sun of Righteousness that brings  
 Remission in his Rays ;  
 The Healing in his golden Wings  
 Of Light and Heat conveys.

8.

Wherever Jesus is a Priest,  
 There will he be a King ;  
 He that assails from Sin's Arrest,  
 Won't tolerate its Reign.

9.

The Title of a precious Grace  
 To Faith may justly fall,  
 Because its open Arms embrace  
 A precious Christ for all.

10.

From precious Faith a precious Strife  
 Of precious Virtues flow,  
 A precious Heart, a precious Life,  
 And precious Duties too.

11.

Wherever Faith does justify,  
 It purifies the Heart ;  
 The Pardon and the Purity  
 Join Hands, and never part.

12.

The happy State of Pardon doth  
 An holy Life infer :  
 In Subjects capable of both  
 They never sunder'd were.

13.

Yet in Defence of Truth must we  
 Distinctly view the Twain ;  
 That how they differ, how agree,  
 We may in Truth maintain.



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14.

Two Natures in one Person dwell,  
Which no *Division* know,  
In our renown'd *Immanuel*,  
Without *Confusion* too.

15.

Those that *divide* them grossly err,  
Tho' yet distinct they be :  
Those who *Confusion* hence infer,  
Imagine Blasphemy.

16.

Thus Righteousness and Grace we must  
Nor sunder nor confound :  
Else holy *Peace* to us is lost,  
And sacred *Truth* we wound.

17.

While we their proper Place maintain  
In Friendship sweet they dwell ;  
But or to *part* or *blend* the twain,  
Are Errors hatch'd in Hell.

18.

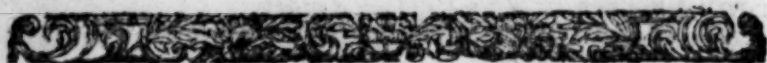
To separate what God does join,  
Is wicked and profane ;  
To mix and mutilate his Coin,  
Is damnable and vain.

19.

Tho' plain Distinction must take place ;  
Yet no *Division* here,  
Nor dark *Confusion*, else the Grace  
Of both will disappear.

20.

Lo, Errors gross on every Side  
Conspire to hurt and wound ;  
*Antinomists* do them divide,  
And *Legalists* confound.



## C H A P. IV.

*The BELIEVER'S PRINCIPLES,*

Concerning FAITH and SENSE.

*Where, (1) Of Faith and Sense natural. (2) Of Faith, and Sense spiritual. (3) The Harmony and Discord between Faith and Sense. (4) The Valour and Victories of Faith. (5) The Heights and Depths of Sense. (6) Faith and Frames compared, or Faith building upon Sense discovered.*

## S E C T. I.

*Faith and Sense natural, compar'd and distinguished,*

I.

**W**HEN Abram's Body, Sarah's Womb,  
Were ripe for nothing but the Tomb,  
Exceeding old and wholly dead,  
Unlike to bear the promis'd Seed :

2.

Faith said, *I shall an Isaac see ;*  
*No, No,* said Sense, *it cannot be :*  
Blind Reason to augment the Strife  
Adds, *How can Death engender Life ?*

3.

My Heart is like a rotten Tomb,  
More dead than ever Sarah's Womb ;  
O, can the promis'd Seed of Grace  
Spring forth from such a barren Place !

Sense

4.

Sense gazing but on flinty Rocks,  
My Hope and Expectation chokes ;  
But could I, skill'd in *Abraham's* Art  
O'erlook my dead and barren Heart ;

5.

And build my Hope on nothing less  
Than divine Pow'r and Faithfulness ;  
Soon would I find him raise up Sons  
To *Abram*, out of Rocks and Stones.

6.

Faith acts as busy Boatmen do,  
Who backward look and forward row ;  
It looks intent to Things unseen,  
Thinks Objects visible too mean.

7.

Sense thinks it Madness thus to steer,  
And only trusts its Eye and Ear ;  
Into Faith's Boat dare thrust its Oar,  
And put it further from the Shore.

8.

Faith does alone the Promise eye ;  
Sense won't believe unless it see ;  
Nor can it trust the divine Guide,  
Unless it have both Wind and Tide.

9.

Faith thinks the Promise sure and good ;  
Sense doth depend on likelihood :  
Faith even in Storms believes the Seers,  
Sense calls all Men, even Prophets, Lyars.

10.

Faith uses Means, but rests on none ;  
Sense fails when outward Means are gone,  
Trusts more in Probabilities,  
Than all the divine Promises.

## II.

It rests upon the rusty Beam  
Of outward things that hopeful seem ;  
Let these its Supports sink or cease,  
No Promise then can yield it Peace.

## 12.

True Faith that's of a divine Brood  
Consults not with base Flesh and Blood ;  
But carnal Sense which ever errs,  
With carnal Reason still confers.

## 13.

What ! won't my Disciples believe,  
That I am risen from the Grave ?  
Why will they pore on Dust and Death,  
And overlook my quick'ning Breath ?

## 14.

Why do they flight the Word I spake ?  
And rather sorry Counsel take,  
With Death and with a pow'rless Grave,  
If they their Captive can relieve ?

## 15.

Sense does inquire, if Tombs of Clay  
Can send their Guests alive away ;  
But Faith will hear *Jehovah's* Word,  
Of Life and Death the sov'reign Lord.

## 16.

Should I give ear to rotten Dust,  
Or to the Tombs confine my Trust,  
No Resurrection can I see,  
For Dust that flees into mine Eye.

## 17.

What ! *Thomas*, can't thou trust so much  
To me as to thy Sight and Touch ?  
Won't thou believe till Sense be Guide,  
And thrust its Hand into my Side ?

18.

Where is thy Faith, if it depends  
On nothing but thy Finger-Ends?  
But bless'd are they the Truth who seal  
By Faith, yet neither see nor feel.

---

S E C T. II.

*Faith and Sense spiritual compar'd and distinguish'd.  
Where also the Difference between the Assurance  
of Faith and the Assurance of Sense.*

I.

**T**HE Certainty of Faith and Sense  
Wide differ in Experience:  
Faith builds upon *Thus faith the Lord*:  
Sense views his *Work*, and not his *Word*.

2.

God's Word *without* is Faith's Resort,  
His Work *within* doth Sense support.  
By Faith we trust him without \* Pawns,  
By Sense we handle with our Hands.

3.

By Faith the Word of Truth's receiv'd,  
By Sense we know we have believ'd.  
Faith's certain by *fiducial* Acts,  
Sense by its *evidential* Facts.

4.

Faith credits the divine Report,  
Sense to his Breathings makes resort:  
*That*, on his Word of Grace will hing,  
*This*, on his Spirit witnessing.

M 6

\* Pledges.

By



5.

By Faith I take the Lord for mine,  
 By Sense I feel his Love divine :  
 By *that*, I touch his Garment's Hem,  
 By *this*, find Virtue thence to stream.

6.

By Faith I have mine all on *Band*,  
 By Sense I have some Stock in *Hand*.  
 By *that* some *Vision* is begun,  
 By *this* I some *Fruition* win.

7.

My Faith can fend e'en in Exile,  
 Sense cannot live without a Smile.  
 By Faith I to his *Promise* fly,  
 By Sense I in his *Bosom* lie.

8.

Faith builds upon the Truth of God,  
 That lies within the Promise broad ;  
 But Sense upon the Truth of Grace  
 His Hand within my Heart did place.

9.

Thus *Christ's* the Object Faith will eye,  
 And Faith's the Object Sense may see :  
 Faith keeps the Truth of God in view,  
 While Sense the Truth of Faith may shew.

10.

Hence Faith's Assurance firm can stand,  
 When Sense's in the Deep may strand.  
 And Faith's Persuasion full prevail,  
 When comfortable Sense may fail.

11.

I am assur'd when Faith's in Act,  
 Tho' Sense and Feeling both I lack :  
 And thus mysterious is my Lot,  
 I'm oft assur'd when I am not ;

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12.

Oft pierc'd with racking Doubts and Fears,  
Yet Faith these Brambles never bears ;  
But Unbelief that cuts my Breath,  
And stops the Language of my Faith.

13.

Clamours of unbelieving Fears,  
So frequently disturb mine Ears ;  
I cannot hear what Faith would say,  
'Till once the noisy Clamour stay.

14.

And then will fresh Experience find,  
When Faith gets leave to speak its Mind,  
The native Language thereof is,  
*My Lord is mine, and I am his.*

15.

Sad Doubtings compass me about,  
Yet Faith itself could never doubt ;  
For as the sacred Volume saith,  
Much Doubting argues little Faith.

16.

The Doubts and Fears that work my Grief,  
Flow not from Faith, but Unbelief ;  
For Faith, whene'er it acted, cures  
The Plague of Doubts, and me assures.

17.

But when mine Eye of Faith's asleep,  
I dream of drowning in the Deep ;  
But as befalls the sleeping Eye,  
Tho' Sight remain, it cannot see ;

18.

The seeing Faculty abides,  
Tho' Sleep from active Seeing hides :  
So Faith's assuring Pow'rs endure  
E'en when it ceases to assure.

There's

19.

There's still Persuasion in my Faith,  
 E'en when I'm fill'd with Fear of Wrath:  
 The trusting *Habit* still remains,  
 Tho' Slumbers hold the *Act* in Chains.

20.

Th'assuring Faculty it keeps,  
 E'en when its Eye in Darkness sleeps,  
 Wrap'd up in Doubts; but when it wakes,  
 It rouses up assuring Acts.

## S E C T. III.

*The Harmony and Discord between Faith and Sense.  
 How they help and how they marr each other.*

1.

**T**HO' gallant Faith can keep the Field,  
 When cow'rly Sense will flee or yield;  
 Yet while I view their usual Path,  
 Sense often stands and falls with Faith.

2.

Faith ushers in sweet Peace and Joy,  
 Which further heartens Faith's Employ;  
 Faith like the Head, and Sense the Heart,  
 Do mutual Vigour fresh impart.

3.

When lively Faith and Feeling sweet,  
 Like dearest Darlings kindly meet;  
 They straight each other help and hug,  
 In loving Friendship close and snug.

4.

Faith gives to Sense both Life and Breath,  
 And Sense gives Joy and Strength to Faith;  
 "O now, says Faith, how fond do I  
 "In Sense's glowing Bosom lie!"

The

5.

Their mutual Kindness then is such,  
That oft they doating too too much,  
Embrace each other out of Breath;  
As *Æsop* hugg'd his Child to Death.

6.

Faith leaping into Sense's Arms,  
Allur'd with her bewitching Charms,  
In hugging these, lets rashly slip  
The proper Object of its Grip.

7.

Which being lost, behold the Thrall!  
Anon Faith loses Sense and all:  
Thus unawares cuts Sense's Breath,  
While Sense trips up the Heels of Faith.

8.

Her Charms assuming *Jesus*' Place,  
While Faith's lull'd in her soft Embrace;  
Lo, soon in dying Pleasures wrapt,  
Its living Joy away is snapt.

---

S E C T. IV.

*The Valour and Victories of Faith.*

I.

**B**Y Faith I unseen Being see,  
Forth lower *Beings* call;  
And say to nothing, *Let it be*,  
And nothing hatches all.

2.

By Faith I know the Worlds were made  
By God's great Word of Might;  
How soon *let there be Light* he said,  
That Moment there was Light.

By

3.

By Faith I soar and force my Flight  
Thro' all the Clouds of Sense ;  
I see the Glories out of Sight,  
With brightest Evidence.

4.

By Faith I mount the azure Sky,  
And from the lofty Sphere  
The Earth a little Mote espy,  
Unworthy of my Care.

5.

By Faith I see the unseen Things,  
Hid from all mortal Eyes,  
Proud Reason stretching all its Wings,  
Beneath me fluttering lies.

6.

By Faith I build my lasting Hope  
On Righteousness divine ;  
Nor can I sink with such a Prop,  
Whatever Storms combine.

7.

By Faith my Works, my Righteousness,  
And Duties, all I own  
But Loss and Dung, and lay my Stress  
On what my Lord has done.

8.

By Faith I overcome the World,  
And all its hurtful Charms ;  
I'm in the heav'nly Chariot hurl'd  
Through all opposing Harms.

9.

By Faith I have a conqu'ring Power  
To tread upon my Foes,  
To triumph in a dying Hour,  
And banish all my Woes.



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10.

By Faith in midst of Wrongs I'm right,  
In sad Decays I thrive;  
In Weakness I am strong in Might,  
In Death I am alive.

11.

By Faith I stand when deep I fall,  
In Darknes I have Light;  
Nor dare I doubt and question all,  
When all is out of Sight.

12.

By Faith I trust a Pardon free,  
Which puzzles Flesh and Blood:  
To think that God can justify,  
Where yet he sees no Good.

13.

By Faith I keep my Lord's Commands,  
To verify my Trust;  
I purify my Heart and Hands,  
And mortify my Lust.

14.

By Faith my melting Soul repents,  
When pierced *Christ* appears:  
My Heart in grateful Praises vents,  
Mine Eyes in joyful Tears.

15.

By Faith I can the Mountains vast  
Of Sin and Guilt remove;  
And them into the Ocean cast,  
The Sea of Blood and Love.

16.

By Faith I see *Jehovah* high  
Upon a Throne of Grace;  
I see him lay his Vengeance by;  
And smile in *Jesus*' Face.

By

By

17.

By Faith I hope to see the Sun,  
The Light of Grace that lent;  
His everlasting Circles run  
In Glory's Firmament.

18.

By Faith I'm more than Conqueror,  
Ev'n tho' I nothing can;  
Because I set *Jehovah's* Power  
Before me in the *Van*.

19.

By Faith I counterplot my Foes,  
Nor need their Ambush fear;  
Because my Life-guard also goes  
Behind me in the *Rear*.

20.

By Faith I walk, I run, I fly,  
By Faith I suffer Thrall;  
By Faith I'm fit to live and die,  
By Faith I can do all.

## S E C T. V.

*The Heights and Depths of Sense.*

1.

**W**HEN Heav'n me grants at certain Times  
Amidst a powerful Gale,  
Sweet Liberty to moan my Crimes,  
And Wand'rings to bewail;

2.

Then do I dream my sinful Brood,  
Drown'd in the Ocean-Main  
Of crystal Tears and crimson Blood,  
Will never live again.

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3.

I get my Foes beneath my Feet,  
I bruise the Serpent's Head ;  
I hope the Victory is complete,  
And all my Lufts are dead.

4.

How gladly do I think and say,  
When thus it is with me ;  
Sin to my *Sense* is clean away,  
And so shall ever be.

5.

But ah, alas ! th'ensuing Hour  
My Lufts arise and swell,  
They rage and re-inforce their Pow'r  
With new Recruits from Hell.

6.

Tho' I resolv'd and swore thro' Grace  
In very solemn Terms,  
I never should my Lufts embrace,  
Nor yield unto their Charms ;

7.

Yet such deceitful Fiends they are,  
While I no Danger dream ;  
I'm snar'd before I am aware,  
And hurry'd down the Stream.

8.

Into the Gulph of Sin anon,  
I'm plunged Head and Ears ;  
Grace to my *Sense* is wholly gone,  
And I am chain'd in Fears.

9.

Till straight my Lord with sweet Surprise  
Returns to loose my Bands,  
With kind Compassion in his Eyes,  
And Pardon in his Hands.

Yet

10.

Yet thus my Life is nothing else,  
 But Heav'n and Hell by Turns ;  
 My Soul that now in *Goshen* dwells,  
 Anon in *Egypt* mourns.

---

## S E C T. VI.

*Faith and Frames compared ; or Faith building upon  
 Sense discovered.*

1.

**F**AITH has for its Foundation broad,  
 A stable Rock on which I stand,  
 The Truth and Faithfulness of God :  
 All other Grounds are sinking Sand.

2.

My Frames and Feelings ebb and flow :  
 And when my Faith depends on them,  
 It fleets and staggers to and fro,  
 And dies amidst the dying Frame.

3.

That Faith is surely most unstay'd,  
 It's staggering can't be counted strange,  
 That build's its Hope of lasting Aid  
 On Things that ev'ry Moment change.

4.

But could my Faith lay all its Load,  
 On *Jesus*' everlasting Name,  
 Upon the Righteousness of God,  
 And divine Truth that's still the same :

5.

Could I believe what God has spoke,  
 Rely on his unchanging Love ;  
 And cease to grasp at fleeting Smoke,  
 No Changes would by Mountain move.

But

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6.

But when how soon the Frame's away,  
And comfortable Feelings fail ;  
So soon my Faith falls in Decay,  
And unbelieving Doubts prevail :

7.

This proves the Charge of latent Vice,  
And plain my Faith's Defects may show ;  
I built the House on thawing Ice,  
That tumbles with the melting Snow.

8.

When divine Smiles in sight appear,  
And I enjoy the heav'nly Gale ;  
When Wind and Tide, and all is fair,  
I dream my Faith shall never fail :

9.

My Heart will false Conclusions draw,  
That strong my Mountain shall remain ;  
That in my Faith there is no Flaw,  
I'll never, never doubt again.

10.

I think the only Rest I take,  
Is God's unfading Word and Name ;  
And fancy not my Faith so weak,  
As e'er to trust a fading Frame.

11.

But ah ! by sudden Turns I see  
My lying Heart's fallacious Guilt,  
And that my Faith not firm in me,  
On sinking Sand was partly built ;

12.

For lo ! when warming Beams are gone,  
And Shadows fall ; alas 'tis odd  
I cannot wait the rising Sun,  
I cannot trust a hiding God.

So

But



13.

So much my Faith's Affiance seems  
On fading Joys to rest and hing ;  
That when I lose the dying Streams,  
I cannot trust the living Spring.

14.

When Drops of Comfort quickly dry'd,  
And sensible Enjoyments fail ;  
When chearing Apples are deny'd,  
Then Doubts instead of Faith prevail.

15.

But why, tho' Fruit be snatch'd from me,  
Should I distrust the glorious Root ;  
And still affront the standing Tree,  
By trusting more to falling Fruit ?

16.

The smallest Trials may evince  
My Faith unfit to stand the Shock,  
That more depends on fleeting Sense,  
Than on the fix'd eternal Rock.

17.

The safest Ark when Floods arise,  
Is stable Truth that changes not ;  
How weak's my Faith that more relies  
On feeble Sense's floating Boat ?

18.

For when the fleeting Frame is gone,  
I straight my State in question call ;  
I droop and sink in Deeps anon,  
As if my Frame were all in all.

19.

But tho' I miss the pleasing Gale,  
And Heav'n withdraw the charming Glance ;  
Unless *Jehovah's* Oath can fail,  
My Faith may keep its Countenance.

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20.

The Frame of Nature shall decay,  
Time-Changes break her rusty Chains,  
Yea Heav'n and Earth shall pass away,  
But Faith's Foundation firm remains.

21.

Heav'n's Promises so fix'dly stand,  
Engrav'd with an immortal Pen,  
In great *Immanuel's* mighty Hand,  
All Hell's Attempts to raze are vain.

22.

Did Faith with none but Truth advise,  
My steady Soul would move no more  
Than stable Hills when Tempests rise,  
Or solid Rocks when Billows roar.

23.

But when my Faith the Counsel hears  
Of present Sense and Reason blind,  
My wav'ring Spirit then appears  
A Feather to's'd with every Wind.

24.

Lame Legs of Faith unequal crook,  
Thus mine, alas ! unev'nly stand :  
Else I would trust my stable Rock,  
Not fading Frames and feeble Sand :

25.

I would, when dying Comforts fly,  
As much as when they present were,  
Upon my living Joy rely ;  
Help, Lord, for here I daily err.

CHAP.



## C H A P. V.

*The* BELIEVER'S PRINCIPLES,  
Concerning HEAVEN and EARTH.

---

## S E C T. I.

*The Work and Contention of Heaven.*

I.

**I**N heav'nly Choirs a Question rose,  
That stirr'd up Strife will never close,  
What Rank of all the ransom'd Race  
Owes highest Praise to sov'reign Grace?

2.

Babes thither caught from Womb and Breast,  
Claim'd Right to sing above the rest;  
Because they found the happy Shore,  
They never saw nor sought before.

3.

Those that arriv'd at riper Age,  
Before they left the dusky Stage,  
Thought Grace deserv'd yet higher Praise,  
That wash'd the Blots of num'rous Days.

4.

Anon, the War more close began,  
What praising Harp should lead the Van?  
And which of Grace's heav'nly Peers  
Was deepest run in her Arrears?

" 'T

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5.

- " 'Tis I (said one) 'bove all my Race,  
" Am Debtor chief to glorious Grace.  
" Nay, (said another) hark I trow,  
" I'm more oblig'd to Grace than you.

6.

- " Stay, (said a third) I deepest share  
" In owing Praise beyond compare;  
" The chief of Sinners you'll allow,  
" Must be the chief of Singers now.

7.

- " Hold, (said a fourth) I here protest  
" My Praises must outvie the best;  
" For I'm of all the human Race  
" The highest Miracle of Grace.

8.

- " Stop, (said a fifth) these Notes forbear,  
" Lo, I'm the greatest Wonder here;  
" For I of all the Race that fell  
" Deserv'd the lowest Place in *Hell*.

9.

- A Soul that higher yet aspir'd  
With equal Love to *Jesus* fir'd,  
" 'Tis mine to sing the highest Notes  
" To Love, that wash'd the foulest Blots.

10.

- " Ho, (cry'd a Mate) 'tis mine I'll prove,  
" Who sinn'd in spite of Light and Love,  
" To sound his Praise with loudest Bell,  
" That sav'd me from the lowest *Hell*.

11.

- " Come, come, (said one) I'll hold the Plea,  
" That highest Praise is due by me;  
" For mine of all the sav'd by Grace,  
" Was the most dreadful, desperate Case.

N

Another

" 'T

12.

Another rising at his Side,  
 As fond to praise, and free of Pride,  
 Cry'd, " Pray give Place, for I defy  
 " That you should owe more Praise than I;

13.

" I'll yield to none in this Debate,  
 " I'm run so deep in Grace's Debt;  
 " That sure I am, I boldly can  
 " Compare with all the heavenly Clan.

14.

Quick, o'er their Heads a Trump awoke,  
 " Your Songs my very Heart have spoke;  
 " But every Note you here propale,  
 " Belongs to me beyond you all,

15.

The list'ning Millions round about,  
 With sweet Resentment loudly shout;  
 " What Voice is this comparing Notes,  
 " That to their Song chief Place allots?

16.

" We can't allow of such a Sound,  
 " That you alone have highest Ground  
 " To sing the Royalties of Grace,  
 " We claim the same adoring Place."

17.

What! will no Rival-Singer yield,  
 He has a Match upon the Field?  
 Come then, and let us all agree  
 To praise upon the highest Key.

18.

Then jointly all the Harpers round  
 In Mind unite, with solemn Sound,  
 And Strokes upon the highest String,  
 Made all the heavenly Arches ring;

Ring



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19.

Ring loud, with Hallelujahs high,  
To him that sent his Son to die ;  
And to the worthy Lamb of God  
*That lov'd and wash'd them in his Blood.*

20.

Free Grace was sov'reign Empress crown'd  
In Pomp, with joyful Shouts around :  
Assisting Angels clapt their Wings,  
And sounded Grace on all their Strings.

21.

The Emulation round the Throne  
Made prostrate Hosts (who every one  
The humblest Place their Right avow)  
*Strive who should give the lowest Bow.*

22.

The next Contention without Vice  
Among the Birds of Paradise,  
Made every glorious warbling Throat  
*Strive who should raise the highest Note.*

23.

Thus in sweet, holy, humble Strife,  
Along their endless, joyful Life,  
Of *Jesus* all the Harpers rove,  
And sing the Wonders of his Love.

24.

Their Discord makes them all unite  
In Raptures most divinely sweet ;  
So great the Song, so grave the Base,  
Melodious Musick fills the Place.

## S E C T. II.

*Earth despicable, Heaven desirable.*

I.

**T**Here's nothing round the spacious Earth.  
 To suit my vast Desires,  
 To more refin'd and solid Mirth  
 My boundless Thought aspires.

2.

Fain would I leave this mournful Place,  
 This Musick dull, where none  
 But heavy Notes have any Grace,  
 And Mirth accents the Moan.

3.

Where Troubles tread upon Reliefs,  
 New Woes with older blend;  
 Where rolling Storms and circling Griefs,  
 Run round without an End.

4.

Where Waters wrestling with the Stones  
 Do fight themselves to Foam,  
 And hollow Clouds with thund'ring Groans  
 Discharge their pregnant Womb.

5.

Where *Eagles* mounting meet with *Rubs*,  
 That dash them from the Sky:  
 And *Cedars* shrinking into Shrubs,  
 In Ruin prostrate lie.

6.

Where Sin the Author of Turmoils,  
 The Cause of Death and *Hell*;  
 The one thing foul that all things soils,  
 Does most befriended dwell.

7.

The Purchaser of Night and Woe,  
The Forfeiter of Day,  
The Debt that every Man did owe,  
But only God could pay.

8.

Bewitching Ill, indors'd with Hope,  
Subscribed with Despair:  
Ugly in Death when Eyes are ope,  
Tho' Life may paint it fair.

9.

Small Wonder that I droop alone  
In such a doleful Place;  
When lo, my dearest Friend is gone,  
My Father hides his Face.

10.

And tho' in Words I seem to show,  
The fawning Poets Stile,  
Yet is my Complaint no feigned Woe;  
I languish in Exile.

11.

I long to share the Happiness  
Of that triumphant Throng,  
That swim in Seas of boundless Bliss  
Eternity along.

12.

When but in Drops here by the Way,  
Free Love distills itself,  
I pour Contempt on Hills of Prey,  
And Heaps of worldly Pelf.

13.

To me amidst my little Joys,  
Thrones, Sceptres, Crowns and Kings,  
Are nothing else but little Toys,  
And despicable Things.

Down

14.

Down with Disdain Earth's Pomp I thrust,  
 Bid tempting Wealth *away*;  
*Heaven is not made of yellow Dust,*  
*Nor Bliss of glitt'ring Clay.*

15.

Sweet was the Hour I Freedom felt  
 To call my *Jesus* mine,  
 To see his smiling Face, and melt  
 In Pleasures all divine.

16.

Let Fools an *Heaven* of Shades pursue,  
 But I for Substance am;  
 The *Heaven* I seek is *Likeness* too,  
 And *Vision* of the Lamb.

17.

The worthy Lamb with Glory crown'd  
 In his august Abode;  
 Enthron'd sublime, and deck'd around  
 With all the Pomp of God.

18.

I long to join the Saints above,  
 Who crown'd with glorious Bays,  
 Thro' radiant Files of Angels move,  
 And rival them in Praise.

19.

In Praise to *Jah*, the God of Love,  
 The fair incarnate Son,  
 The holy co-eternal Dove,  
 The good, the great Three-One.

20.

In hope to sing without a Sob **16 AU 64**  
 The Anthem ever new,  
 I gladly bid the dusty Globe  
 And vain Delights, *Adieu*.

F I N I S.

